MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

DAREDEVIL®

VOLUME 12

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
TM
YEAH, HORNEAD-- I KILLED THAT CREEP, JUST LIKE I'M GONNA KILL YOU! Y'SEE--
BULLSEYE NEVER MISSES!
HE'S GOT THE DROP ON ME-- AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN SAVE MYSELF!
PLUS: A STARTLING NEW JOB FOR MATT MURDOCK!

DAREDEVIL Nos. 120-132

MARV WOLFMAN, TONY ISABELLA & BOB BROWN

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

VOLUME 12

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL NOS. 120-132

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MAN WITHOUT FEAR MEETS WRITER WITH A PLAN AND HOW THE LATTER WENT SOMEWHAT AWRY

BY TONY ISABELLA

I was a Daredevil fan from the moment I read his origin by Stan Lee and Bill Everett. *Daredevil* #1 was also the first Marvel #1 issue I ever bought, so it was doubly special for me. Subsequent issues with Stan, Joe Orlando, Wallace Wood, John Romita and Gene Colan only made me a bigger DD fan. Here was a hero who could fight crime in the big city or have swashbuckling adventures all over the globe. However, when I got my chance to write *Daredevil*, I wanted to focus on more down-to-earth stories. My plan went somewhat awry because I was distracted by shiny objects.

Daredevil #119 was the first of my five issues. It's not included in this handsome hardcover volume because Marvel realized that, by putting it in the previous *Marvel Masterworks Daredevil*, it could get me to buy two books. Well played, Marvel. Well played.

The first issue was closer to what I planned to do with Daredevil. Largely set in a Hell's Kitchen gym, it referenced Matt Murdock's roots as a boxer's son. It briefly touched on his Irish Catholic upbringing. Though a street-level story, it also featured a super villain kind of sort of borrowed from *Iron Man*. The sequence of DD riding the subway, well, that was just good goofy fun I threw in so we could see our hero interacting with other New Yorkers. Yes, DD did keep subway tokens in his billy club and, no, you wouldn't want to be hit by it.

I had three goals for what turned out to be my only major *Daredevil* arc. I wanted to reunite DD and the Black Widow and then split them up. I loved both characters and felt their love for one another was genuine and really hot. But I felt their partnership was harmful to both of them, made each of them less than they could be.

I wanted done with Foggy Nelson's roles as either comedy relief or villain victim. In my mind, Foggy was every bit as good a lawyer as Matt and never got the respect he was due. His being recruited to join S.H.I.E.L.D.'s civilian ruling board was proof that Foggy was, indeed, more capable than he'd been portrayed.

I wanted to Foggy and the Widow to make nice. Yes, he did her wrong while being blackmailed by a villain, but I never liked it when my friends didn't get along with one another.

The shiny object that distracted me was Hydra. From the moment the evil organization was introduced by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby in "Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.", I thought they were great villains. Those cult-ish costumes. Their oath that if you cut off a head, two more would grow in its place. That their agents could be anyone underneath those hoods.

Most other Marvel editors and writers were not nearly as enamored of Hydra as I was. Therefore, stubborn fellow from Cleveland that I was and am, I was determined to make Hydra great again. I made use of them in the origin of Tigra story that had appeared earlier and I made them the "big bad" of my *Daredevil* arc. I even gave them super villains for their department heads. I fear I may have been prophetic with that last notion.

As you read those issues, I hope you will realize how much I loved writing these comic books. I got to write Daredevil both flip and self-reflective. I wrote Natasha and Ivan, two characters I would rank among my favorite heroes. I wrote a less morally ambivalent Nick Fury than is today's norm.

I wrote villains that ranged from an Italian mobster to a sentient robot killing machine. I set the action all over the New York City with which I will forever have a love-hate relationship. I included a cameo of Barb Kepke, who has been my Sainted Wife Barb Isabella for over 33 years. I dedicated the story arc to my goddaughter Vanessa Hudak, who has grown into as formidable a person as Natasha. I mixed up action and drama and humor and romance. I went out with one of my favorite final pages of any story I've ever written.

Sidebar. There is a panel in one of my Daredevil stories in which Matt Murdock playfully slaps the Widow on her derriere. In more recent years, the panel has become an Internet standard, posted out of context countless times. My only defense, not that I need one, is that people in intimate relationships, do playfully slap their lovers on the butt from time to time. I would explain this further, but my adult children are easily embarrassed. Besides, there is a follow-up to this panel two issues later. For some reason, no one ever posts that panel to the Internet. End of sidebar.

Saving pretty much the best for last, I had the privilege of having my Daredevil run drawn by the great Bob Brown. Back in the day, Bob took on one of the toughest jobs in comic books. He followed Jack Kirby on *Challengers of the Unknown*. My love for Kirby, both as a comics creator and a human being notwithstanding, I thought Brown more than held his own. I also loved his work on Batman and other DC Comics fare. Bob could draw any kind of story a writer threw at him and proved it in spades when he came to Marvel. Being assigned to *The Avengers* in the midst of the classic Avengers/Defenders War, well, you don't get much more Marvel magic and mayhem than an epic like that.

Newly minted editors Len Wein and Marv Wolfman had their own vision of Daredevil, which is why they took over the writing on *Daredevil* and moved me over to *Captain America*, where I got to play with Nick Fury and S.H.I.E.L.D. some more and work with my friend, the great Frank Robbins. My Cap run didn't last long—no one in his right mind would've denied Jack Kirby the right to return to that title—but it was fun while it lasted.

I'm not going to tell you I wouldn't have liked to have stayed on *Daredevil*. But I could have done much worse than being the opening act for Marv's great run, which included his creation of Bullseye, who became one of the most important figures in DD's life. I read them again before writing this introduction and, as I remembered, they were darn good comic books.

As I am once again Marv's opening act, you now to get to read his introduction to this volume. Then you get to read my stories, his stories and a bunch of cool extras. It doesn't take radar sense to know you're in for a great time with some fun comics.

That's all from me this time. So, until I get to write the intro to the long-awaited *It, the Living Colossus* Omnibus, I wish you health and happiness and, of course, lots of wonderful comic books.

Tony Isabella

2017

Tony Isabella is a 45-year veteran of the comics industry. He has written and edited for several publishers while publishing close to 10,000 articles and columns on comics. He has also worked in comics retailing, distribution and promotion. He is the creator of Black Lightning at DC Comics and the co-creator of Marvel's Misty Knight and Tigra. He enjoys comics of all kinds every day as part of his balanced mental diet and recommends you do the same.

SEARCHING FOR A HERO
BY MARV WOLFMAN

…And Tony, thank you for the pass.

If you haven't read Tony Isabella's introduction to his stories, go back now. I'll wait.

You're done? Great. Welcome back.

First an admission. Unlike Tony, I was not a Daredevil fan. At least not right away. Aside from him being blind I didn't immediately see anything unique about him. He was sort of like Spider-Man, only not so spidery.

It may have taken a few months and a costume change, but writer Stan Lee and his artists quickly figured out the character, his world, his supporting cast, and the thing that made Daredevil unique: a sense of realism.

Matt Murdock was an adult who acted like one. He was a lawyer who cared about the law. He had a good friend, Foggy, who was not just there for comedy relief, but was a competent lawyer as well. And Matt had a more realistic relationship with Karen Page than most heroes had with their female co-stars. And Karen was a vital member of the group, not just attractive wallpaper.

Also, DD's adventures seemed to take place in a more real-world New York City than Spidey's super villain-infested city. Not to say Daredevil lacked super villains, but they felt darker and grittier in a time before dark and gritty.

Real-world adjacent is what made DD different not only from Spider-Man (who, by the way, is my hands-down favorite Marvel hero) but from pretty much every other super hero back in the 1960s.

Now let's flash forward to 1975. Stan had long ago left the title and many new writers came and went over the years. Tony Isabella had been the latest and his obvious love for the character shone through.

I'm fuzzy about this, but I seem to remember that Len Wein was supposed to take over the title from Tony, but for whatever reason I no longer remember, I was called in to help co-plot and co-write *Daredevil* #124-125.

This first two-parter introduced the Copperhead, a villain conceptually based on a (not real) 1940s pulp fiction hero. He "came to life" and was now seeking revenge against all the people who worked on the "original" Copperhead stories. Having been a fan of the Shadow, Doc Savage and some of the other 1940s pulp heroes, this was a fun story to write. But since I was only the co-writer of this story I was really looking forward to writing my own stories.

And they started with issue #126, featuring a brand-new villain I called the Torpedo.

That two-part story was about mistaken identities; villains who become heroes and heroes not who were sure who and what they were. I don't want to say anything that might give away the surprises, but I did something at the end of this issue that not only made me think about what kind of stories I wanted to tell with Daredevil, but began to change the way I perceived super heroes.

This is not a spoiler, but if you want to, read the Torpedo stories then come back. At the end of this story Daredevil had a knock-down, drag-out fight with the Torpedo. The slugfest took the two of them to a suburban community where they found themselves fighting inside a normal person's house.

Daredevil and Torpedo's fight pretty much destroyed the family's home, and the only reason they stopped was because the woman who lived there with her husband and kids, screamed for them to get out and leave them alone.

A surprised and shocked Daredevil looked at the destruction he helped cause and he suddenly realized there were real-world consequences for these big super hero battles. Real people got hurt. Property was damaged or destroyed. A nice home was leveled. All the while hero and villain taunted each other with over-the-top comic book dialogue.

Having been a comic book fan since I was five, I always loved watching hero and villain bash each other as best they could. But this ending set me on a road to rethink how heroes interacted in the world. And several years later, after I left Marvel and went to work at DC Comics, this ending became the sole reason I created the Vigilante, a character who ultimately would suffer for the damage and deaths he caused in the pursuit of being a hero.

This was the story that made me envision a very different approach to super hero writing. It would take awhile to figure out how I wanted implement it, but this was the story that first started my asking questions.

Daredevil #128 began by having Matt Murdock react to the events of the previous issue. He destroyed that home, and the idea that his super hero fights could hurt others was beginning to register. This issue may also be the most controversial story I wrote for the book. Not because of the story, but because I introduced an alien into it whose name I never revealed, and whose purpose on Earth was never explained. I don't remember now why I didn't continue that story thread, but for whatever reason I just let it fade away. After all these years, readers still come up to me at conventions wanting to know who that character was and what did he want.

Well, don't expect me to answer those questions here. And not because I'm trying to keep some vital secret that "one day" I might still explore. No. It's because I have no clue what I intended back then. No joke. I don't remember. So this may be one of Comicdom's greatest unanswered questions, or maybe it's just some dumb idea not good enough to remember. I'll let you decide.

Anyway, back in 1975 there was no way the Comics Code would allow a comic to get too dark and gritty. I knew if I actually pursued the question of how far heroes can go to stop a bad guy, it could affect the entire Marvel Universe, and that was not an allowable option. Today we're free to explore nearly any subject we want. Thankfully times have changed.

Since I knew Daredevil could not get darker, issue #129 was a return to the big super hero fight scenes with an already existing Marvel villain: the Man-Bull. Yes. An absurd, giant human bull who was on trial for murder.

I said this issue was going to be a return to the big, dumb, fun super hero/super villain fight scenes of yore. And except for one little plot twist I threw in there, I guess it was.

So what's the twist?

Nothing much.

Except that both President John Kennedy, who was assassinated in 1963, and his brother Robert Kennedy, who was killed in 1968, are both found to be alive. And there was video coverage to prove it.

WTF?!?

Ahem.

Moving along to issue #130. The story introduced voodoo master, Brother Zed, in a dark horror story. And after all these years I still love the way Daredevil's blindness offers the key to his victory. By the way, Rich Buckler and Klaus Janson's *DD* #130 cover was the best of all the issues in my run.

Speaking of artists, penciler Bob Brown and inker Klaus Janson, who had done such great work on this series, upped the stakes with what I feel is their best issue yet. That this book looks as good as it does is 100% because of them.

Now back to the stories.

For the past few issues we'd been running a subplot where Foggy Nelson was running for District Attorney. This issue showed Foggy giving a speech on television where he announced that he was unfit to become the new D.A. Meanwhile, watching this live speech from his home, many miles away, is Foggy Nelson.

Yeah. It's WTF time again.

Something really big was brewing. But you're gonna have to wait awhile to find out what.

Issues #131 and #132 introduced what is arguably my biggest and most lasting addition to the world of Daredevil: the villain Bullseye. And true to his name, Bullseye never misses.

I was trying to come up with a villain that could actually cause trouble for Daredevil. Normally DD's radar senses warned him if someone was about to attack. He would "hear" a gun being cocked. He could "sense" assassins waiting for him in the dark. In a one-on-one fistfight, he could easily sense where the next attack was coming from. This worked great as comics were always about getting hero and villain as close to each other as possible so they could both be drawn in the same panel.

But what if there were a villain who was deadly at a distance? Who could launch an attack from somewhere beyond DD's radar senses? What if he could fold a paper plane in a way that the wing could cut across DD's throat? Or he could use anything that might be available as a weapon? A pencil. A deck of cards. A trash can lid. *Anything.*

A writer tries create characters who challenge the hero. Who push them to work harder and harder to solve the problem confronting them. Sometimes you know the ideas you come up with work. More often than not you also know when they don't come together the way you had hoped.

From the day I came up with him, I knew Bullseye was good. That's why I brought him back for a second two-part story just a few months later. But as much as I loved the character and am thrilled

that I created him, Bullseye's best days were still a few years away when writer/artist Frank Miller turned a really good character into a really great one.

Still, these two issues were his first appearance, and I'm very happy to have come up with someone who's been so important to Daredevil, and to Marvel.

Thanks for checking out this collection. I look back at these stories, often for the first time since I wrote them, and cringe at my endless purple dialogue. But I also think the stories themselves still work.

So I'm pleased and hope you are, too.

Marv Wolfman
July 13, 2017

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THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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HIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION IS: SLAY THE BLACK WIDOW!
THIS IS THE MAN-MENACE CALLED EL JAGUAR!
SEASON'S GREETINGS, HORN-HEAD... "AND A HYDRA NEW YEAR!"

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

TONY ISABELLA WRITER | BOB BROWN ARTIST | VINNIE COLLETTA INKER | PETRA GOLDBERG COLORIST | RAY HOLLOWAY LETTERER | LEN WEIN EDITOR

...AND A HYDRA NEW YEAR!

IMPORTANT MESSAGE: THE **BLACK WIDOW** IS BACK IN FUN CITY!

ADDENDUM: SHE AND **DAREDEVIL** ARE FACING A BAND OF TERRORISTS WHO DEFINATELY PICKED THE **WRONG** INCOMING FLIGHT TO HIJACK.

INCOMING BAGGAGE FLIGHT NO. 370

NATASHA! THERE'S ONE COMING UP BEHIND YOU FAST!

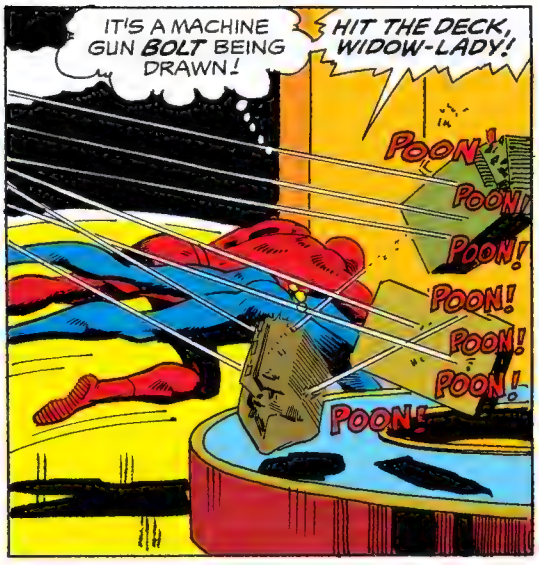
SORRY, MY LOVE. THE ONE THAT'S DRAWING A BEAD ON YOUR SCARLET-CLAD PHYSIQUE HAS A **HIGHER** PRIORITY.

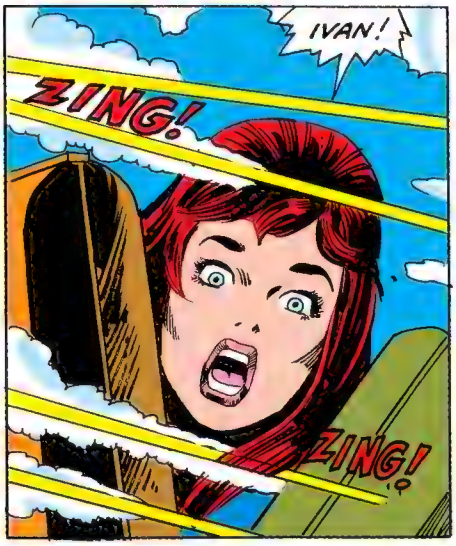
ADDENDUM TWO: HORN-HEAD AND MADAME ROMANOFF HAVE THUS FAR SCATTERED **SEVEN** OF THESE CLOWNS ACROSS THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF LA GUARDIA AIRPORT.

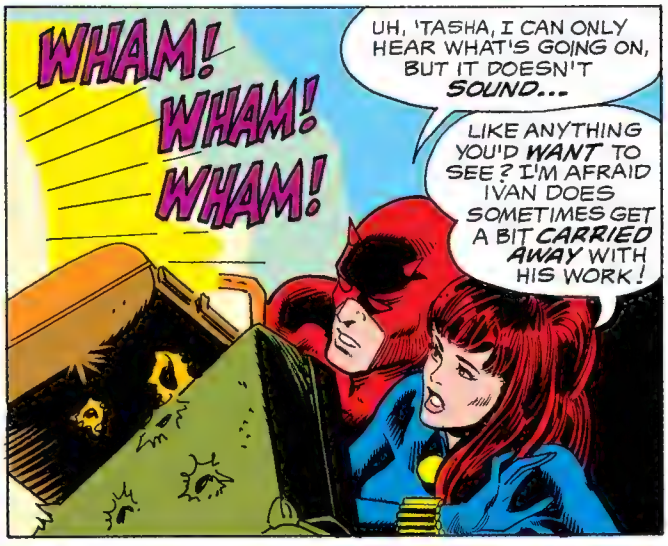
ANYBODY WANNA TRY FOR **ELEVEN?**

EIGHT.
UNNNNH!
ZZZAT!
BUT MY WIDOW'S BITE SHOULD DISSUADE HIM FROM FOLLOWING THROUGH ON THAT SELF-SAME BEAD.
NINE.
YIEEEE
BLAST! THE WIDOW ISN'T TURNING FAST ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH THAT JOKER BEHIND HER.
"AND JUDGING FROM THE WAY HIS HEART-BEAT IS ACCELERATING SO RAPIDLY--
"--HE'S ABOUT TO FIRE!"
TASHA! DUCK!
KWUDD!
BRAKABRAKABRAKA
TEN.

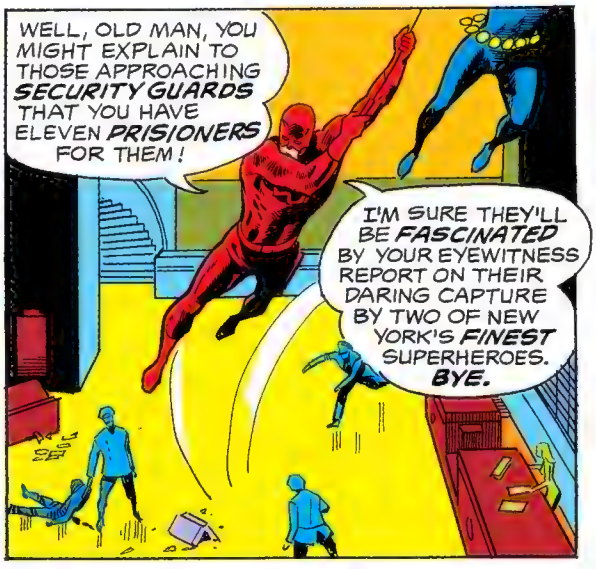
YOU OKAY?
YES.
BUT YOU WILL NOT REMAIN "OKAY" VERY LONG, COSTUMED INTERLOPERS!
KRINK!
THAT SOUND!


IT'S A MACHINE GUN BOLT BEING DRAWN!
HIT THE DECK, WIDOW-LADY!
POON!
POON!
POON!
POON!
POON!
POON!
POON!

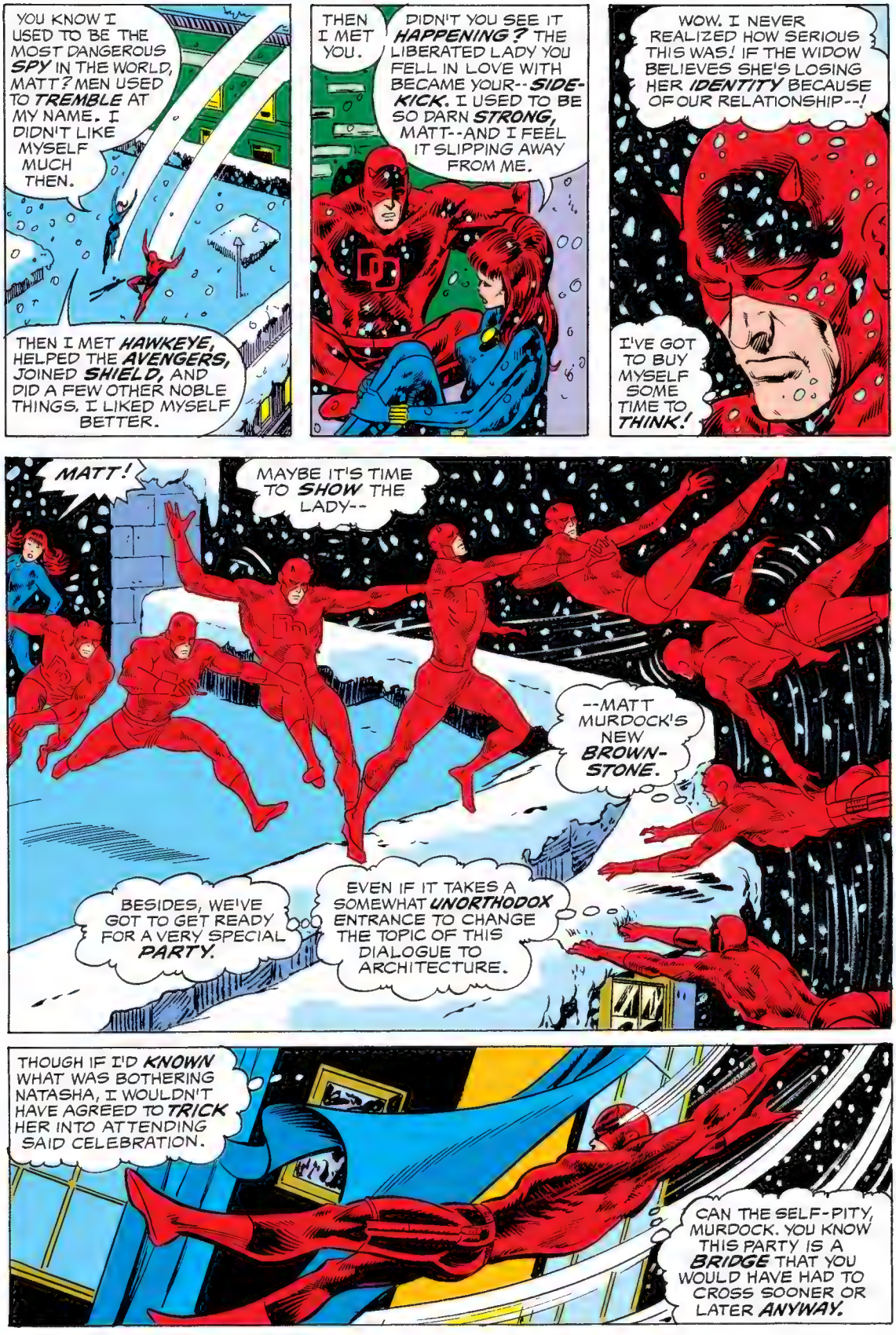

IVAN!
ZING!
ZING!


WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!
UH, 'TASHA, I CAN ONLY HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IT DOESN'T SOUND...
LIKE ANYTHING YOU'D WANT TO SEE? I'M AFRAID IVAN DOES SOMETIMES GET A BIT CARRIED AWAY WITH HIS WORK!

OKAY, KID. WHAT DO I DO WITH HIM NOW?
ELEVEN.

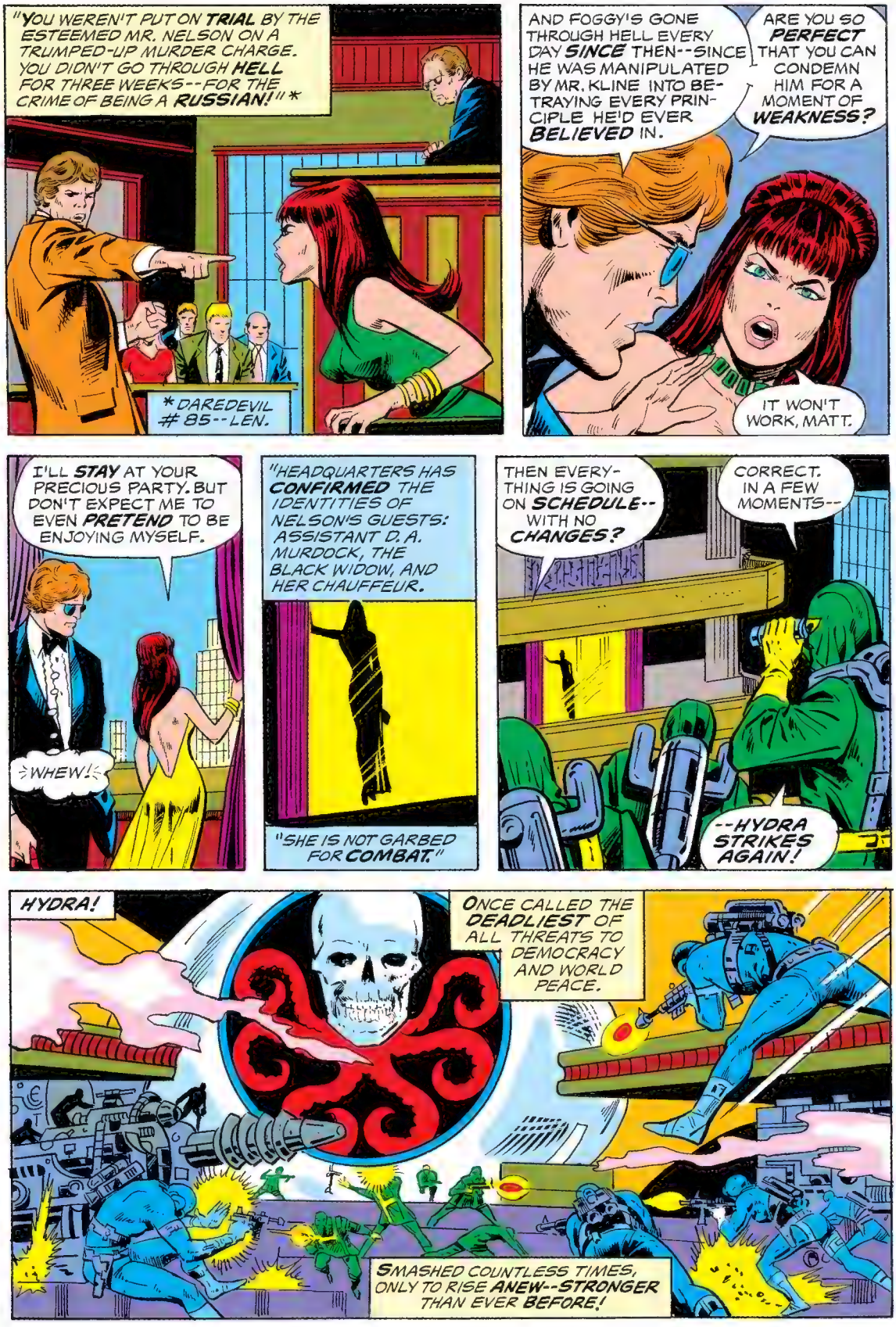

WELL, OLD MAN, YOU MIGHT EXPLAIN TO THOSE APPROACHING SECURITY GUARDS THAT YOU HAVE ELEVEN PRISIONERS FOR THEM!
I'M SURE THEY'LL BE FASCINATED BY YOUR EYEWITNESS REPORT ON THEIR DARING CAPTURE BY TWO OF NEW YORK'S FINEST SUPERHEROES. BYE.

"BYE?!"
WHATTA YOU MEAN "BYE", YOU HORN-HEADED RAT?!
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME TO EXPLAIN THIS TO THE--
--FUZZ?
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, BOYS: I WORK FOR THIS LADY CRIME-FIGHTER AND WE FLEW IN FROM 'FRISCO AND OUR PLANE WAS ALMOST HIJACKED AND...
COULDN'T I MAIL YOU A DETAILED REPORT?
DIDN'T THINK SO.
DECEMBER 31, 1974: THE AFTERNOON TRAFFIC ON THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE IS TREATED TO A SIGHT NEW YORKERS HAVE NOT SEEN FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS.
NOPE, WE'RE NOT REFERRING JUST TO DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW SWINGING IN TANDEM.
WE'RE ALSO TALKING ABOUT HONEST-TO CHRISTMAS ROLL-IN-IT, HAVE-A-SNOW-BALL-FIGHT, BUILD-A SNOWMAN--
SNOW!
OH, I HAVEN'T SEEN IT SNOW LIKE THIS IN YEARS! WHAT A GLORIOUS WAY TO START THE NEW YEAR! TOMORROW MORNING EVERYTHING WILL BE WHITE AND CLEAN AND FRESH!
NATASHA-- DARLING, WE HAVE TO TALK.
I KNOW, MATT. AND THEN AGAIN, I DON'T KNOW.
BLAST IT! WE'RE IN LOVE-- WE LOVE EACH OTHER-- WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO WORK THINGS OUT!
MATT.
I'M SORRY, KID. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULDN'T BE SIMPLE AS THAT. YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?


YOU KNOW I USED TO BE THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY IN THE WORLD, MATT? MEN USED TO TREMBLE AT MY NAME. I DIDN'T LIKE MYSELF MUCH THEN.
THEN I MET HAWKEYE, HELPED THE AVENGERS, JOINED SHIELD, AND DID A FEW OTHER NOBLE THINGS. I LIKED MYSELF BETTER.
THEN I MET YOU.
DIDN'T YOU SEE IT HAPPENING? THE LIBERATED LADY YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH BECAME YOUR--SIDE-KICK. I USED TO BE SO DARN STRONG, MATT--AND I FEEL IT SLIPPING AWAY FROM ME.
WOW. I NEVER REALIZED HOW SERIOUS THIS WAS! IF THE WIDOW BELIEVES SHE'S LOSING HER IDENTITY BECAUSE OF OUR RELATIONSHIP--!
I'VE GOT TO BUY MYSELF SOME TIME TO THINK!
MATT!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO SHOW THE LADY--
--MATT MURDOCK'S NEW BROWN-STONE.
BESIDES, WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR A VERY SPECIAL PARTY.
EVEN IF IT TAKES A SOMEWHAT UNORTHODOX ENTRANCE TO CHANGE THE TOPIC OF THIS DIALOGUE TO ARCHITECTURE.
THOUGH IF I'D KNOWN WHAT WAS BOTHERING NATASHA, I WOULDN'T HAVE AGREED TO TRICK HER INTO ATTENDING SAID CELEBRATION.
CAN THE SELF-PITY, MURDOCK. YOU KNOW THIS PARTY IS A BRIDGE THAT YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO CROSS SOONER OR LATER ANYWAY.

WHAT, PRAY TELL, BROUGHT ON THAT SUDDEN BURST OF ENTHUSIASM, FRIEND MURDOCK?
LET'S SEE. IT OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. OH-- I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT YOURS TRULY AND THE ENCHANTING MADAME ROMANOFF HAVE BEEN INVITED--
-- TO A NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY!
WOULD THIS GO WITH YOUR BASIC CRIMSON BILLY CLUB?
DON'T ROLL YOUR EYES, LADY. IT'S MATT MURDOCK WHO'S BEEN INVITED TO THIS BASH, NOT DD.
SO WHY DON'T YOU SLIP INTO SOMETHING BARELY LEGAL? I WANT MY DATE TO BE THE MOST GORGEOUS THING AT THE PARTY!
YOU MALE CHAUVINIST-- OW!
I SAID MOVE IT, DARLING.
SLAP!
I THINK OUR HORSEPLAY BEFORE HAS LIFTED TASHA'S SPIRITS. AND IVAN IS CONTINUING THE PROCESS.
BLASTED MONKEY SUIT! WHY DID I HAVE TO COME? COULDN'T I WAIT OUTSIDE IN THE ROLLS?
YOU SOLD THE ROLLS TO PAY YOUR BILLS, FOLKS. BESIDES, IVAN, YOU WERE INVITED, TOO-- I GUESS THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.
AND HERE'S OUR GRACIOUS HOSTESS, DEBORAH HARRIS.
HI, MATT. BRING YOUR FRIENDS RIGHT IN. MY ERSTWHILE FIANCÉ IS JUST FIXING THE DRINKS.
I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE ANYTHING. MAYBE IT'LL TAKE MY MIND OFF THIS STARCHED COLLAR!

YOU'LL BE ON IN ANOTHER SECOND, MR. D.A. SO LET'S KEEP IT JOLLY. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT INJUSTICE TO THE LADY. FOR MATT'S SAKE--AND YOUR OWN--
--YOU'VE GOT TO WIN THE BLACK WIDOW OVER TO YOUR SIDE.
HEY, BARTENDER-- HOW ABOUT A LITTLE HOLIDAY CHEER?
OKAY, IT'S CHARM TIME.
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, MADAME ROMANOFF? YOU NAME IT AND I'LL TRY TO--
DISTRICT ATTORNEY NELSON?!
YOU PEOPLE TRICKED ME INTO ATTENDING A PARTY GIVEN BY FRANKLIN NELSON?!
I'M LEAVING!
IS SHE ALWAYS LIKE THIS, MATT? MAYBE I COULD GET SOME RAW MEAT FROM THE FREEZER?
HOLD IT, TASHA. YOU CAN'T WALK OUT BEFORE GUY LOMBARDO GETS HERE. BESIDES, ISN'T IT TIME YOU TRIED TO FORGET YOUR DISLIKE FOR FOGGY?
HE'S RIGHT, KID. IF YOU DON'T SETTLE THIS, IT'LL ALWAYS STAND BETWEEN YOU AND MATT.
TELL HER WHAT A REALLY NICE GUY I AM ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW AND LOVE ME.
IT'S EASY FOR YOU TWO TO PLAY HENRY KISSINGER!


"YOU WEREN'T PUT ON TRIAL BY THE ESTEEMED MR. NELSON ON A TRUMPED-UP MURDER CHARGE. YOU DIDN'T GO THROUGH HELL FOR THREE WEEKS--FOR THE CRIME OF BEING A RUSSIAN!" *
* DAREDEVIL #85--LEN.
AND FOGGY'S GONE THROUGH HELL EVERY DAY SINCE THEN--SINCE HE WAS MANIPULATED BY MR. KLINE INTO BETRAYING EVERY PRINCIPLE HE'D EVER BELIEVED IN.
ARE YOU SO PERFECT THAT YOU CAN CONDEMN HIM FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS?
IT WON'T WORK, MATT.
I'LL STAY AT YOUR PRECIOUS PARTY. BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO EVEN PRETEND TO BE ENJOYING MYSELF.
WHEW!
"HEADQUARTERS HAS CONFIRMED THE IDENTITIES OF NELSON'S GUESTS: ASSISTANT D.A. MURDOCK, THE BLACK WIDOW, AND HER CHAUFFEUR.
"SHE IS NOT GARBED FOR COMBAT."
THEN EVERYTHING IS GOING ON SCHEDULE--WITH NO CHANGES?
CORRECT. IN A FEW MOMENTS--
--HYDRA STRIKES AGAIN!
HYDRA!
ONCE CALLED THE DEADLIEST OF ALL THREATS TO DEMOCRACY AND WORLD PEACE.
SMASHED COUNTLESS TIMES, ONLY TO RISE ANEW--STRONGER THAN EVER BEFORE!

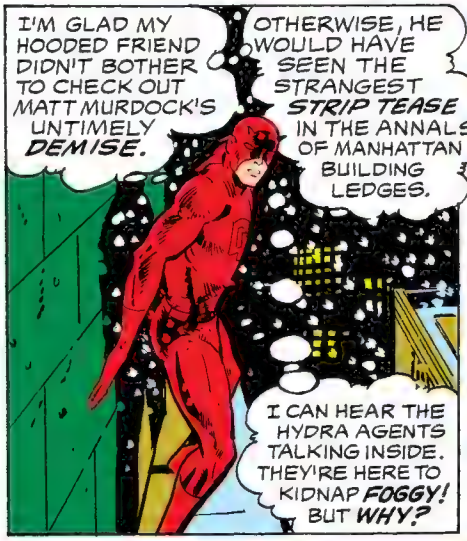
FOR THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN SOMEONE IN THE WINGS TO TAKE UP THE MANTLE OF THE SUPREME HYDRA-- TO AGAIN TAKE UP THEIR CAUSE OF GLOBAL DOMINATION.*
*AND IF YOU WANT MORE INFO, CHECK OUT THIS ISSUE'S SPECIAL TEXT FEATURE. IN THE MEANTIME--
--BACK TO THE ACTION!
ARE YOU READY, COMMANDO SQUAD ONE?
WHERE IS EL JAGUAR?
HE HANGS BACK IN CASE THE ACCURSED DAREDEVIL IS GUARDING HIS FRIENDS. HE'LL JOIN US INSIDE ONCE HE'S CONVINCED OUR MISSION WILL NOT BE THREATENED.
SHE DOES HOLD A GRUDGE, DOESN'T SHE?
LIKE A VICE, FOGGY.
WELL, I THINK I'VE GOT AN ANGLE, MATTHEW MY BOY. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT SHE'S STANDING UNDER?
YOU'RE LIVING DANGEROUSLY, OLD FRIEND.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO SEND MY MORTAL REMAINS.
AHEM! MADAME ROMANOFF--
YES, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY?
MISTLETOE.
MISTLETOE?
MISTLETOE.
WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING, MR. NELSON?
ME? SUGGESTIVE?

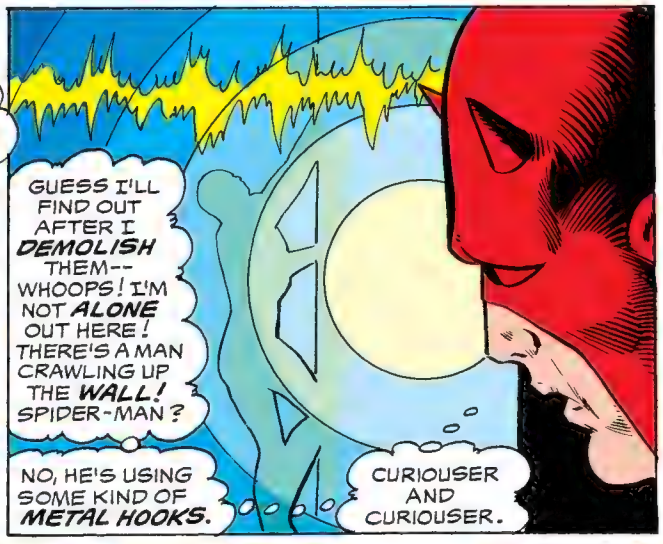
LET'S SAY I RESPECT TRADITION.
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, MR. NELSON-- IN YOUR OWN FASHION.
OKAY, THEN LET'S SAY I'M THE NEW EVEL KNIEVEL.
EITHER WAY--
--I'M SORRY.
HAIL HYDRA!
KRASH!
UGNNN!
DIDN'T HEAR THEM COMING! HAVE TO BRACE MYSELF BEFORE I HIT THE FLOOR-- ROLL WITH THE IMPACT!
GET OUT OF HERE, MISS HARRIS! THESE THUGS HAVE--AGKKK!
GAS GUNS, YOU RUSSIAN IDIOT!
FWOOSH!
CAN'T BREATHE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE GOONS WANT, BUT IT'LL BE UP TO MATT TO STOP THEMMM---

AND, AS IF TO CONFIRM IVAN'S UNSPOKEN THOUGHT--
MURDOCK'S MAKING A RUN FOR IT!
DOES HE SERIOUSLY THINK--

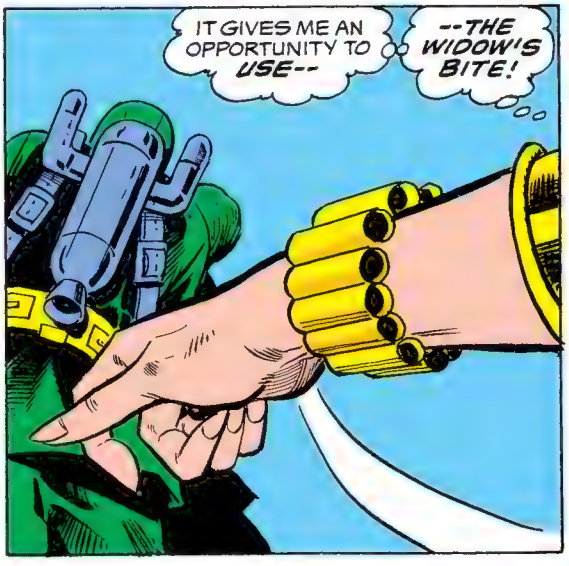
--A BLIND MAN CAN ELUDE THE HORDES OF HYDRA?
ERR, WHERE IS HE?
HE'S GONE!

NO! THAT OPEN WINDOW-- THE POOR BLIND FOOL MUST'VE RUN STRAIGHT TOWARD IT. THAT'LL BRING THE POLICE HERE IN MINUTES!
ALERT THE OTHERS! WE'LL HAVE TO SPEED UP OUR SCHEDULE!

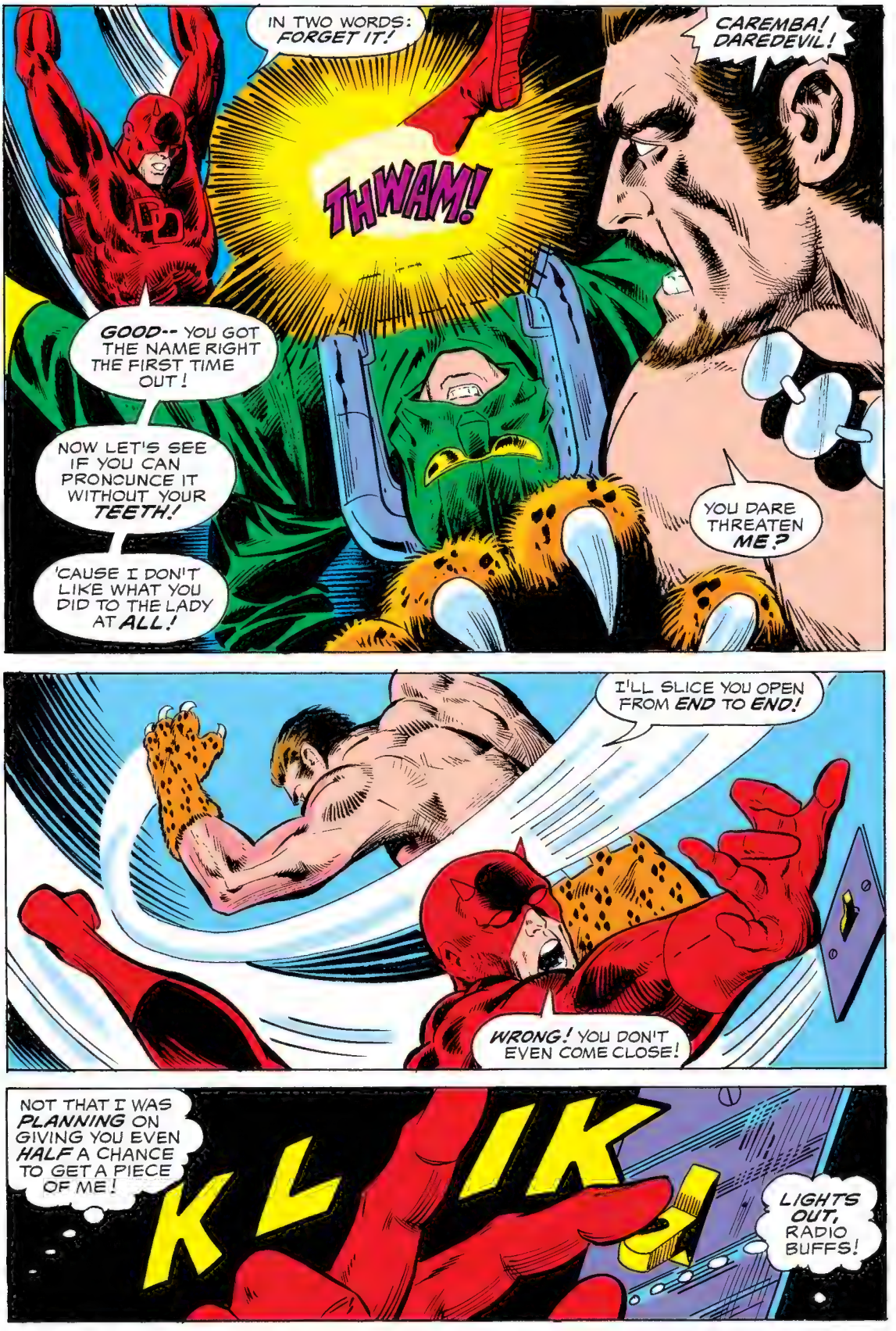

I'M GLAD MY HOODED FRIEND DIDN'T BOTHER TO CHECK OUT MATT MURDOCK'S UNTIMELY DEMISE.
OTHERWISE, HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE STRANGEST STRIP TEASE IN THE ANNALS OF MANHATTAN BUILDING LEDGES.
I CAN HEAR THE HYDRA AGENTS TALKING INSIDE. THEY'RE HERE TO KIDNAP FOGGY! BUT WHY?


GUESS I'LL FIND OUT AFTER I DEMOLISH THEM-- WHOOPS! I'M NOT ALONE OUT HERE! THERE'S A MAN CRAWLING UP THE WALL! SPIDER-MAN?
NO, HE'S USING SOME KIND OF METAL HOOKS.
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER.

NELSON'S PUTTING UP MORE OF A STRUGGLE THAN THEY EXPECTED.
GOOD.


IT GIVES ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE--
--THE WIDOW'S BITE!

BWUDD!
URGH!
BRUJA!* YOU WOULD USE YOUR HELLISH DEVICE ON THESE COMPAÑEROS OF--
--EL JAGUAR!
LITTLE FOOL! AS LEADER OF HYDRA'S BRAVOS COMMANDOS, I AM LIKE THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD THAT WATCHES OVER HIS OWN FLOCK!
BAH! YOU DO NOT EVEN HEAR ME, DO YOU, SEÑORITA? YOU HAVE ALREADY RETREATED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
AMIGOS! TAKE HER WITH US. AS A FORMER AGENT OF SHIELD, SHE MAY POSSESS VALUABLE INFORMATION.
AND, IF NOT, THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER USES FOR HER. HEY, MI CABALLEROS?
*WITCH--LINGUISTIC LEN.

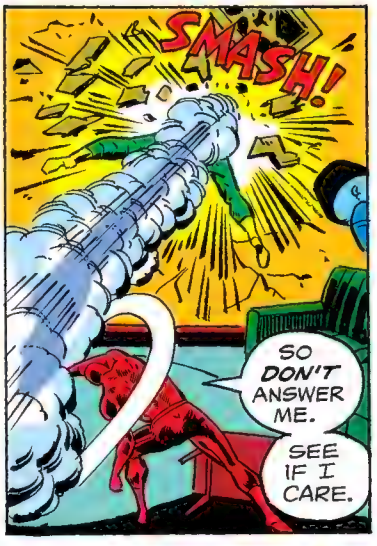

IN TWO WORDS: FORGET IT!
CAREMBA! DAREDEVIL!
THWAM!
GOOD-- YOU GOT THE NAME RIGHT THE FIRST TIME OUT!
NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE IT WITHOUT YOUR TEETH!
'CAUSE I DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU DID TO THE LADY AT ALL!
YOU DARE THREATEN ME?
I'LL SLICE YOU OPEN FROM END TO END!
WRONG! YOU DON'T EVEN COME CLOSE!
NOT THAT I WAS PLANNING ON GIVING YOU EVEN HALF A CHANCE TO GET A PIECE OF ME!
KLIK
LIGHTS OUT, RADIO BUFFS!

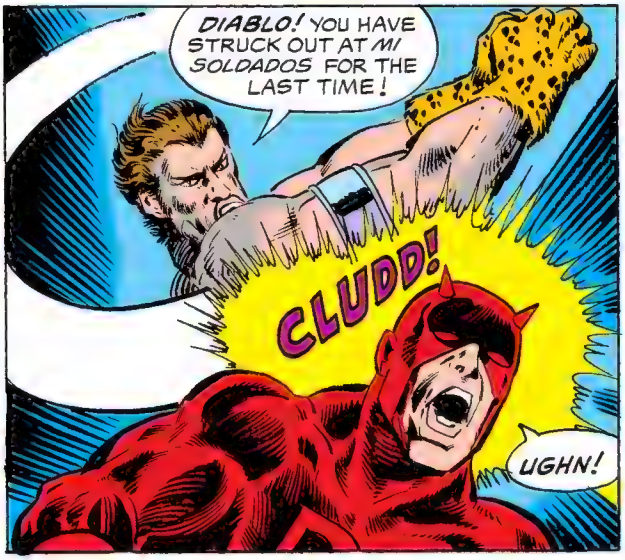
IN THE DARKNESS, I CAN USE MY TRUSTY RADAR SENSE TO PICK OFF THE HYDRA COMMANDOS ONE AT A TIME.
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE EL JAGUAR IS MORE LIKE HIS NAMESAKE THAN I FIGURED!
"HE CAN SEE IN THE DARK!
"AND HE'S CHARGING STRAIGHT AT ME!"
YEOWP!
HE'S FASTER THAN I FIGURED, TOO!
SLASH!
MAYBE I OUGHT TO STOP FIGURING SO MUCH AND JUST DO WHAT COMES NATURALLY.
AND "WHAT COMES NATURALLY," SINCE JAGGY IS MAKING ANOTHER PASS--
--IS TO EXTEND MY RIGHT FIST INTO HIS GUT THUSLY!
WHOOF!
WHUMP!
BEAUTIFUL.
AND WHILE HE'S LOSING HIS SUPPER, I'LL DALLY A BIT WITH THAT EMERALD FLOCK OF HIS!
MATTHEW, IT OCCURS TO ME THAT YOU ARE ENJOYING THIS ENTIRELY TOO MUCH!

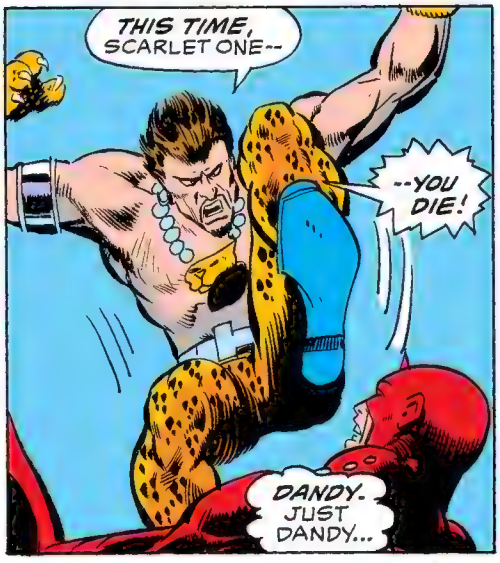
GUESS THIS IS WHAT A GUY LIKE ME *THRIVES* ON--
--A CLEAR-CUT CASE OF *GOOD* GUYS VS. *BAD* GUYS.
THE WORLD HAS GROWN A LOT MORE *COMPLEX* SINCE I FIRST DONNED THIS SUIT!
WHAP!
BUNT!

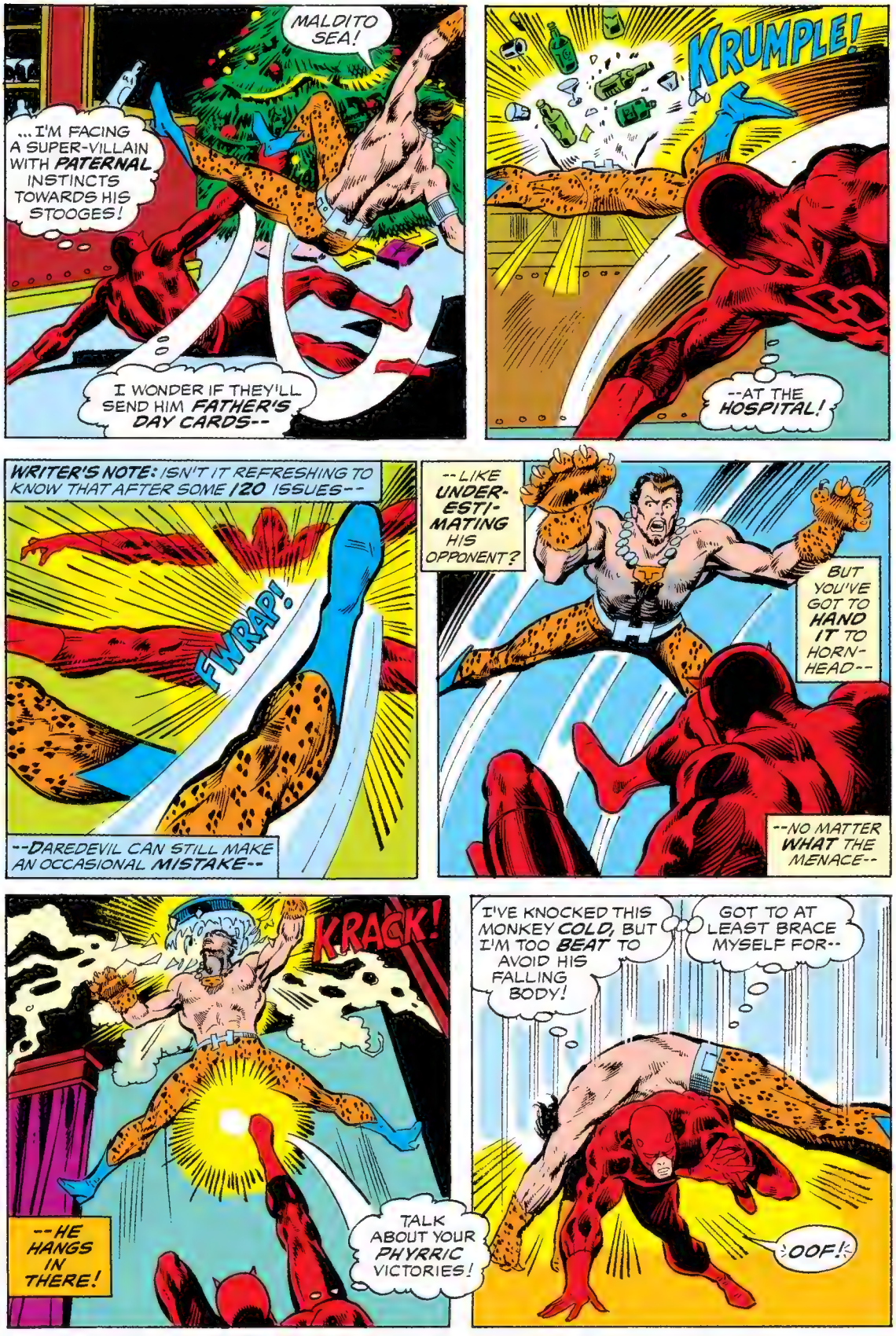
THEN TOO, SOME THINGS *NEVER* CHANGE.
SWISH!
TACKY, FELLOW-- TRYING TO *BLUD-GEON* ME WITH YOUR LITTLE POP GUN.

FROOM!
IS THIS YOUR *JET PACK* CONTROL?


SMASH!
SO *DON'T* ANSWER ME.
SEE IF I CARE.


DIABLO! YOU HAVE STRUCK OUT AT *MI SOLDADOS* FOR THE LAST TIME!
CLUDD!
UGHN!


THIS TIME, SCARLET ONE--
--YOU *DIE!*
DANDY. JUST DANDY...


MALDITO SEA!
...I'M FACING A SUPER-VILLAIN WITH PATERNAL INSTINCTS TOWARDS HIS STOOGES!
I WONDER IF THEY'LL SEND HIM FATHER'S DAY CARDS--
KRUMPLE!
--AT THE HOSPITAL!
WRITER'S NOTE: ISN'T IT REFRESHING TO KNOW THAT AFTER SOME 120 ISSUES--
FWRAP!
--DAREDEVIL CAN STILL MAKE AN OCCASIONAL MISTAKE--
--LIKE UNDER-ESTI-MATING HIS OPPONENT?
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HORN-HEAD--
--NO MATTER WHAT THE MENACE--
KRACK!
--HE HANGS IN THERE!
TALK ABOUT YOUR PHYRRIC VICTORIES!
I'VE KNOCKED THIS MONKEY COLD, BUT I'M TOO BEAT TO AVOID HIS FALLING BODY!
GOT TO AT LEAST BRACE MYSELF FOR--
OOF!

I'LL JUST TOSS HIM IN THE CORNER UNTIL I CAN PHONE THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.
WAIT! THAT SUDDEN RUSH OF HEAT--
SPOT-LIGHTS!
THEY'RE SHINING RIGHT IN MY EYES! I'VE GOT TO "PRETEND" TO BE BLINDED!
AND I CAN HEAR EL JAGUAR ESCAPING WHILE I'M STANDING HERE LIKE AN IDIOT! HE WASN'T AS BEATEN AS I THOUGHT!
MY RADAR SENSE SHOWS OVER A DOZEN MEN WITH JET PACKS OUT THERE--BUT THEY'RE NOT FROM HYDRA!
I RECOGNIZE THE HEARTBEAT OF THEIR LEADER!
IT'S NICK FURY--RAMROD OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!*
*SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION--AND I BET YOU THOUGHT WE FORGOT.--LEN.
ALRIGHT, DAREDEVIL. WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!
DO THAT, FURY--WHILE I GO AFTER EL JAGUAR!
HOLD IT, HORN-HEAD! AN' THAT'S AN OFFICIAL ORDER. WE'VE GOT THE JOINT SURROUNDED--HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
I DON'T WANT MY BOYS SHOOTIN' AT YOU BY MISTAKE!

COLONEL-- EL JAGUAR'S MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE.
I'VE NEVER SEEN A HUMAN BEING MOVE THAT FAST!
YEAH, VAL. I KINDA EXPECTED HYDRA'S NEW SECTION CHIEFS MIGHT BE A CUT ABOVE YER EVERYDAY THREATS TO NATIONAL SECURITY.
YOU TAKE IT SO CALMLY? IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED ME, I'D HAVE HAD THAT MAN-MENACE BEHIND BARS!
LISTEN, HERO-MAN: I HAD A MISSION TO CONSIDER AN' IT'S A LOT MORE IMPORTANT THAN YER WANTIN' TO CLOBBER THAT JOKER.
FROM WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT "NEW SECTION CHIEFS," COLONEL, I'D GATHER THAT HYDRA'S BEEN REBUILDING ITS STRENGTH FOR A NEW SHOT AT CONQUEST.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT! I WANT TO KNOW IF YOUR "MISSION" HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS ATTACK ON MY FIANCÉ!
IN A WAY, SISTER, IT HAS EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT!
HYDRA WANTED TO GET TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY BEFORE SHIELD COULD TALK TO HIM ABOUT A-- PROPOSITION. Y' SEE--
--I CAME HERE TO ASK YER TUBBY BOYFRIEND TO JOIN SHIELD!
NEXT: FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.?

DAREDEVIL
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MAY
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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
CO-STARRING THE DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
DANGER IS THE DREADNAUGHT!*
*THE HYDRA SUPER ROBOT WITH A LICENSE TO ANNIHILATE DD!
THE MIGHTY MARVEL RENAISSANCE MOVES AHEAD!
PLUS: THE UNPARALLELED EXCITEMENT OF FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.?
DON'T ASK HOW--JUST DON'T MISS IT!

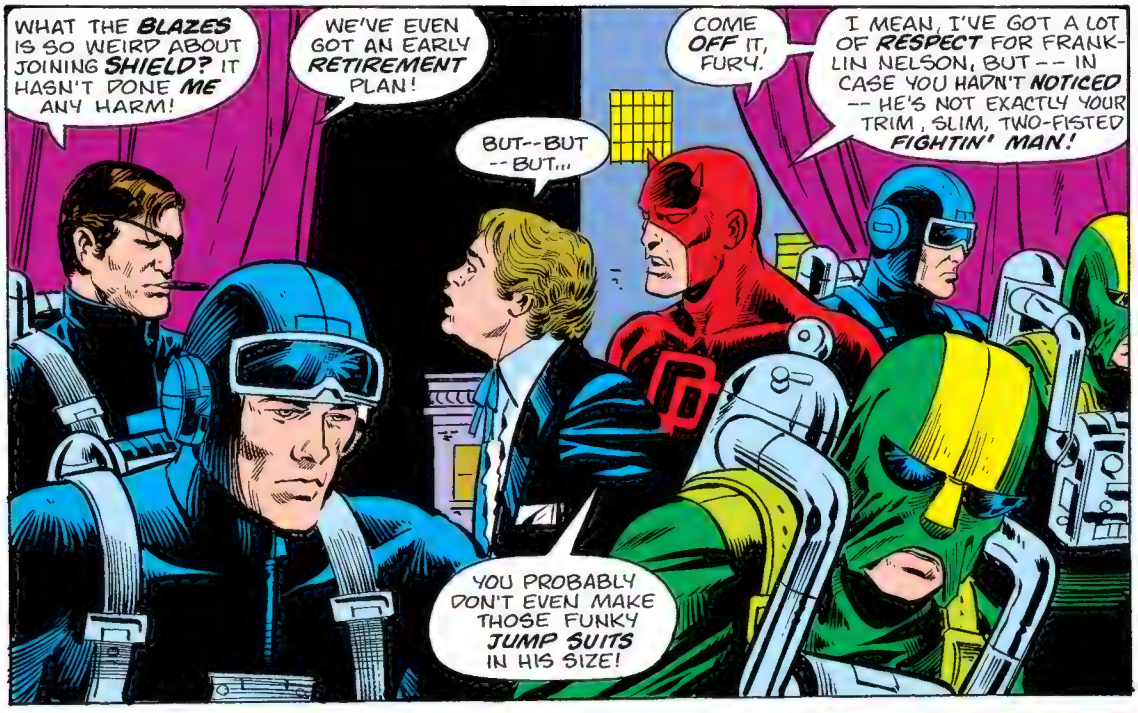
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

STan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! ™

TONY ISABELLA & BOB BROWN / WRITER--STORY TELLERS--ARTIST | VINCE COLLETTA / INKER | LETTERER • KAREN MANTLO / COLORIST • DON WARFIELD | LEN WEIN / EDITOR

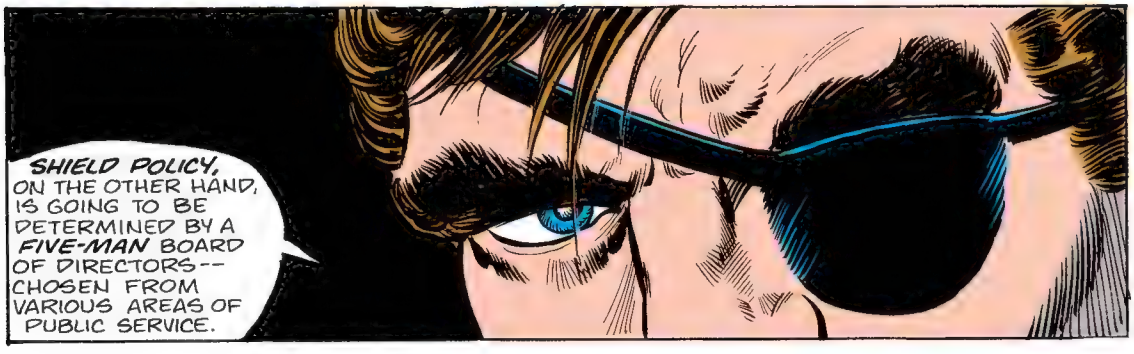
FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF SHIELD

HYDRA WANTED TO GET TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY BEFORE WE COULD TALK TO HIM ABOUT A... PROPOSITION, Y'SEE...
...I CAME HERE TO ASK NELSON TO JOIN SHIELD!
WHA--WHA--WHAT?
FURY, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MARBLES? FOGGY... ERR, MR. NELSON... ONE OF YOUR AGENTS?
LAST ISSUE: HYDRA'S COMMANDO DIVISION--LED BY THE MAN-MENACE CALLED EL JAGUAR--TRIED TO KIDNAP OUR FAVORITE D.A. AT HIS NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY. THEY WERE FOILED, OF COURSE, BY OUR OWN SCARLET-SUITED HORN-HEAD.
THIS ISSUE: NICK FURY, RAMROD OF SHIELD CLUES US IN ON WHY HYDRA WANTED TO PUT THE KIBOSH ON FOGGY. OH, YES, WE ALSO HAVE FOR YOU THIS GO-ROUND THE DEVASTATING RETURN OF THE KILLER-ROBOT KNOWN AS DREAD-NOUGHT! (SO LET'S GET IT ON, OKAY?)


WHAT THE BLAZES IS SO WEIRD ABOUT JOINING SHIELD? IT HASN'T DONE ME ANY HARM!
WE'VE EVEN GOT AN EARLY RETIREMENT PLAN!
BUT--BUT--BUT...
COME OFF IT, FURY.
I MEAN, I'VE GOT A LOT OF RESPECT FOR FRANKLIN NELSON, BUT -- IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED -- HE'S NOT EXACTLY YOUR TRIM, SLIM, TWO-FISTED FIGHTIN' MAN!
YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN MAKE THOSE FUNKY JUMP SUITS IN HIS SIZE!

HEY, DID I SAY ANYTHING ABOUT FIGHTIN'?
LISTEN TO ME. I'LL USE SMALL WORDS SO'S EVEN YOU CAN UNDERSTAND, HORN-HEAD

CONGRESS HAS DECIDED THAT SHIELD'S NOT GOING TO BE UNDER PRESIDENTIAL CONTROL ANYMORE. ME, I COULD CARE LESS, LONG AS WHO'S EVER IN CHARGE LET'S ME DO MY JOB.
SO, TO REMOVE ME AND MY BOYS FROM ANY POSSIBLE POLITICAL MANIPULATION, THEY MADE ME DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS. YOU CAN SEE HOW THRILLED I AM.

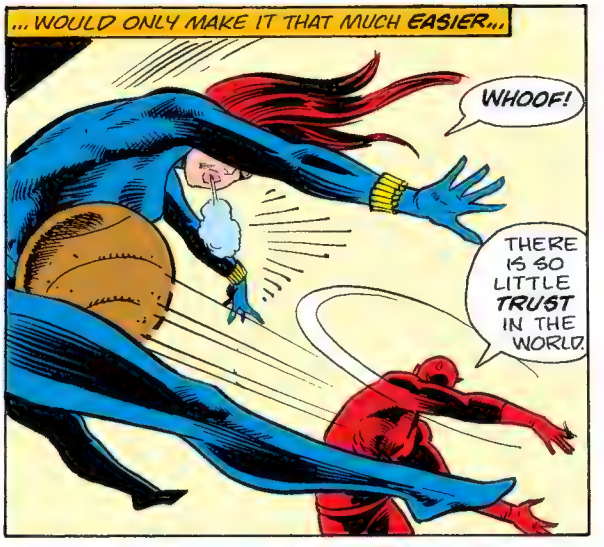

SHIELD POLICY, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS GOING TO BE DETERMINED BY A FIVE-MAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS -- CHOSEN FROM VARIOUS AREAS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

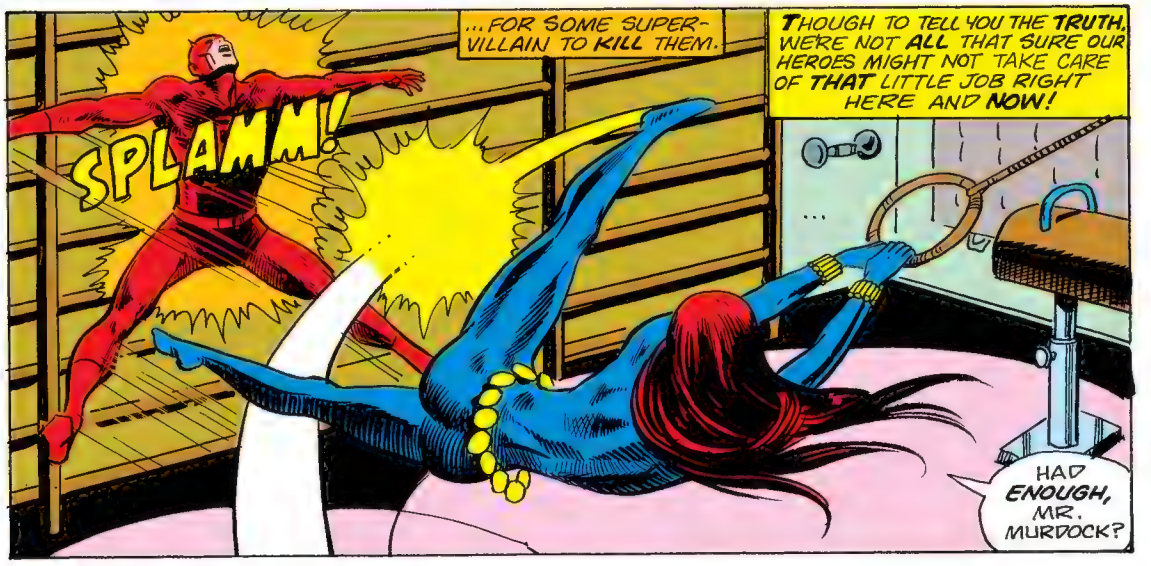
CONGRESS JUST GAVE ME THE LIST OF THEIR NOMINEES.
AN' THEY WANT YOU TO BE ON THAT BOARD, TUBBY.
WOW!
WE NEED GOOD MEN, MISTER--AN' YOU RANK AS ONE OF THE BEST IN MY BOOK!
GEEZ! I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER, FURY.
THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF DECISION A GUY CAN MAKE IN A HURRY.
BUT WHAT IF MY FIANCE IS ATTACKED BY--
HYDRA AGAIN? DON'T WORRY, MISS HARRIS.
THOSE GOONS SHOW UP--WE'LL HANDLE THEM.
HEY, WHERE'S MATT MURDOCK?
NOBODY'S SEEN HIM SINCE A COUPLE OF THOSE HYDRA GUYS CHASED HIM INTO THE BEDROOM.
WHOOPS! IVAN'S TELLING ME MATT OUGHT TO MAKE HIS REAPPEARANCE BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS SUSPICIOUS.
HE COULD'VE BEEN A LITTLE MORE SUBTLE. I HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR DECISION, MR. NELSON. I'VE GOT TO SPLIT NOW, THOUGH. THIS LITTLE DAREDEVIL HAS AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP CROSSTOWN.
DON'T TAKE ANY RIPPED SHIRTS, FURY.
I'LL SAY ONE THING ABOUT MY LIFE. THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF IT STANDING STILL!
IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS--
--FOGGY'S RECOVERED FROM THAT ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE* HE AND DEBBIE HAVE FIRMED UP THEIR WEDDING PLANS--
--AND NATASHA'S COME BACK TO NEW YORK!
*ISSUE #108 -- LEN.

'COURSE 'TASHA AND I HAVEN'T QUITE GOTTEN OUR HEADS TOGETHER ON THE SUBJECT OF "US"--
--AND THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING HOW FURY'S LITTLE BOMBSHELL WILL AFFECT THINGS.
BUT, ALL IN ALL, MY LIFE SEEMS TO BE HOLDING UP PRETTY WELL.
WHO KNOWS? THIS MAY EVEN BE THE TIME MATT MURDOCK CAN MAKE HIS DELAYED REAPPEARANCE WITHOUT ANYONE ASKING--
--WHAT I'VE BEEN UP TO.
MATT! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN THERE?
DID THOSE HYDRA HOODS KNOCK YOU OUT?
"BLESSED IS HE WHO EXPECTS NOTHING, FOR HE SHALL NEVER BE DISAPPOINTED."
ALEXANDER POPE SAID THAT.
BUT NOW, BEFORE THE TIGERISH ONE GETS CARRIED AWAY WITH HIS LITERARY PRETENSIONS...
...LET'S CUT OUT TO MATT'S NEW BROWNSTONE, JUST A FEW HOURS LATER...
...WHERE A SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL PRACTICE SESSION IS TAKING PLACE.
SPLOW!
UGHH!
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, DARLING. YOU'RE A LITTLE SLUGGISH TONIGHT.

IT'S UNUSUAL IN THAT NEITHER OUR SCARLET SWASHBUCKLER NOR MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF ARE PULLING THEIR BLOWS IN THE SLIGHTEST.
THEY'RE PLAYING FOR THE STAKES THAT THEIR REAL "OPPONENTS" WILL PLAY FOR.
KEEPS.
WOULDJA BELIEVE I WAS SETTING YOU UP FOR--
--THIS!
KROP!
IF THEY SUFFER A BROKEN BONE OR A DISLOCATED JOINT BECAUSE THEIR REFLEXES AND SKILLS ARE NOT AT THEIR MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY, BETTER IT HAPPEN HERE...

... THAN IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH SITUATION WHERE AN INJURY OF ANY KIND...
SPRAK!
NOT FOR A SECOND.

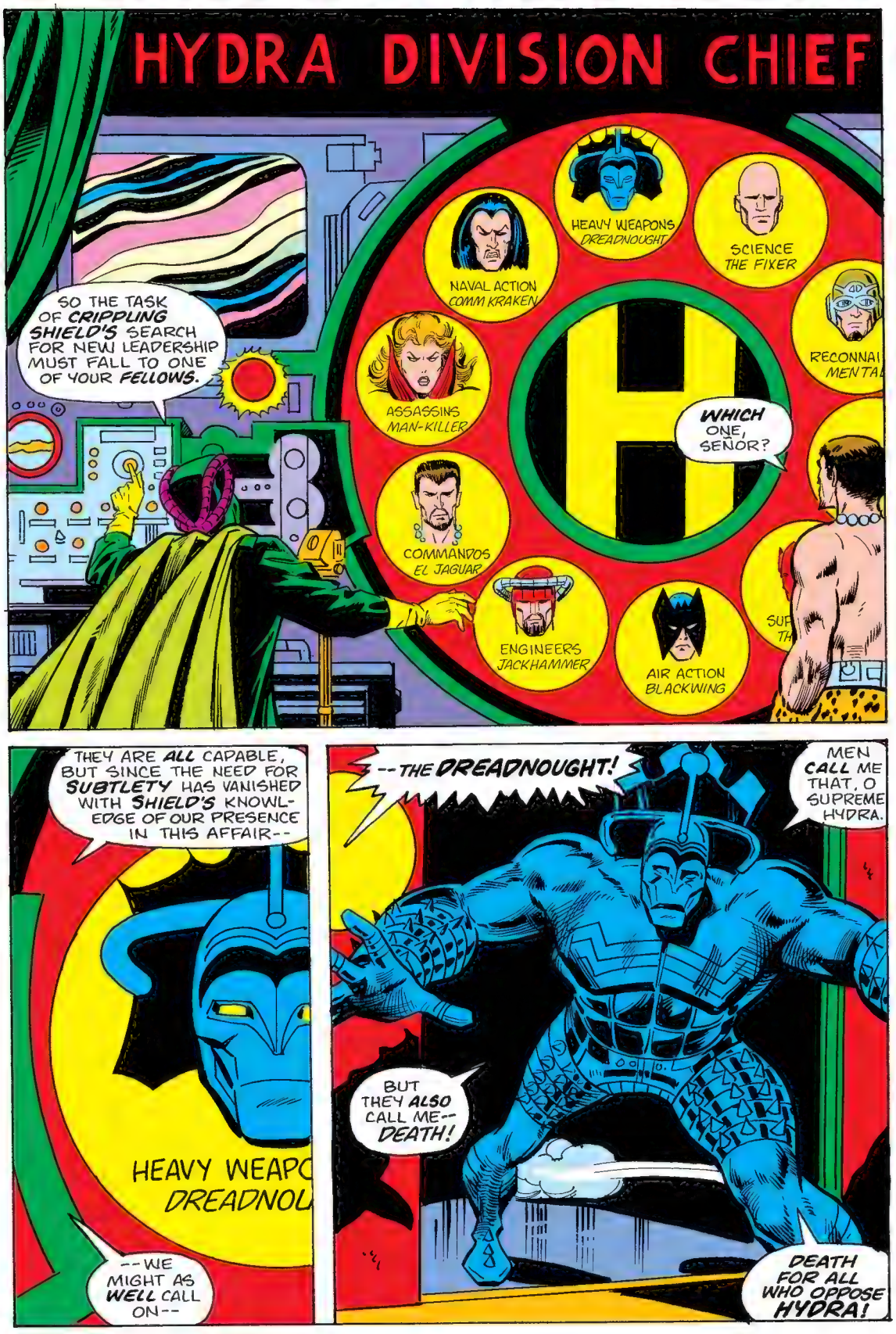

... WOULD ONLY MAKE IT THAT MUCH EASIER...
WHOOF!
THERE IS SO LITTLE TRUST IN THE WORLD.

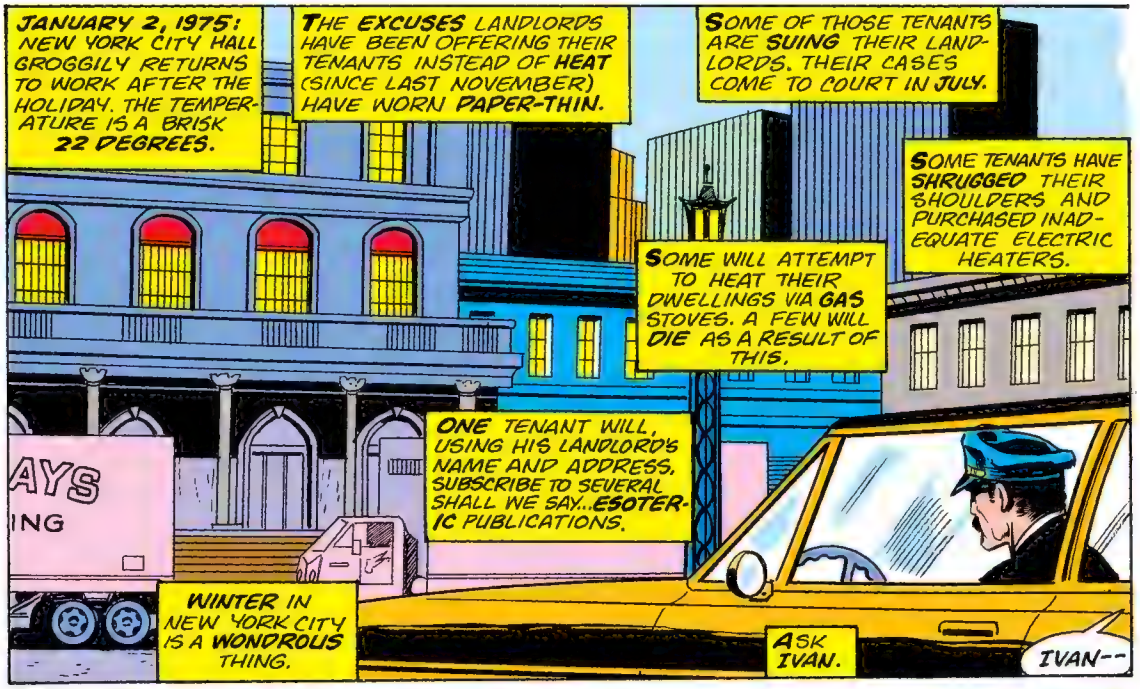

...FOR SOME SUPER-VILLAIN TO KILL THEM.
SPLAMM!
THOUGH TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WE'RE NOT ALL THAT SURE OUR HEROES MIGHT NOT TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE JOB RIGHT HERE AND NOW!
HAD ENOUGH, MR. MURDOCK?

PROBABLY NOT. I'M STILL ALIVE.
BUT I THINK WE'VE HAD ENOUGH PRACTICE FOR ONE NIGHT.
MIND IF I HELP YOU DOWN?
MMMM... WE'D HAVE BEEN THE SENSATIONS OF THE BOLSHOI IF I HAD KNOWN YOU BACK IN MOTHER RUSSIA.
NOT ME.
I WOULD'VE DIED OF EMBARRASSMENT IF I'D HAD TO WEAR THOSE SILLY-LOOKING TIGHTS.
NICE TRY, DD. BUT EVEN THE MOST SPARKLING REPARTEE DOESN'T COVER UP THE TENSION YOU'VE BEEN FEELING ALL NIGHT.
TALK.
IT'S FOGGY.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM. HYDRA ISN'T THE TYPE OF OUTFIT THAT WILL QUIT AFTER ONE KIDNAPPING ATTEMPT.
BUT I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM AROUND ALL THE TIME.
YOU REALLY DO CARE DEEPLY FOR FRANKLIN NELSON, DON'T YOU?
YEAH, I DO. YOU SEE...
...WHEN MY DAD WAS KILLED, FOGGY KEPT ME GOING--HELD ME UP--EVEN DRAGGED ME ALONG WHEN HIS OWN FATHER SET HIM UP IN HIS LAW OFFICE.

RINGGGG!
BLAST!
INCREDIBLY ROTTEN THOUGH ITS TIMING MAY BE, I BELIEVE THAT PHONE CALL IS FOR ME.
SOME OF FURY'S BOYS JUST BROUGHT NELSON HOME FROM A DEBRIEFING ON EL JAGUAR'S ATTACK, MY LITTLE TSARINA.
I'LL KEEP WATCH ON THE PLACE UNTIL DAWN.
501
BUT I'LL LAY ODDS THAT DOMESTIC DUNE BUGGY WE'VE RENTED ISN'T AS WARM AS OUR OLD ROLLS!
ECONOMY, IVAN. ECONOMY.
CALL ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.
IVAN? WHERE IS HE?
RIGHT NOW, HE'S PROBABLY GETTING INTO A CAR WHICH HE'S CONVENIENTLY PARKED ACROSS THE STREET FROM NELSON'S APARTMENT.
AND FROM WHERE HE'LL CALL US IF THERE'S THE TINIEST TRACE OF HYDRA IN THE AREA.
HUH? BUT YOU, TO PUT IT MILDLY, DON'T LIKE FOGGY!
THAT'S TRUE.
HOWEVER, I DO "LIKE" YOU.
I DO CARE DEEPLY FOR YOU.
AND, WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO IT, I SUPPOSE I DO LOVE YOU.
NATASHA, I...

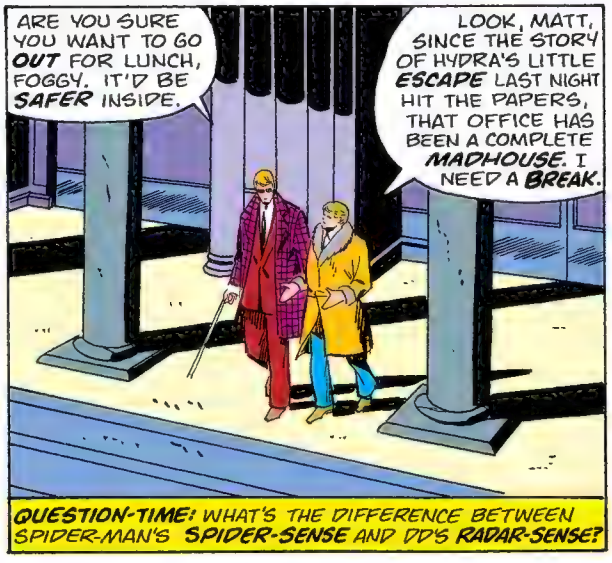
WHIPP!
KLIK
NOT TONIGHT, MY LOVE.
KLUK
WE STILL HAVE TOO MANY THINGS TO WORK OUT.
IT'LL TAKE TIME.
BUT DO WE HAVE TIME, MY DARLING NATASHA--
--OR ARE WE JUST PROLONGING THE AGONY OF AN AFFAIR THAT'S ENDED?
LOOK, WE'RE GONNA SKIP PART OF THIS, 'CAUSE DD'S ALREADY GOT ENOUGH HEARTACHE WITHOUT US LOOKING IN ON HIM. SO WE'LL JUST CUT AWAY FROM THE DEPARTING BLACK WIDOW AND FOCUS ON ANOTHER COUPLE...
... A COUPLE WHOSE DISCUSSION AFFECTS OUR STORY SOMEWHAT DIFFERENTLY THAN THE INTERLUDE WE'VE JUST LEFT.
DAREDEVIL WAS MY AFORTUNADO, O SUPREME ONE. HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE EL JAGUAR A SECOND TIME!
I'M QUITE SURE OF THAT, MY FRIEND. AND CONSIDERING HYDRA'S GOAL IS NOTHING LESS THAN WORLD DOMINATION, I SUSPECT YOU'LL GET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO CLASH WITH HIM SOON.
BUT I FEAR SHIELD KNOWS YOUR POWER NOW AND WILL BE READY SHOULD YOU ATTEMPT TO "SNATCH" THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AGAIN.

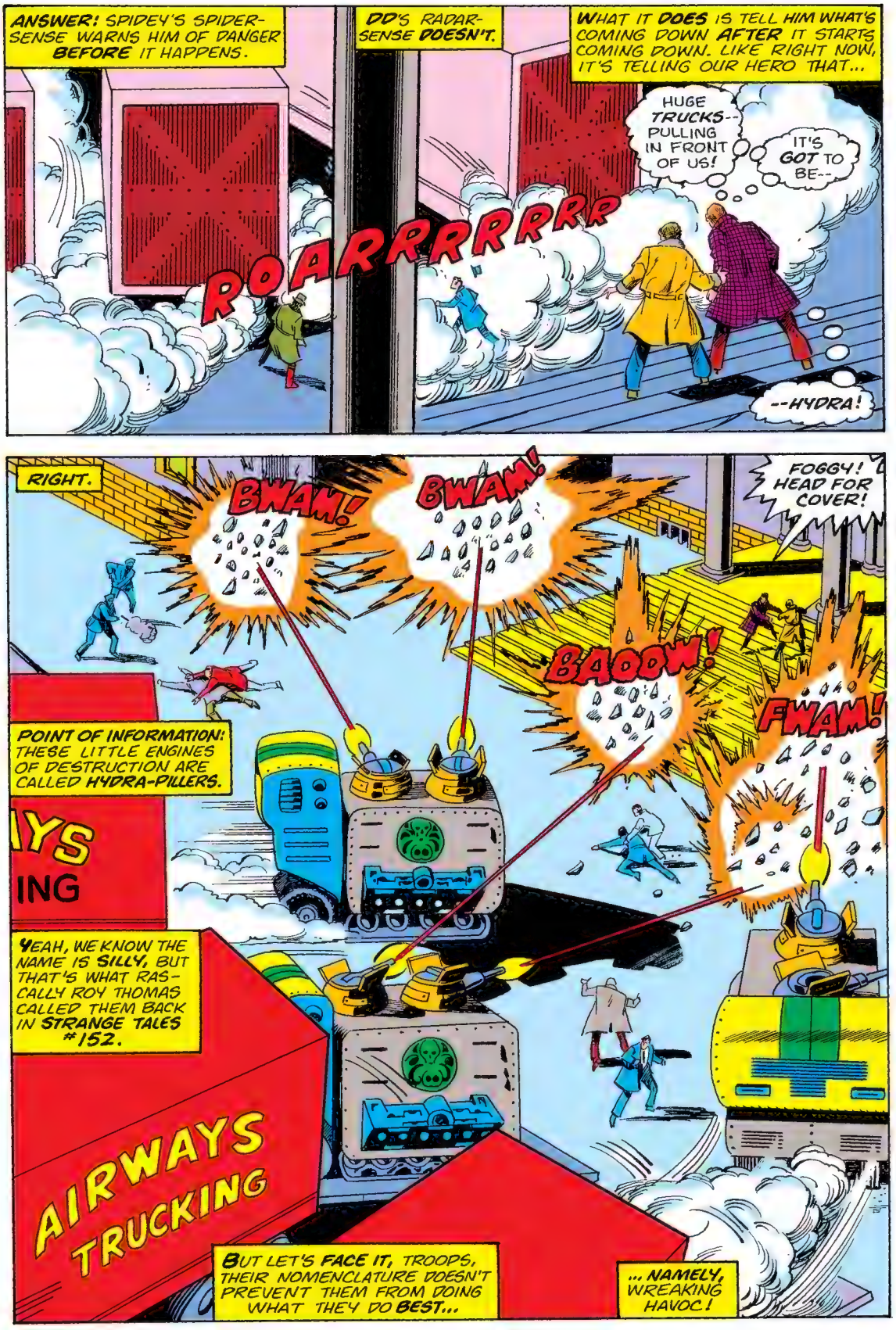

HYDRA DIVISION CHIEF
SO THE TASK OF CRIPPLING SHIELD'S SEARCH FOR NEW LEADERSHIP MUST FALL TO ONE OF YOUR FELLOWS.
HEAVY WEAPONS DREADNOUGHT
SCIENCE THE FIXER
NAVAL ACTION COMM KRAKEN
RECONNAI MENTA
ASSASSINS MAN-KILLER
WHICH ONE, SEÑOR?
COMMANDOS EL JAGUAR
ENGINEERS JACKHAMMER
AIR ACTION BLACKWING
THEY ARE ALL CAPABLE, BUT SINCE THE NEED FOR SUBTLETY HAS VANISHED WITH SHIELD'S KNOWLEDGE OF OUR PRESENCE IN THIS AFFAIR--
HEAVY WEAPO
DREADNOU
--WE MIGHT AS WELL CALL ON--
--THE DREADNOUGHT!
MEN CALL ME THAT, O SUPREME HYDRA.
BUT THEY ALSO CALL ME-- DEATH!
DEATH FOR ALL WHO OPPOSE HYDRA!

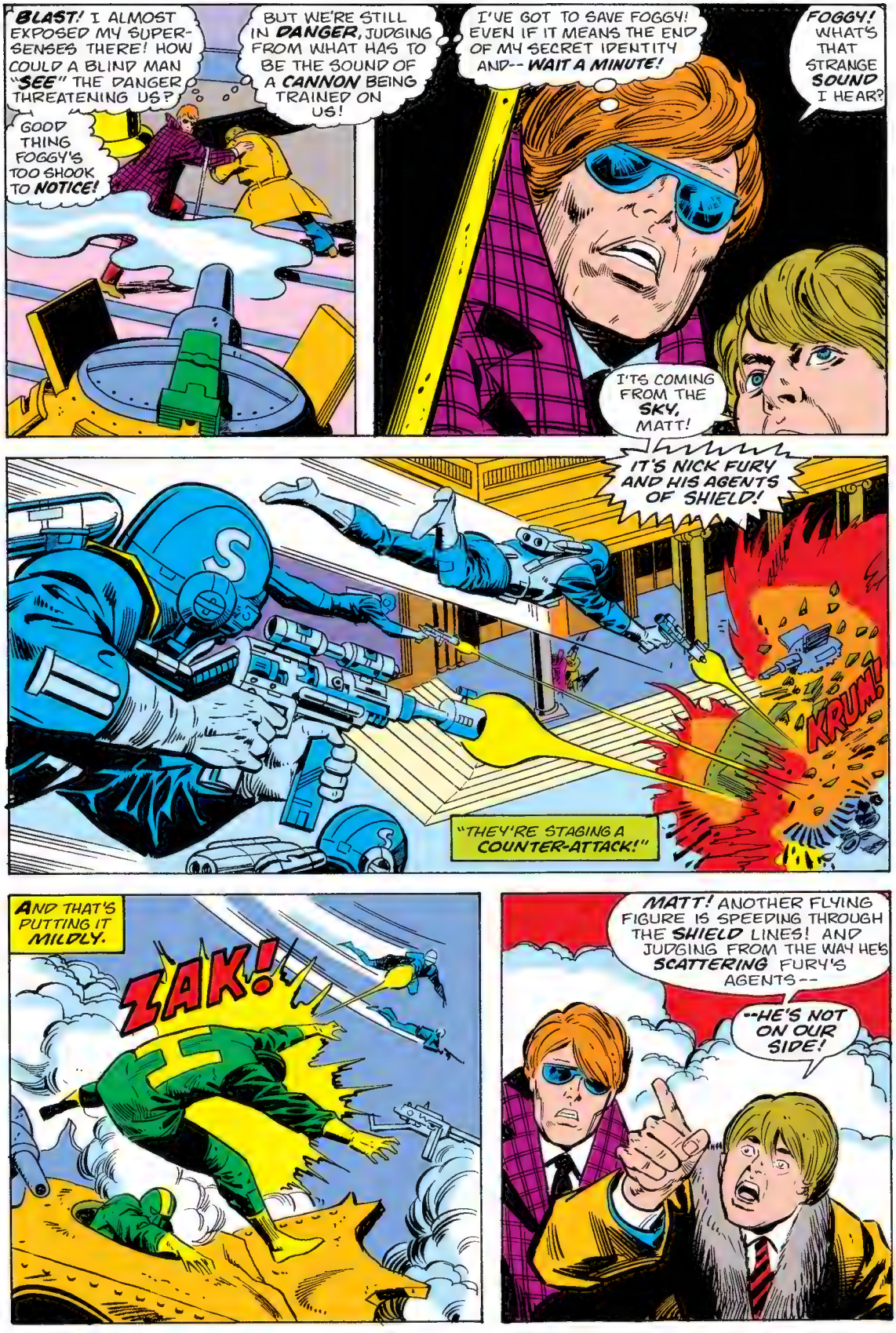

JANUARY 2, 1975: NEW YORK CITY HALL GROGGILY RETURNS TO WORK AFTER THE HOLIDAY. THE TEMPERATURE IS A BRISK 22 DEGREES.
THE EXCUSES LANDLORDS HAVE BEEN OFFERING THEIR TENANTS INSTEAD OF HEAT (SINCE LAST NOVEMBER) HAVE WORN PAPER-THIN.
SOME OF THOSE TENANTS ARE SUING THEIR LANDLORDS. THEIR CASES COME TO COURT IN JULY.
SOME TENANTS HAVE SHRUGGED THEIR SHOULDERS AND PURCHASED INADEQUATE ELECTRIC HEATERS.
SOME WILL ATTEMPT TO HEAT THEIR DWELLINGS VIA GAS STOVES. A FEW WILL DIE AS A RESULT OF THIS.
ONE TENANT WILL, USING HIS LANDLORD'S NAME AND ADDRESS, SUBSCRIBE TO SEVERAL SHALL WE SAY...ESOTERIC PUBLICATIONS.
WINTER IN NEW YORK CITY IS A WONDROUS THING.
ASK IVAN.
IVAN--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN IN BED HOURS AGO.
AH... WELL... THERE'S THIS BOGEY FILM COMIN' ON AT NOON, SO I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL STAY UP FOR IT.
YOU KNOW, BOTH YOU AND MATT ARE REALLY LOUSY AT HIDING THINGS FROM ME. COME CLEAN, "SWEETHEART!"

I GUESS I'M KINDA WORRIED ABOUT NELSON, TOO.
I KNOW YOU DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIM, KID, BUT I ADMIRE THE LITTLE BUTTERBALL'S GUTS.
ANYWAY, HE ARRIVED HERE ABOUT EIGHT-THIRTY.
GET SOME SLEEP, IVAN. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.


ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO OUT FOR LUNCH, FOGGY. IT'D BE SAFER INSIDE.
LOOK, MATT, SINCE THE STORY OF HYDRA'S LITTLE ESCAPE LAST NIGHT HIT THE PAPERS, THAT OFFICE HAS BEEN A COMPLETE MADHOUSE. I NEED A BREAK.
QUESTION-TIME: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPIDER-MAN'S SPIDER-SENSE AND DD'S RADAR-SENSE?

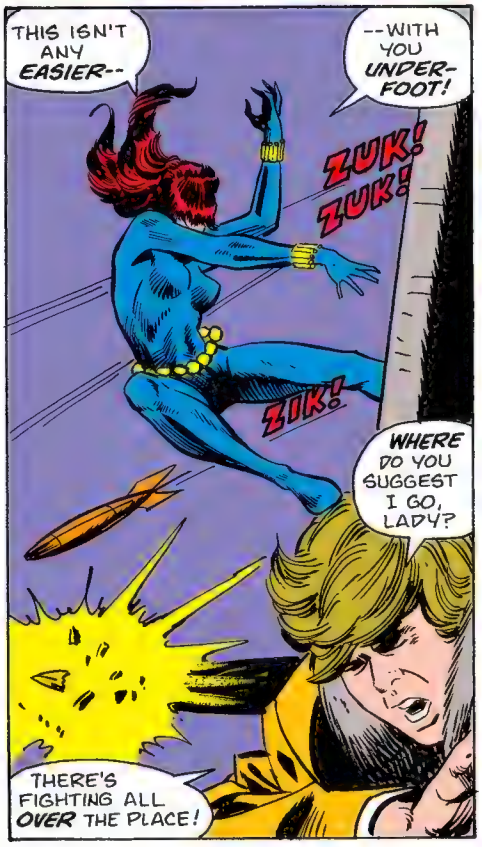

ANSWER! SPIDEY'S SPIDER-SENSE WARNS HIM OF DANGER BEFORE IT HAPPENS.
DD'S RADAR-SENSE DOESN'T.
WHAT IT DOES IS TELL HIM WHAT'S COMING DOWN AFTER IT STARTS COMING DOWN. LIKE RIGHT NOW, IT'S TELLING OUR HERO THAT...
ROARRRRRRRR
HUGE TRUCKS-- PULLING IN FRONT OF US!
IT'S GOT TO BE--
--HYDRA!
RIGHT.
BWAM!
BWAM!
FOGGY! HEAD FOR COVER!
BAOOM!
FWAM!
POINT OF INFORMATION: THESE LITTLE ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION ARE CALLED HYDRA-PILLERS.
YEAH, WE KNOW THE NAME IS SILLY, BUT THAT'S WHAT RASCALLY ROY THOMAS CALLED THEM BACK IN STRANGE TALES #152.
AIRWAYS TRUCKING
BUT LET'S FACE IT, TROOPS, THEIR NOMENCLATURE DOESN'T PREVENT THEM FROM DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST...
... NAMELY, WREAKING HAVOC!


BLAST! I ALMOST EXPOSED MY SUPER-SENSES THERE! HOW COULD A BLIND MAN "SEE" THE DANGER THREATENING US?
BUT WE'RE STILL IN DANGER, JUDGING FROM WHAT HAS TO BE THE SOUND OF A CANNON BEING TRAINED ON US!
GOOD THING FOGGY'S TOO SHOOK TO NOTICE!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE FOGGY! EVEN IF IT MEANS THE END OF MY SECRET IDENTITY AND-- WAIT A MINUTE!
FOGGY! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE SOUND I HEAR?
I'TS COMING FROM THE SKY, MATT!
IT'S NICK FURY AND HIS AGENTS OF SHIELD!
KRUMB
"THEY'RE STAGING A COUNTER-ATTACK!"
AND THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY.
ZAK!
MATT! ANOTHER FLYING FIGURE IS SPEEDING THROUGH THE SHIELD LINES! AND JUDGING FROM THE WAY HE'S SCATTERING FURY'S AGENTS--
--HE'S NOT ON OUR SIDE!

I HAVE COME FOR YOU, FRANKLIN NELSON.
MATT! I RECOGNIZE THE ROBOT FROM THE DEBRIEFING PHOTOS! IT'S CALLED THE DREADNOUGHT--
--AND IT ALMOST KILLED NICK FURY!*
STRANGE TALES #154 -- L.W.
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! I'VE GOT TO ARRANGE FOR A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN FOGGY AND THE ROBOT!
IN OTHER WORDS IT'S TIME FOR THAT CLASSIC STAND-BY: BLIND MAN STUMBLES INTO SUPER-VILLIAN.
WHA-- I TRIPPED!
GROAN.
URGH! IT'S A GOOD THING I WAS BRACED FOR THAT LITTLE FORGET-ME-NOT TAP!
NOW IF I DON'T BREAK ANYTHING WHEN I HIT AND IF THAT RUBBLE IS AS HIGH AS MY RADAR-SENSE INDICATES--
--A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS GOING TO GET IN ON THIS LITTLE RUCKUS!
PRESENTING: ONE OF THE MOST TIME-HONORED CAPTIONS IN COMICS HISTORY...
MEANWHILE...
GET OUT OF HERE, NELSON. I'LL HANDLE THIS!
BUT MATT IS...
...JUST UNCONSCIOUS BEHIND THAT RUBBLE, THAT'S ALL.
SO BEAT IT, MR. D.A.!
SWRAP!

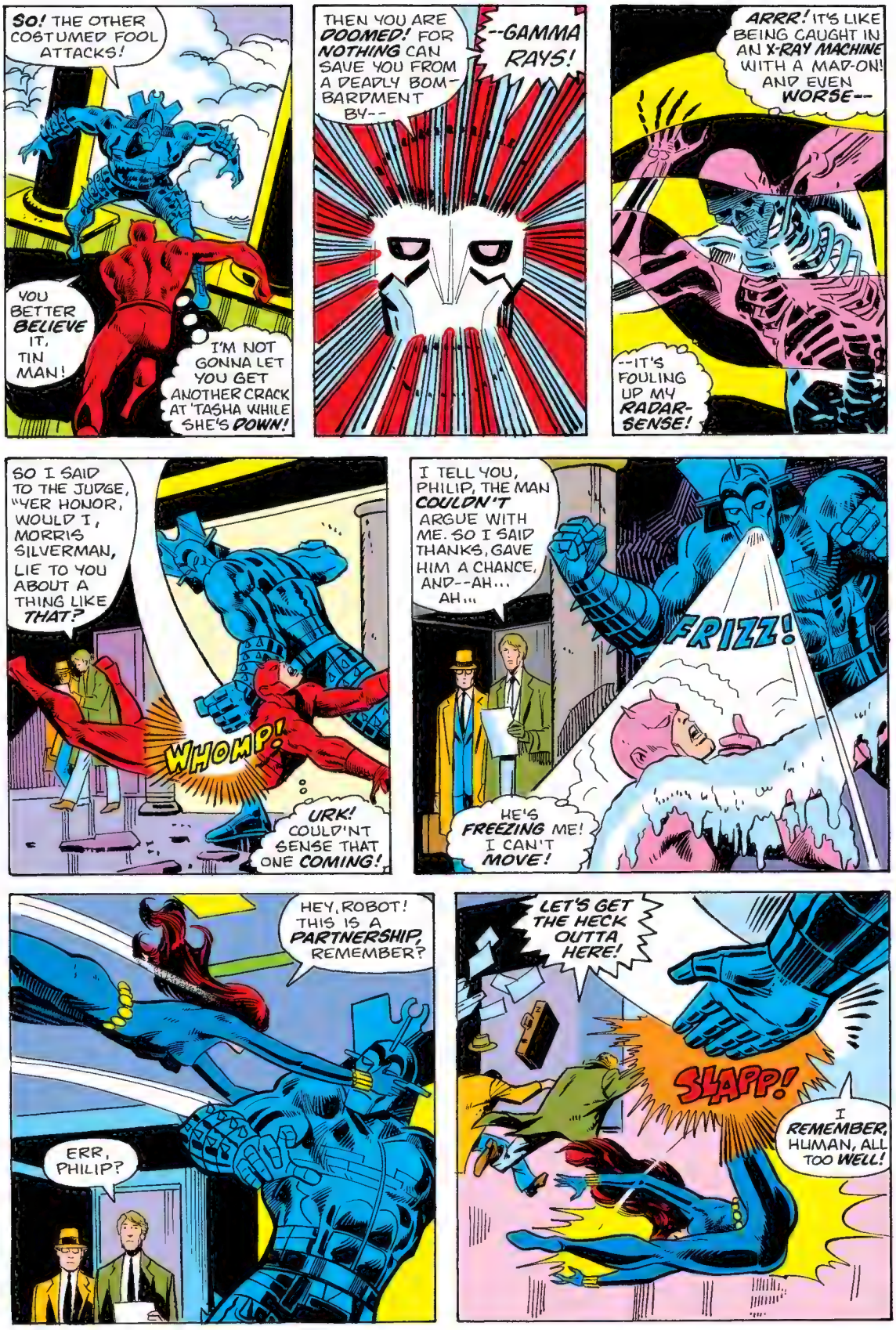
MY MISSON WAS MERELY TO CAPTURE NELSON!
ARGGH!
KRACKKKKEEEE!
BUT I CAN AND WILL DESTROY ANY WHO STAND BETWEEN ME AND THE COMPLETION OF THAT MISSION!

ZAT!
UNLESS THEY'RE NOT GROUNDED WHEN YOU TRY TO DESTROY THEM. AND, IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED--
--I WASN'T!
NELSON! WILL YOU GET OUT OF HERE?


THIS ISN'T ANY EASIER--
--WITH YOU UNDER-FOOT!
ZUK! ZUK!
ZIK!
WHERE DO YOU SUGGEST I GO, LADY?
THERE'S FIGHTING ALL OVER THE PLACE!

THEN HOW ABOUT IF I CLEAR A ROUTE FOR YOU, MR. NELSON.
WOK!
DREADY HERE DOESN'T SEEM TO OBJECT!

HUMAN INSECTS! FOR YOUR INTERFERENCE, YOU SHALL DIE IN A STREAM OF LIQUID FIRE--
--AT 3500 DEGREES CENTI-GRADE!
STICKLER FOR DETAILS, ISN'T HE?
SHALL WE TAKE HIM, DD?
BUT, OF COURSE, MY DEAR!
FWRAM!
IF THE REPORTS I READ WHEN I WAS A SHIELD AGENT WERE ACCURATE, THERE'S AN OPEN AREA AT THE BASE OF THIS MECHANICAL KILLER'S SKULL!
AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING TO FIRE MY TRIED-AND-TRUE WIDOW'S BITE!
UGGHHH!
FWRAP!
BUT YOU'LL NOT GET THE CHANCE, WOMAN!
MY INTERNAL MECHANISMS REPAIR ANY INJURY DONE ME IMMEDIATELY!


SO! THE OTHER COSTUMED FOOL ATTACKS!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, TIN MAN!
I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU GET ANOTHER CRACK AT 'TASHA WHILE SHE'S DOWN!
THEN YOU ARE DOOMED! FOR NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM A DEADLY BOMBARDMENT BY--
--GAMMA RAYS!
ARRR! IT'S LIKE BEING CAUGHT IN AN X-RAY MACHINE WITH A MAD-ON! AND EVEN WORSE--
--IT'S FOULING UP MY RADAR-SENSE!
SO I SAID TO THE JUDGE, "YER HONOR, WOULD I, MORRIS SILVERMAN, LIE TO YOU ABOUT A THING LIKE THAT?
WHOMP!
URK! COULDN'T SENSE THAT ONE COMING!
I TELL YOU, PHILIP, THE MAN COULDN'T ARGUE WITH ME. SO I SAID THANKS, GAVE HIM A CHANCE, AND--AH... AH...
FRIZZ!
HE'S FREEZING ME! I CAN'T MOVE!
HEY, ROBOT! THIS IS A PARTNERSHIP, REMEMBER?
ERR, PHILIP?
LET'S GET THE HECK OUTTA HERE!
SLAPP!
I REMEMBER, HUMAN, ALL TOO WELL!

THAT HYDRA ROBOT IS BOUNCING DD AND THE WIDOW AROUND LIKE THEY WERE HANDBALLS!
THEY CAN'T BEAT A THING LIKE THAT!
AND I CAN'T LET THEM GET KILLED TRYING TO PROTECT ME!
WHERE'S NELSON?
ANSWER --OR DIE!
OH, NO! THE WIDOW'S TOO BATTERED TO EVEN FIGHT BACK--AND DD'S DARN NEAR FROZEN SOLID!
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
NELSON! NO!
GET BACK, YOU FOOL!
SILENCE, WOMAN!
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU HOPE TO GAIN BY THIS ACT OF BRAVADO, NELSON, BUT IT MATTERS NOT! YOU ARE NOW--
--THE PRISONER OF HYDRA!
WHOOSH!
NO, NO! I CAME OUT OF THAT LITTLE FREEZING JUST SECONDS TOO LATE!
FOGGY'S BEEN CAPTURED!

WHAT THE BLAZES HAPPENED, HORN-HEAD?
ONE MINUTE MY BOYS HAVE HYDRA ON THE RUN--
--AND THE NEXT THING, ONE OF THEIR DIVISION CHIEFS PUTS THE GRAB ON THE D.A.!
IT WAS THE DREADNOUGHT, FURY! WE COULDN'T STOP HIM!
WE FAILED FRANKLIN NELSON!
NO!
HE WAS HIDDEN! THE DREADNOUGHT COULDN'T FIND HIM!
HE SURRENDERED TO SAVE MY LIFE!
MY LIFE!
FURY, I WANT EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON HYDRA!
I WANT EVERY LEAD TO EVERY POSSIBLE HYDRA HEAD-QUARTERS IN THIS AREA!
I'M GOING TO FIND FRANKLIN NELSON!
AND IF HYDRA'S HARMED HIM--
--THE WIDOW WILL MAKE THEM PAY!
NEXT ISSUE: BLACKWING
AND THE SUPREME HYDRA-- REVEALED!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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JUNE
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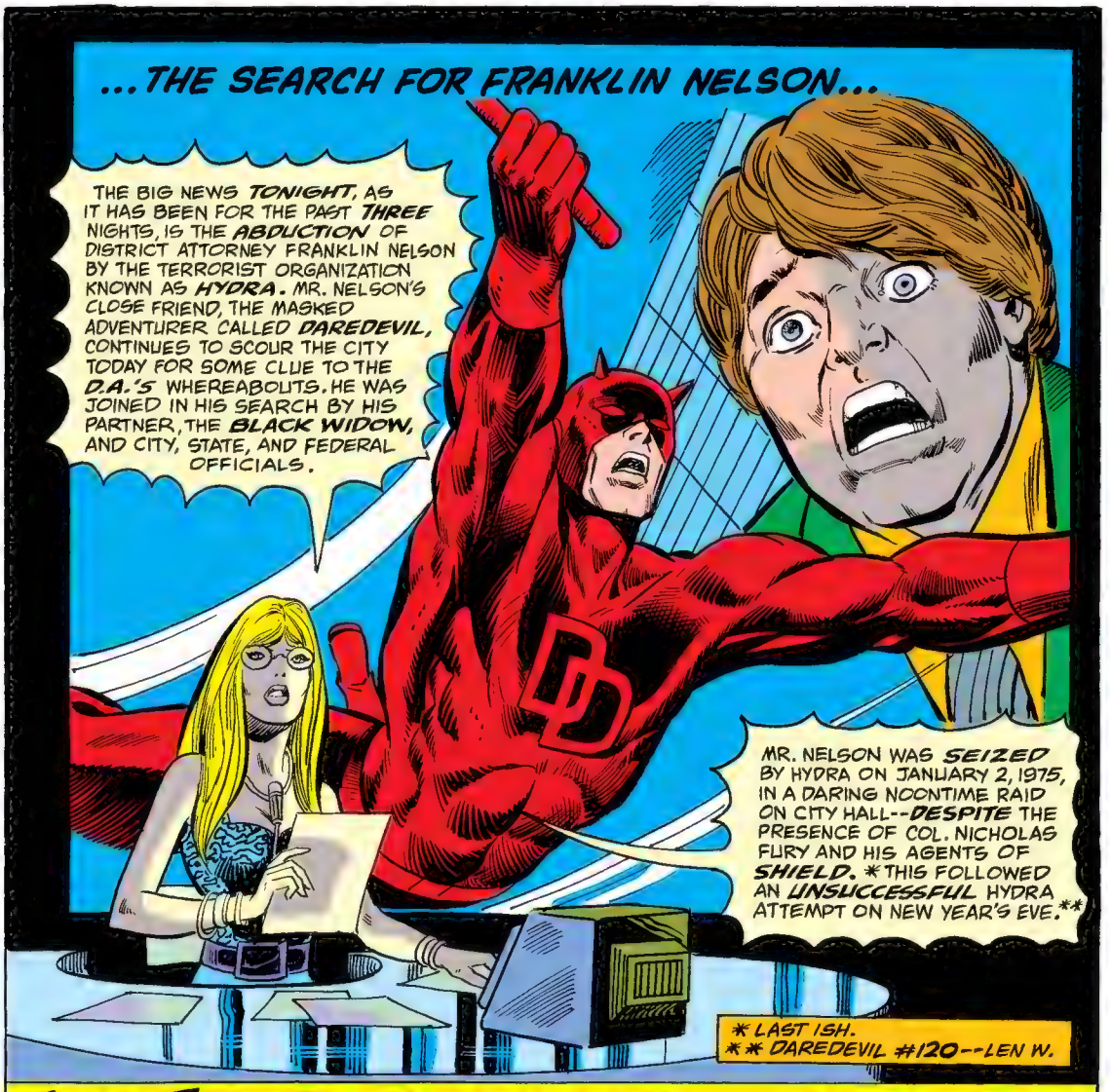
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
FEATURING: THE DEADLY BLACK WIDOW VS. THE SAVAGE EL JAGUAR!
IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE REALLY BAD DAYS!
AND JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT THINGS COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE FOR OL' D D-- ENTER:
BLACKWING!

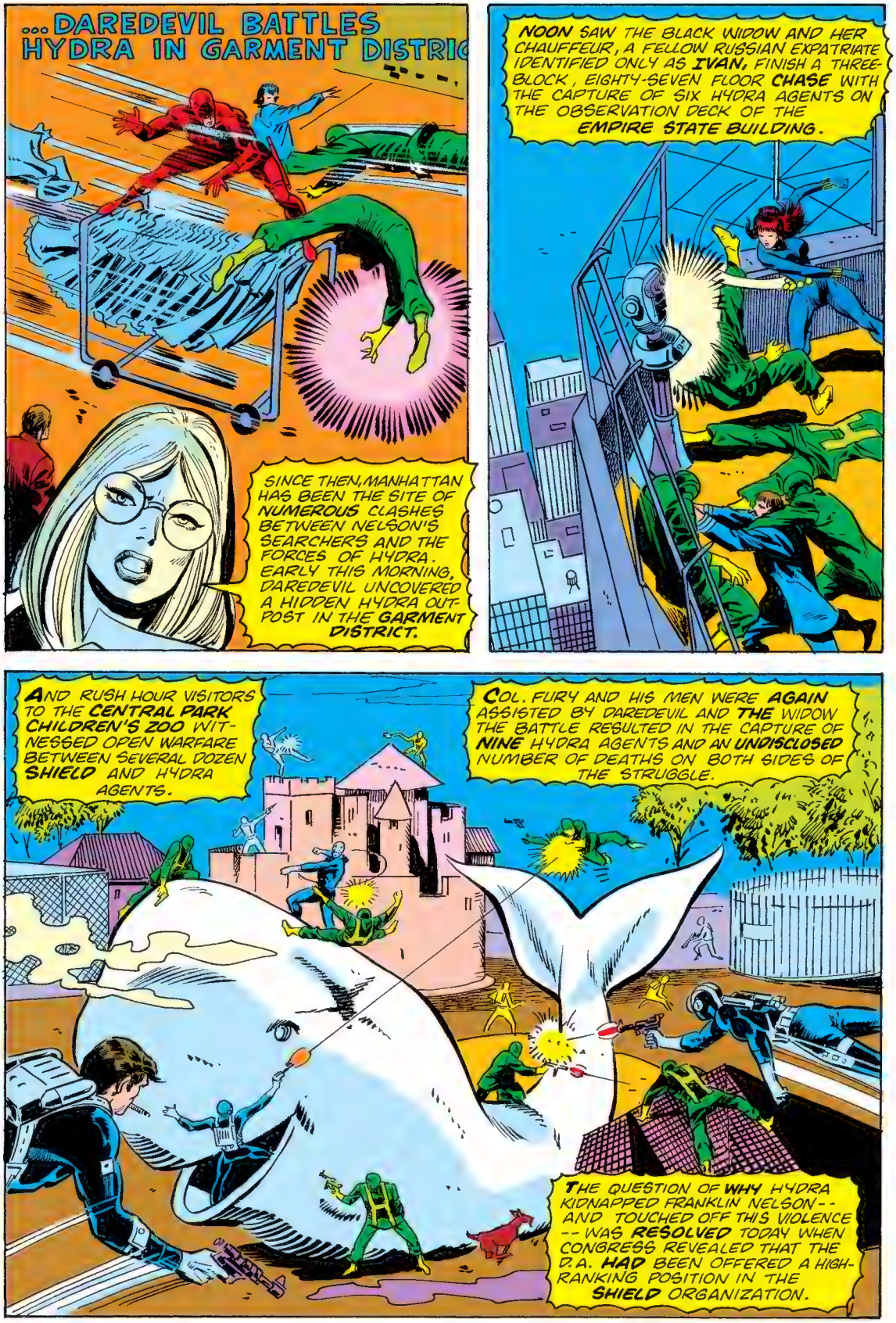
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

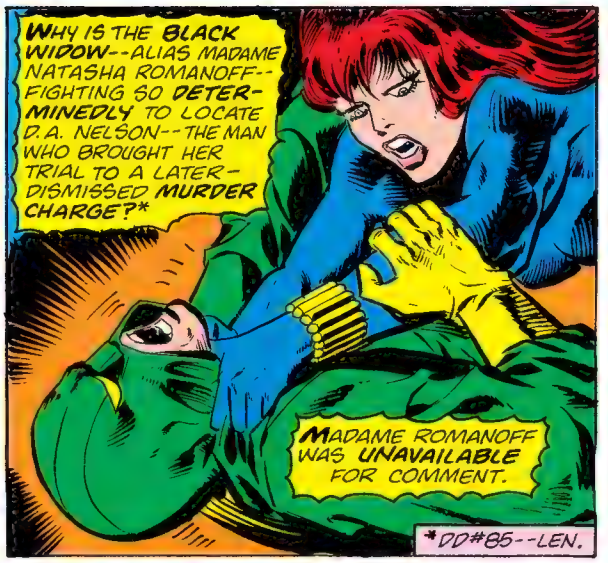
TONY ISABELLA & BOB BROWN WRITER--STORY-TELLERS--ARTIST | VINCE COLLETTA INKER | KAREN MANTLO · LETTERER JANICE COHEN · COLORIST | LEN WEIN EDITOR

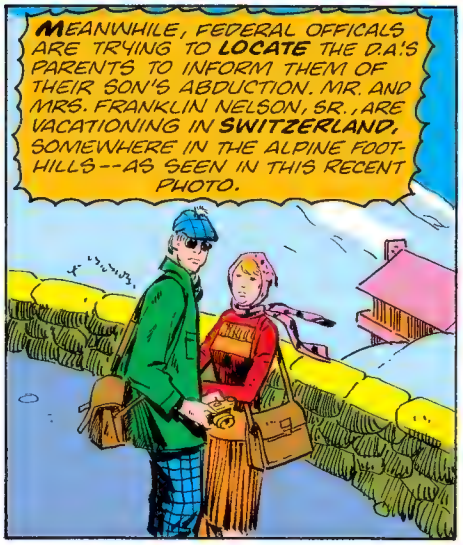

...THE SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN NELSON...
THE BIG NEWS TONIGHT, AS IT HAS BEEN FOR THE PAST THREE NIGHTS, IS THE ABDUCTION OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON BY THE TERRORIST ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS HYDRA. MR. NELSON'S CLOSE FRIEND, THE MASKED ADVENTURER CALLED DAREDEVIL, CONTINUES TO SCOUR THE CITY TODAY FOR SOME CLUE TO THE D.A.'S WHEREABOUTS. HE WAS JOINED IN HIS SEARCH BY HIS PARTNER, THE BLACK WIDOW, AND CITY, STATE, AND FEDERAL OFFICIALS.
MR. NELSON WAS SEIZED BY HYDRA ON JANUARY 2, 1975, IN A DARING NOONTIME RAID ON CITY HALL--DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF COL. NICHOLAS FURY AND HIS AGENTS OF SHIELD. * THIS FOLLOWED AN UNSUCCESSFUL HYDRA ATTEMPT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.**
* LAST ISH.
** DAREDEVIL #120--LEN W.

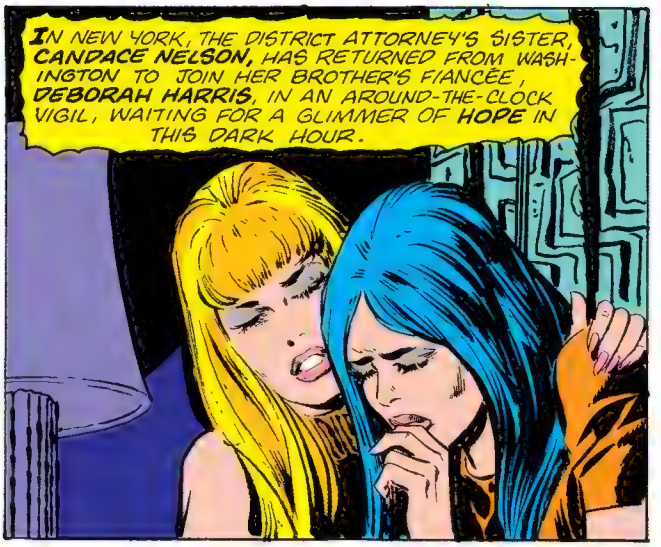
HYDRA-AND-SEEK

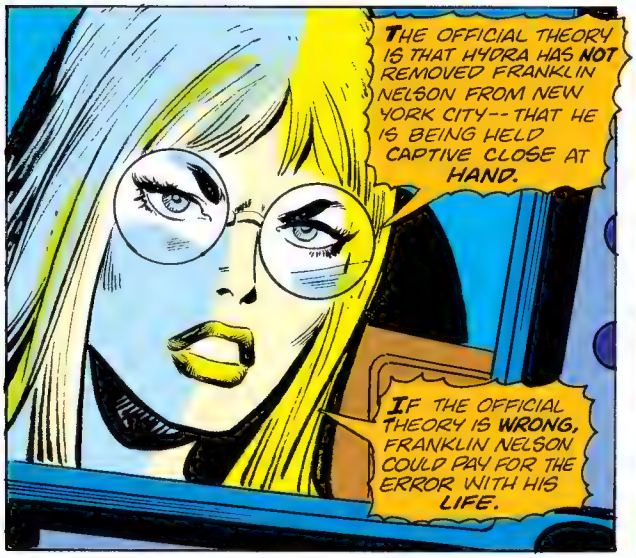

...DAREDEVIL BATTLES HYDRA IN GARMENT DISTRIC
SINCE THEN, MANHATTAN HAS BEEN THE SITE OF NUMEROUS CLASHES BETWEEN NELSON'S SEARCHERS AND THE FORCES OF HYDRA. EARLY THIS MORNING, DAREDEVIL UNCOVERED A HIDDEN HYDRA OUTPOST IN THE GARMENT DISTRICT.
NOON SAW THE BLACK WIDOW AND HER CHAUFFEUR, A FELLOW RUSSIAN EXPATRIATE IDENTIFIED ONLY AS IVAN, FINISH A THREE-BLOCK, EIGHTY-SEVEN FLOOR CHASE WITH THE CAPTURE OF SIX HYDRA AGENTS ON THE OBSERVATION DECK OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.
AND RUSH HOUR VISITORS TO THE CENTRAL PARK CHILDREN'S ZOO WITNESSED OPEN WARFARE BETWEEN SEVERAL DOZEN SHIELD AND HYDRA AGENTS.
COL. FURY AND HIS MEN WERE AGAIN ASSISTED BY DAREDEVIL AND THE WIDOW THE BATTLE RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF NINE HYDRA AGENTS AND AN UNDISCLOSED NUMBER OF DEATHS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STRUGGLE.
THE QUESTION OF WHY HYDRA KIDNAPPED FRANKLIN NELSON--AND TOUCHED OFF THIS VIOLENCE--WAS RESOLVED TODAY WHEN CONGRESS REVEALED THAT THE D.A. HAD BEEN OFFERED A HIGH-RANKING POSITION IN THE SHIELD ORGANIZATION.

ALTHOUGH THIS EXPLAINS SHIELD'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE SEARCH, THERE IS ANOTHER QUESTION BEING ASKED:


WHY IS THE BLACK WIDOW--ALIAS MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF--FIGHTING SO DETERMINEDLY TO LOCATE D.A. NELSON--THE MAN WHO BROUGHT HER TRIAL TO A LATER-DISMISSED MURDER CHARGE?*
MADAME ROMANOFF WAS UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT.
*DD#85--LEN.


MEANWHILE, FEDERAL OFFICALS ARE TRYING TO LOCATE THE D.A.'S PARENTS TO INFORM THEM OF THEIR SON'S ABDUCTION. MR. AND MRS. FRANKLIN NELSON, SR., ARE VACATIONING IN SWITZERLAND, SOMEWHERE IN THE ALPINE FOOTHILLS--AS SEEN IN THIS RECENT PHOTO.

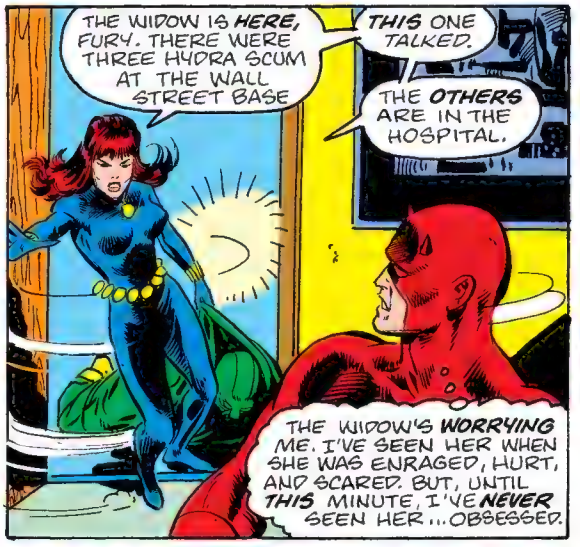

IN NEW YORK, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S SISTER, CANDACE NELSON, HAS RETURNED FROM WASHINGTON TO JOIN HER BROTHER'S FIANCÉE, DEBORAH HARRIS, IN AN AROUND-THE-CLOCK VIGIL, WAITING FOR A GLIMMER OF HOPE IN THIS DARK HOUR.


THE OFFICIAL THEORY IS THAT HYDRA HAS NOT REMOVED FRANKLIN NELSON FROM NEW YORK CITY--THAT HE IS BEING HELD CAPTIVE CLOSE AT HAND.
IF THE OFFICIAL THEORY IS WRONG, FRANKLIN NELSON COULD PAY FOR THE ERROR WITH HIS LIFE.

THIS IS BARBI KEPKE WITH THE WQXR NEWS HEADLINES. WE'LL BE BACK WITH MORE NEWS IN A...
KLIK!
SHE'S RIGHT, FURY.

WE'RE BANKING AN AWFUL LOT ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT HYDRA HASN'T SKIPPED TOWN WITH THE DISTRICT/ATTORNEY. WHAT DOES HAPPEN IF WE'RE WRONG?
WE'VE ISSUED A NATIONWIDE ALERT DAREDEVIL.
RELAX, HORN-HEAD. YA THINK SHIELD AIN'T GOT THE MAN-POWER TO SEARCH THE WHOLE BLAMED COUNTRY IF WE HAVE TO?
BUT OUR QUESTIONING OF THOSE CAPTURED HYDRA AGENTS DOES INDICATE YOUR FRIEND IS BEING HELD NEARBY.

IT'S SHIELD'S FAULT TUBBY IS IN TROUBLE AND IT'LL BE SHIELD THAT PULLS 'IM OUT OF IT!
WE'VE GOT EVERY AVAILABLE AGENT TRACKING DOWN EVERY AVAILABLE LEAD, FELLA. WHEN THEY COME UP WITH SOMETHING CONCRETE, WE'LL HIT HYDRA AND HIT 'IM HARD!
SPEAKIN' A WHICH, WHERE'S THE WIDOW? I SENT HER OUT ON A LEAD A COUPLE HOURS AGO.


THE WIDOW IS HERE, FURY. THERE WERE THREE HYDRA SCUM AT THE WALL STREET BASE
THIS ONE TALKED.
THE OTHERS ARE IN THE HOSPITAL.
THE WIDOW'S WORRYING ME. I'VE SEEN HER WHEN SHE WAS ENRAGED, HURT, AND SCARED. BUT, UNTIL THIS MINUTE, I'VE NEVER SEEN HER...OBSESSED.

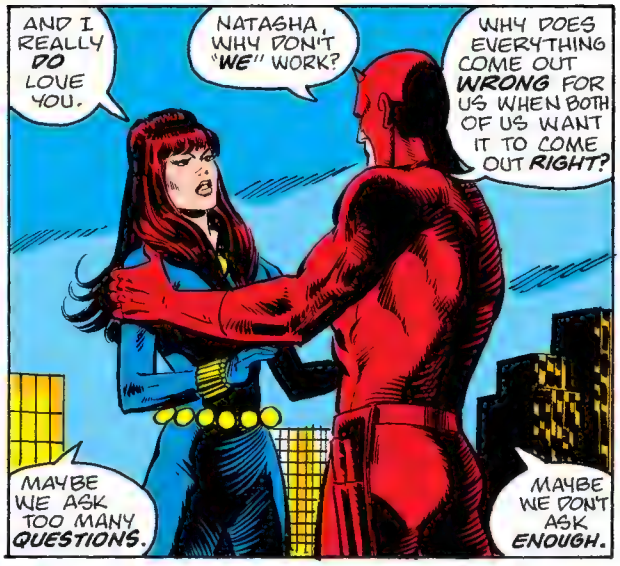
SO WHAT SONG DID OUR LITTLE GREEN CANARY SING?
HE "GAVE" ME THE LOCATION OF A HYDRA-OWNED WAREHOUSE IN QUEENS--

--AND THIS CARD.

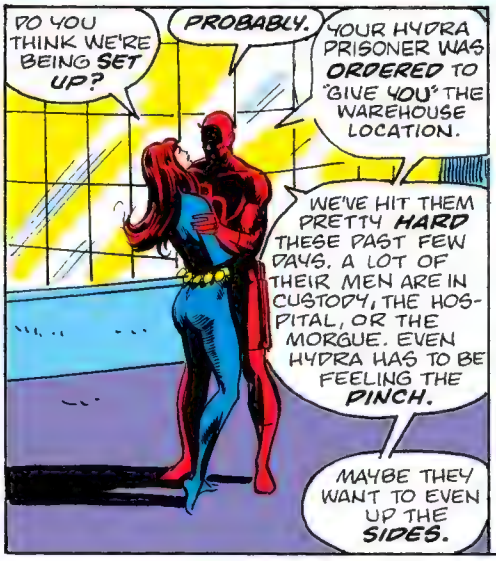
IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A PICTURE OF A BAT!
A BAT? IT HAS TO BE THE CALLING CARD OF--
BLACKWING!
I KNEW HE HAD TO BE MORE THAN JUST A JUNIOR PARTNER OF THE CIRCUS OF CRIME!*
*DD#118--LEN.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT CARD MEANS, FURY.
I'M GOING TO CHECK OUT THAT WAREHOUSE!
NO! IF IT IS BLACKWING, HE'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE WIDOW TO TACKLE ALONE!
NATASHA! HOLD IT A MINUTE!
YOU'RE GETTING AWFULLY LIBERAL WITH YOUR HANDS, DAREDEVIL. ONCE, IT'S HORSEPLAY.* TWICE, IT'S DEVELOPING INTO A DECIDEDLY BAD HABIT.
I...
*DD#120--LEN.
I'VE GOT TO GO TO THAT WARE-HOUSE ALONE!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST ME!
WHAT?
ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT NELSON GOT CAPTURED SAVING MY LIFE? I'M NOT ABOUT TO SIT ON THE SIDELINES!
NOT NOW OR EVER!
AWRIGHT, YOU TWO, BREAK IT UP!

I'M STILL RUNNIN' THIS OPERATION AND I MAKE THE DECISIONS ABOUT WHO DOES WHAT AND WITH WHOM!
FURY, YOU DON'T KNOW...
SHADDUP!
NOBODY'S CHECKIN' OUT THAT WARE-HOUSE UNTIL I GET A BACK-UP FORCE READY TO MOVE IN ON IT!
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO WATCH YOUR TONE, FURY. THE BLACK WIDOW DOES NOT TAKE ORDERS FROM ANYONE.
YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT.
I'LL BE BACK.
KRAAK!
YOU TRY SO HARD, DON'T YOU, MY DARLING? MAYBE TOO HARD.
IT HURTS, DOESN'T IT?

IT HURTS ME, TOO.
WE'RE SOME COUPLE, AREN'T WE, MATT? SOMETIMES I THINK WE'D MAKE REALLY GREAT STRANGERS.
THAT WAY, WHENEVER WE DID THE WRONG THING OR SAID THE WRONG WORDS, WE COULD JUST GO "OH... I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T KNOW" AND EVERYTHING WOULD GO ON AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED--
--BECAUSE NOTHING WOULD HAVE MATTERED AND THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY PAIN. EXCEPT THAT WE'RE NOT STRANGERS, MATT. WE KNOW EACH OTHER TOO WELL.

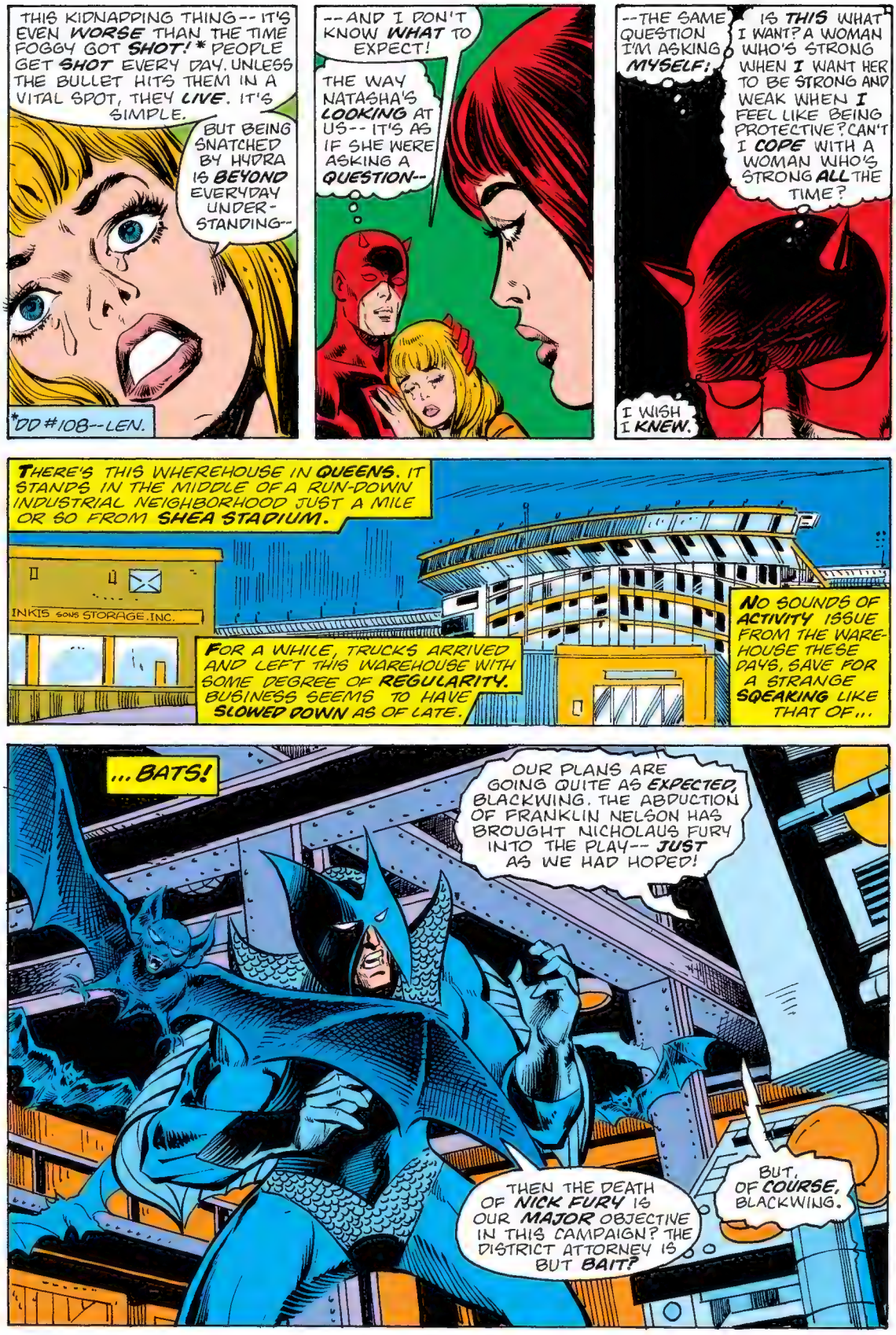

AND I REALLY DO LOVE YOU.
NATASHA, WHY DON'T "WE" WORK?
WHY DOES EVERYTHING COME OUT WRONG FOR US WHEN BOTH OF US WANT IT TO COME OUT RIGHT?
MAYBE WE ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS.
MAYBE WE DON'T ASK ENOUGH.

YOU FIGURED OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CARD, MATT, DIDN'T YOU?
YEAH.
WHO'S WAITING AT THE WAREHOUSE?
HIS NAME IS BLACKWING. I RAN INTO HIM A WHILE BACK. HE'S PRETTY DANGEROUS. I WAS WORRIED FOR YOU.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN.
I KNOW-- BUT I WAS.
I KNOW.


DO YOU THINK WE'RE BEING SET UP?
PROBABLY.
YOUR HYDRA PRISONER WAS ORDERED TO "GIVE YOU" THE WAREHOUSE LOCATION.
WE'VE HIT THEM PRETTY HARD THESE PAST FEW DAYS. A LOT OF THEIR MEN ARE IN CUSTODY, THE HOSPITAL, OR THE MORGUE. EVEN HYDRA HAS TO BE FEELING THE PINCH.
MAYBE THEY WANT TO EVEN UP THE SIDES.

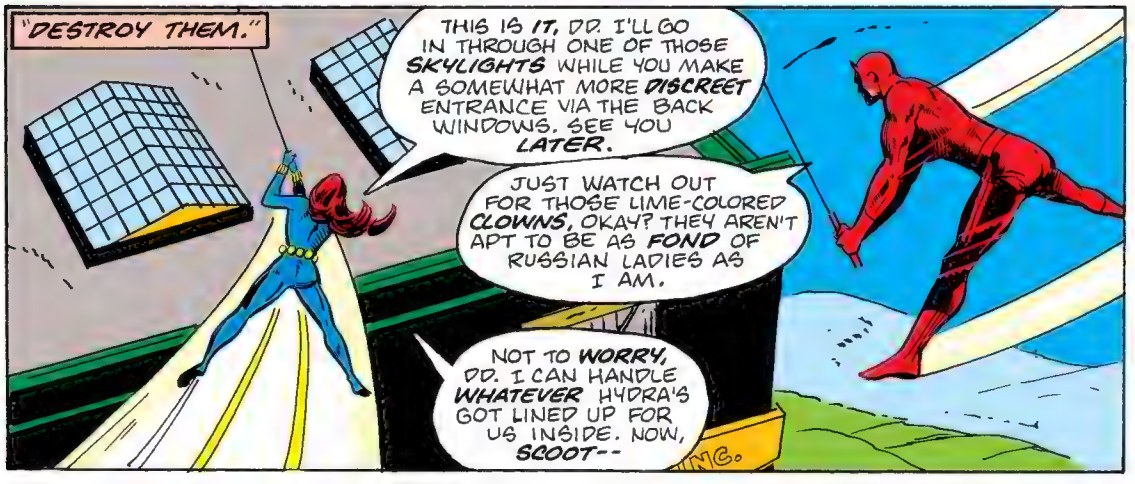
WE OUGHT TO HIT THE PLACE THEN-- BEFORE FURY AND HIS MEN STUMBLE IN AND GET THEMSELVES KILLED.
WE KNOW IT'S A TRAP THAT GIVES US SOMETHING OF AN EDGE, RIGHT?
BESIDES, THERE'S TWO OF US.

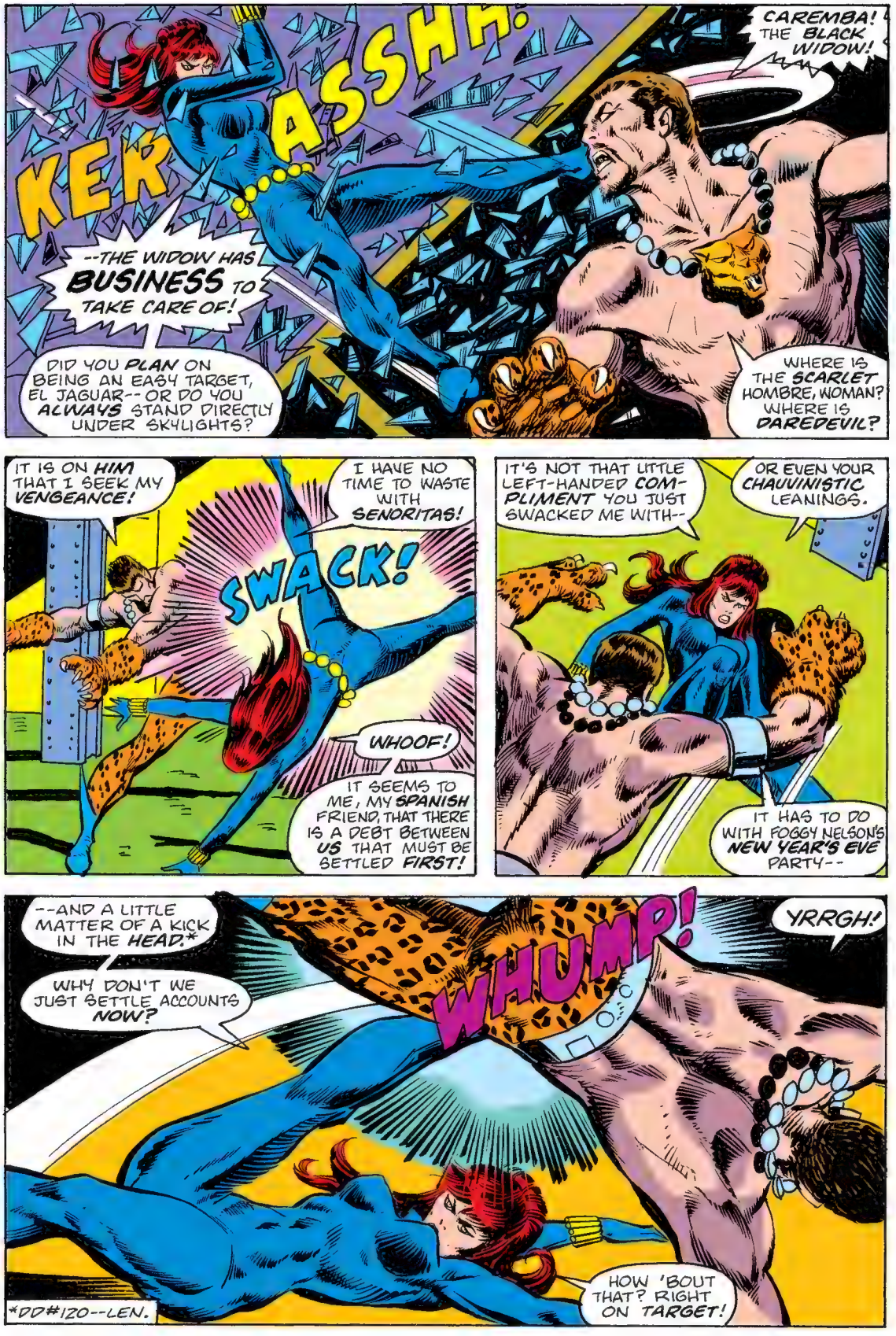
OKAY, PARTNER?
OKAY.
'TASHA, I WANT TO...
NO, MATT. NO APPOLOGIES, NOT NOW. WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO WORK OUT ABOUT YOU AND ME AND US.
I'LL DROP IT FOR A WHILE, 'TASHA.
BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME BACK TO THAT SUBJECT WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER.
WE BOTH KNOW THAT.
BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT A FRIEND TO RESCUE.
COMING?
YEP.
BUT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A QUICK STOP ALONG THE WAY.
IT WON'T TAKE LONG.
AND A SHORT TIME LATER...
DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW!
HELLO, MS. HARRIS... MS. NELSON.
I... WE... JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW YOU WERE DOING.
IS THERE ANY WORD ABOUT--
YOUR BROTHER? I'M AFRAID NOT, MS. NELSON. DAREDEVIL AND I ARE FOLLOWING UP A LEAD RIGHT NOW, THOUGH. WE'LL FIND HIM, I PROMISE YOU THAT.

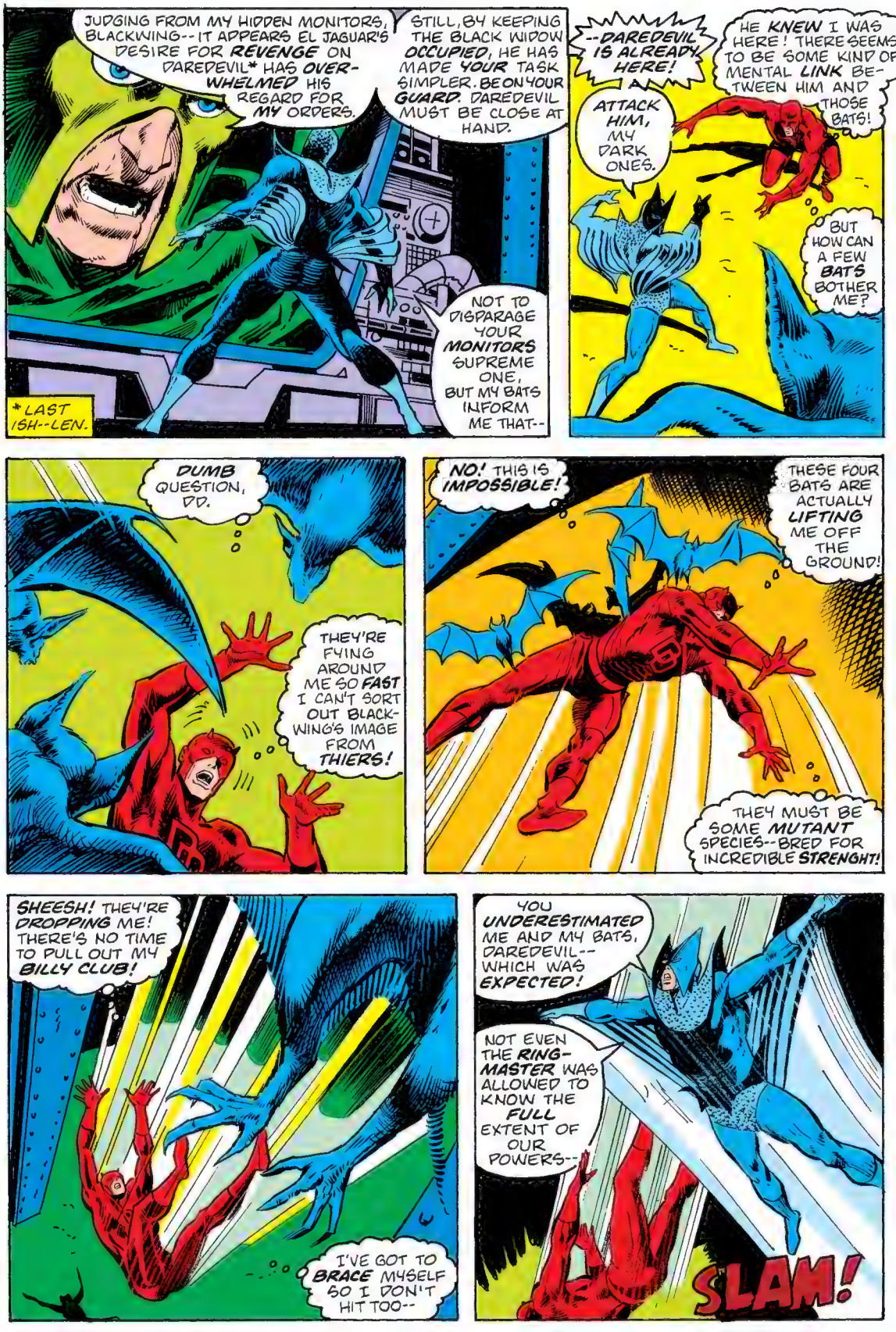

THIS KIDNAPPING THING-- IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN THE TIME FOGGY GOT SHOT! * PEOPLE GET SHOT EVERY DAY. UNLESS THE BULLET HITS THEM IN A VITAL SPOT, THEY LIVE. IT'S SIMPLE.
BUT BEING SNATCHED BY HYDRA IS BEYOND EVERYDAY UNDER-STANDING--
*DD #108--LEN.
--AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT!
THE WAY NATASHA'S LOOKING AT US-- IT'S AS IF SHE WERE ASKING A QUESTION--
--THE SAME QUESTION I'M ASKING MYSELF:
IS THIS WHAT I WANT? A WOMAN WHO'S STRONG WHEN I WANT HER TO BE STRONG AND WEAK WHEN I FEEL LIKE BEING PROTECTIVE? CAN'T I COPE WITH A WOMAN WHO'S STRONG ALL THE TIME?
I WISH I KNEW.
THERE'S THIS WHEREHOUSE IN QUEENS. IT STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A RUN-DOWN INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD JUST A MILE OR SO FROM SHEA STADIUM.
INKIS SONS STORAGE, INC.
FOR A WHILE, TRUCKS ARRIVED AND LEFT THIS WAREHOUSE WITH SOME DEGREE OF REGULARITY. BUSINESS SEEMS TO HAVE SLOWED DOWN AS OF LATE.
NO SOUNDS OF ACTIVITY ISSUE FROM THE WARE-HOUSE THESE DAYS, SAVE FOR A STRANGE SQEAKING LIKE THAT OF...
...BATS!
OUR PLANS ARE GOING QUITE AS EXPECTED, BLACKWING. THE ABDUCTION OF FRANKLIN NELSON HAS BROUGHT NICHOLAUS FURY INTO THE PLAY-- JUST AS WE HAD HOPED!
THEN THE DEATH OF NICK FURY IS OUR MAJOR OBJECTIVE IN THIS CAMPAIGN? THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS BUT BAIT?
BUT, OF COURSE, BLACKWING.

FURY FEELS RESPONSIBLE FOR NELSON'S PERIL AND WILL RISK ALL TO RESCUE HIM. HE'S PERSONALLY LED EVERY MAJOR STRIKE ON OUR MANHATTAN OUTPOSTS.
WE'VE "LEAKED" THE LOCATION OF THIS WAREHOUSE TO SHIELD. WITHIN THE HOUR, THEY'LL BE SWARMING ALL OVER IT-- FURY, AS IS HIS STYLE, LEADING HIS MEN INTO THE FRAY.
THEIR HEROICS SHALL BE SHORT-LIVED. THIS WAREHOUSE IS RIGGED WITH ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO DESTROY AN ARMY--
--MUCH LESS A FEW DOZEN SHIELD AGENTS.

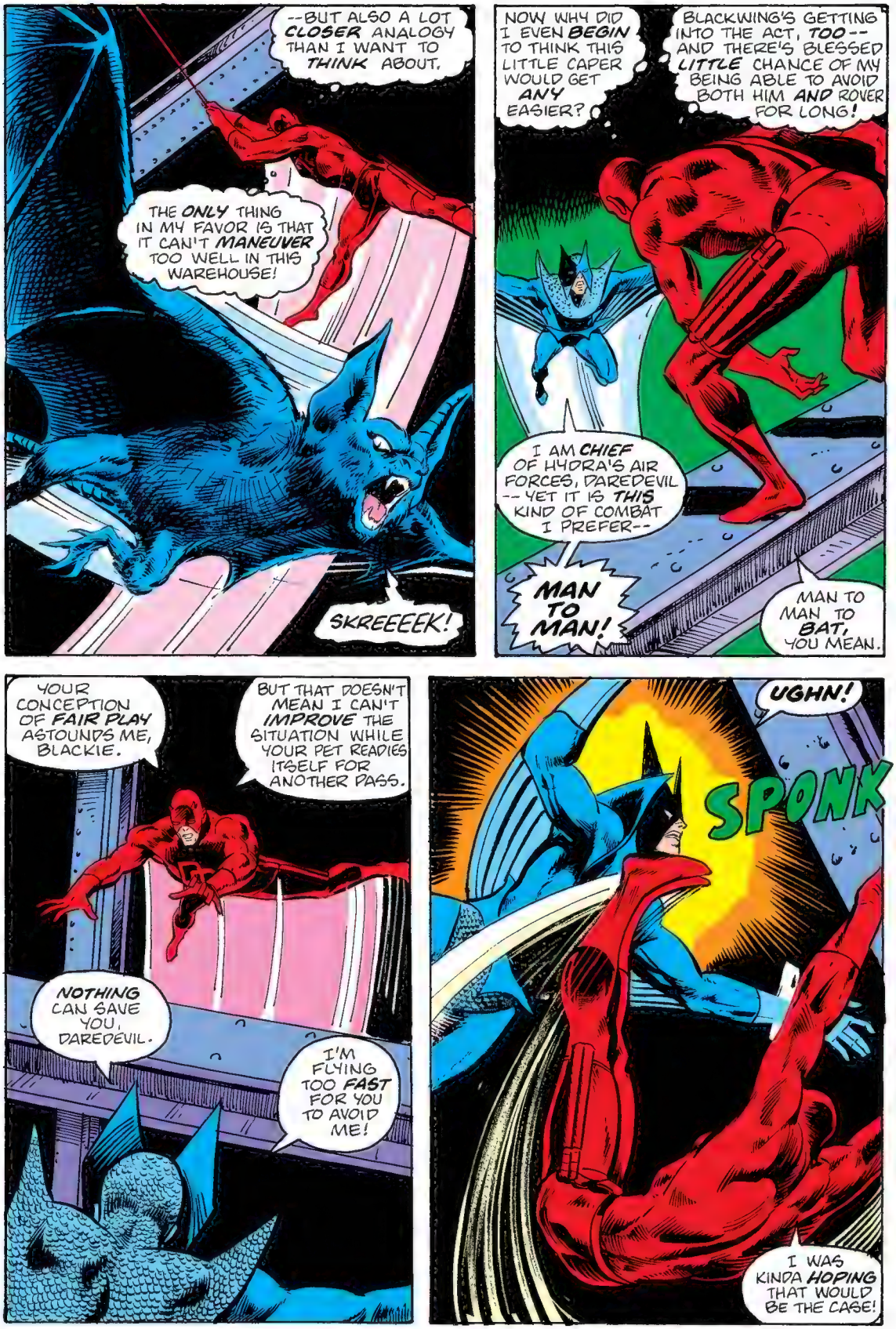
MENTALLO* REPORTS THAT HE HAS SENSED THE IMMINENT ARRIVAL OF DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW.
IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED. THESE COSTUMED ADVENTURERS ARE AN INDEPENDENT LOT. THEY ARE ALL THREATS TO OUR GOAL OF GLOBAL DOMINATION-- THE AVENGERS, THE FANTASTIC FOUR, THE ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN-- AND WILL ALL HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH EVENTUALLY, I'M AFRAID.
*HYDRA'S RECONNAISSANCE CHIEF-- LEN.
"EVENTUALLY" HAS JUST ARRIVED A LITTLE BIT SOONER FOR THOSE TWO.

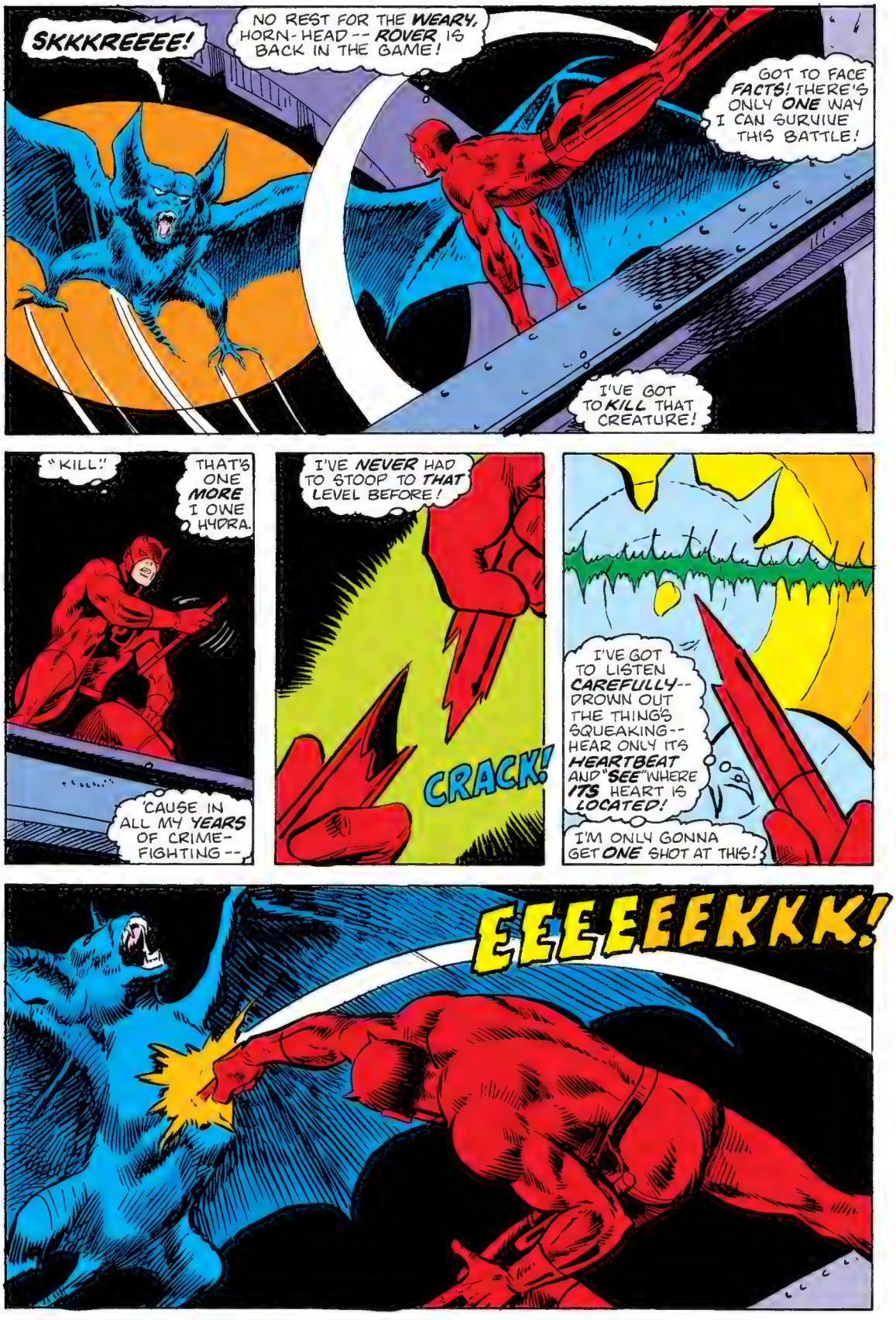

"DESTROY THEM."
THIS IS IT, DD. I'LL GO IN THROUGH ONE OF THOSE SKYLIGHTS WHILE YOU MAKE A SOMEWHAT MORE DISCREET ENTRANCE VIA THE BACK WINDOWS. SEE YOU LATER.
JUST WATCH OUT FOR THOSE LIME-COLORED CLOWNS, OKAY? THEY AREN'T APT TO BE AS FOND OF RUSSIAN LADIES AS I AM.
NOT TO WORRY, DD. I CAN HANDLE WHATEVER HYDRA'S GOT LINED UP FOR US INSIDE. NOW, SCOOT--


KER ASSH!
CAREMBA! THE BLACK WIDOW!
--THE WIDOW HAS BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!
DID YOU PLAN ON BEING AN EASY TARGET, EL JAGUAR--OR DO YOU ALWAYS STAND DIRECTLY UNDER SKYLIGHTS?
WHERE IS THE SCARLET HOMBRE, WOMAN? WHERE IS DAREDEVIL?
IT IS ON HIM THAT I SEEK MY VENGEANCE!
I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE WITH SENORITAS!
SWACK!
WHOOF!
IT SEEMS TO ME, MY SPANISH FRIEND, THAT THERE IS A DEBT BETWEEN US THAT MUST BE SETTLED FIRST!
IT'S NOT THAT LITTLE LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT YOU JUST SWACKED ME WITH--
OR EVEN YOUR CHAUVINISTIC LEANINGS.
IT HAS TO DO WITH FOGGY NELSON'S NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY--
--AND A LITTLE MATTER OF A KICK IN THE HEAD.*
WHY DON'T WE JUST SETTLE ACCOUNTS NOW?
WHUMP!
YRRGH!
HOW 'BOUT THAT? RIGHT ON TARGET!
*DD#120--LEN.


JUDGING FROM MY HIDDEN MONITORS, BLACKWING--IT APPEARS EL JAGUAR'S DESIRE FOR REVENGE ON DAREDEVIL* HAS OVER-WHELMED HIS REGARD FOR MY ORDERS.
STILL, BY KEEPING THE BLACK WIDOW OCCUPIED, HE HAS MADE YOUR TASK SIMPLER. BE ON YOUR GUARD. DAREDEVIL MUST BE CLOSE AT HAND.
NOT TO DISPARAGE YOUR MONITORS SUPREME ONE, BUT MY BATS INFORM ME THAT--
*LAST ISH--LEN.
--DAREDEVIL IS ALREADY HERE!
ATTACK HIM, MY DARK ONES.
HE KNEW I WAS HERE! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF MENTAL LINK BE-TWEEN HIM AND THOSE BATS!
BUT HOW CAN A FEW BATS BOTHER ME?
DUMB QUESTION, DD.
THEY'RE FYING AROUND ME SO FAST I CAN'T SORT OUT BLACK-WING'S IMAGE FROM THIERS!
NO! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
THESE FOUR BATS ARE ACTUALLY LIFTING ME OFF THE GROUND!
THEY MUST BE SOME MUTANT SPECIES--BRED FOR INCREDIBLE STRENGHT!
SHEESH! THEY'RE DROPPING ME! THERE'S NO TIME TO PULL OUT MY BILLY CLUB!
I'VE GOT TO BRACE MYSELF SO I DON'T HIT TOO--
YOU UNDERESTIMATED ME AND MY BATS, DAREDEVIL--WHICH WAS EXPECTED!
NOT EVEN THE RING-MASTER WAS ALLOWED TO KNOW THE FULL EXTENT OF OUR POWERS--
SLAM!

--NOR THE FULL RESOURSES AT MY COMMAND!
HE'S THROWING BAGS OF SOME POWDER AT ME-- COVERING ME WITH THE STUFF!
POOOSH!
BUT WHY?
WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN TELL WHAT THIS STUFF IS BY THE SMELL-- IT'S-- IT'S--
OH WOW
IT'S DRIED BLOOD!
EEEEEKKK
GOOD LORD!
IT'S A GIANT BAT!
THE SCENT OF THE BLOOD IS DRAWING IT TO ME LIKE THE SMELL OF A CORPSE DRAWS A VULTURE WHICH IS NOT ONLY A PRETTY MORBID ANALOGY--


--BUT ALSO A LOT CLOSER ANALOGY THAN I WANT TO THINK ABOUT.
THE ONLY THING IN MY FAVOR IS THAT IT CAN'T MANEUVER TOO WELL IN THIS WAREHOUSE!
SKREEEEK!
NOW WHY DID I EVEN BEGIN TO THINK THIS LITTLE CAPER WOULD GET ANY EASIER?
BLACKWING'S GETTING INTO THE ACT, TOO-- AND THERE'S BLESSED LITTLE CHANCE OF MY BEING ABLE TO AVOID BOTH HIM AND ROVER FOR LONG!
I AM CHIEF OF HYDRA'S AIR FORCES, DAREDEVIL -- YET IT IS THIS KIND OF COMBAT I PREFER--
MAN TO MAN!
MAN TO MAN TO BAT, YOU MEAN.
YOUR CONCEPTION OF FAIR PLAY ASTOUNDS ME, BLACKIE.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T IMPROVE THE SITUATION WHILE YOUR PET READIES ITSELF FOR ANOTHER PASS.
NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU, DAREDEVIL.
I'M FLYING TOO FAST FOR YOU TO AVOID ME!
UGHN!
SPONK
I WAS KINDA HOPING THAT WOULD BE THE CASE!

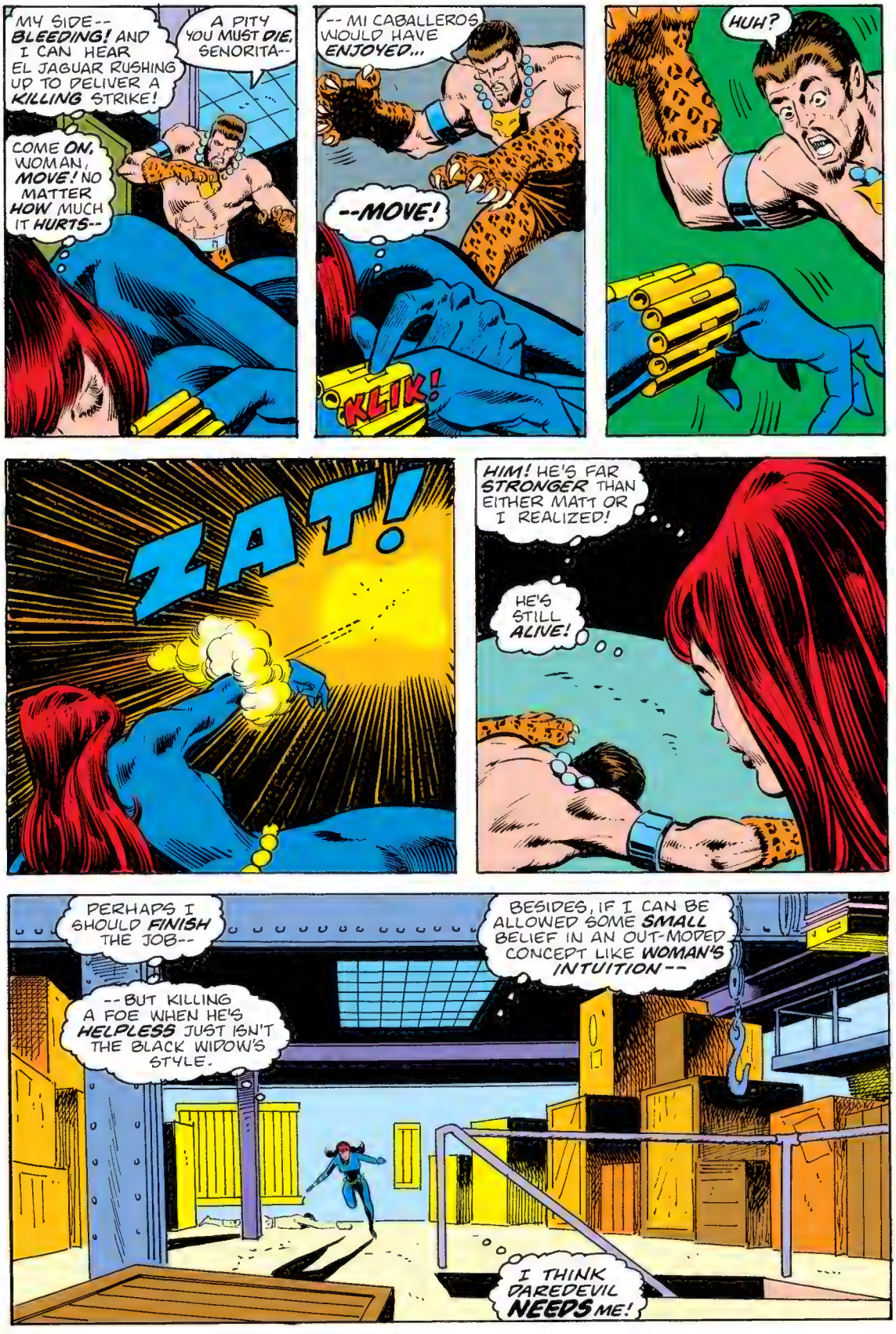

SKKKREEEE!
NO REST FOR THE WEARY, HORN-HEAD -- ROVER IS BACK IN THE GAME!
GOT TO FACE FACTS! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN SURVIVE THIS BATTLE!
I'VE GOT TO KILL THAT CREATURE!
"KILL!"
THAT'S ONE MORE I OWE HYDRA.
'CAUSE IN ALL MY YEARS OF CRIME-FIGHTING --
I'VE NEVER HAD TO STOOP TO THAT LEVEL BEFORE!
CRACK!
I'VE GOT TO LISTEN CAREFULLY-- DROWN OUT THE THING'S SQUEAKING-- HEAR ONLY ITS HEARTBEAT AND "SEE" WHERE ITS HEART IS LOCATED!
I'M ONLY GONNA GET ONE SHOT AT THIS!
EEEEEEKKK!

CRETIN! YOU SHALL PAY FOR THAT!
HE WAS THE PRODUCT OF YEARS OF RESEARCH AND BREEDING--
--AND YOU DESTOYED HIM!
HEY, WHILE I ADMIT THE RESEARCH ON HUMAN-MAKING WAS COMPLETED LONG BEFORE MY FOLKS GOT INTO THE ACT--
--I HAD A FEW YEARS OF BREEDING INVESTED IN ME, TOO!

YOU DON'T WANT ALL THAT EFFORT TO GO TO WASTE?
OH, YOU DO.
WITHOUT MY BILLY CLUB, I DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST A FOE WHO CAN FLY!
IT'S AMAZING HOW RAPIDLY THE APPROACH OF DEATH CAN RAISE ONE'S CONSCIOUSNESS--

"CAUSE, RIGHT NOW, I REALLY WISH THE WIDOW WERE HERE!"
STAND BACK, EL JAGUAR. MY WIDOW'S BITE IS NOT YET SET FOR KILLING--
SSSSSS
--BUT I HAVE NO COMPUNCTION AGAINST MAKING THAT LITTLE ADJUSTMENT!
DIABLO!

ARRGH!
SLASH!
EL JAGUAR DOES NOT FEAR DEATH--
--HE DEALS IT!


MY SIDE-- BLEEDING! AND I CAN HEAR EL JAGUAR RUSHING UP TO DELIVER A KILLING STRIKE!
A PITY YOU MUST DIE, SENORITA--
COME ON, WOMAN, MOVE! NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURTS--
-- MI CABALLEROS WOULD HAVE ENJOYED...
--MOVE!
KLIK!
HUH?
ZAT!
HIM! HE'S FAR STRONGER THAN EITHER MATT OR I REALIZED!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
PERHAPS I SHOULD FINISH THE JOB--
--BUT KILLING A FOE WHEN HE'S HELPLESS JUST ISN'T THE BLACK WIDOW'S STYLE.
BESIDES, IF I CAN BE ALLOWED SOME SMALL BELIEF IN AN OUT-MODED CONCEPT LIKE WOMAN'S INTUITION--
I THINK DAREDEVIL NEEDS ME!

PPERARE TO DIE, DAREDEVIL!
AW, COME ON, BLACKIE! A GUN AND A CLICHE?
YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!
DO YOU THINK YOU DESERVE BETTER?
WELL, ACTUALLY--
--YEAH!
I MEAN, HOW MANY OTHER GUYS YOU KNOW HAVE MANAGED TO KEEP ALL THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS SO FAR?
DOESN'T THAT COUNT FOR SOMETHING.
GO, DD-- GO!
YOU FOOL!
BLAST! HE MOVED A SECOND BEFORE I WOULD HAVE HAD HIM!
I JUST BLEW MY LAST CHANCE-- AND IF I CAN'T TWIST MYSELF AROUND, I'LL BE...
WUUMMP!
WELL PLAYED --MY SON!
MENTALLO REPORTS THAT NICHOLAS FURY IS WITHIN MINUTES OF FALLING INTO OUR TRAP.
THEN WE'VE WON, FATHER. WITH SHIELD LEADERLESS, HYDRA WILL RULE OVER ALL. WE WILL EVEN CRUSH THE UNGRATEFULL MAGGIA!
YES, MY SON. THAT ANCIENT CRIME SYNDICATE ROBBED ME OF MY RIGHTFULL PLACE AS THEIR RULER. BUT NOW THEY-- AND THE WORLD--WILL WRITHE IN PAIN 'NEATH THE HEEL OF--
SILVERMANE!
HOW DID SILVERMANE ESCAPE THE FATE THAT SEEMED HIS IN MARVEL TALES #56 (NOT TO MENTION SPIDEY #75)? THE ANSWER-- AND MORE--IN NEXT ISSUE'S
HOLOCAUST IN THE HALLS OF HYDRA
BE THERE, PEOPLE! IT'S ANOTHER MARVEL MILESTONE!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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123
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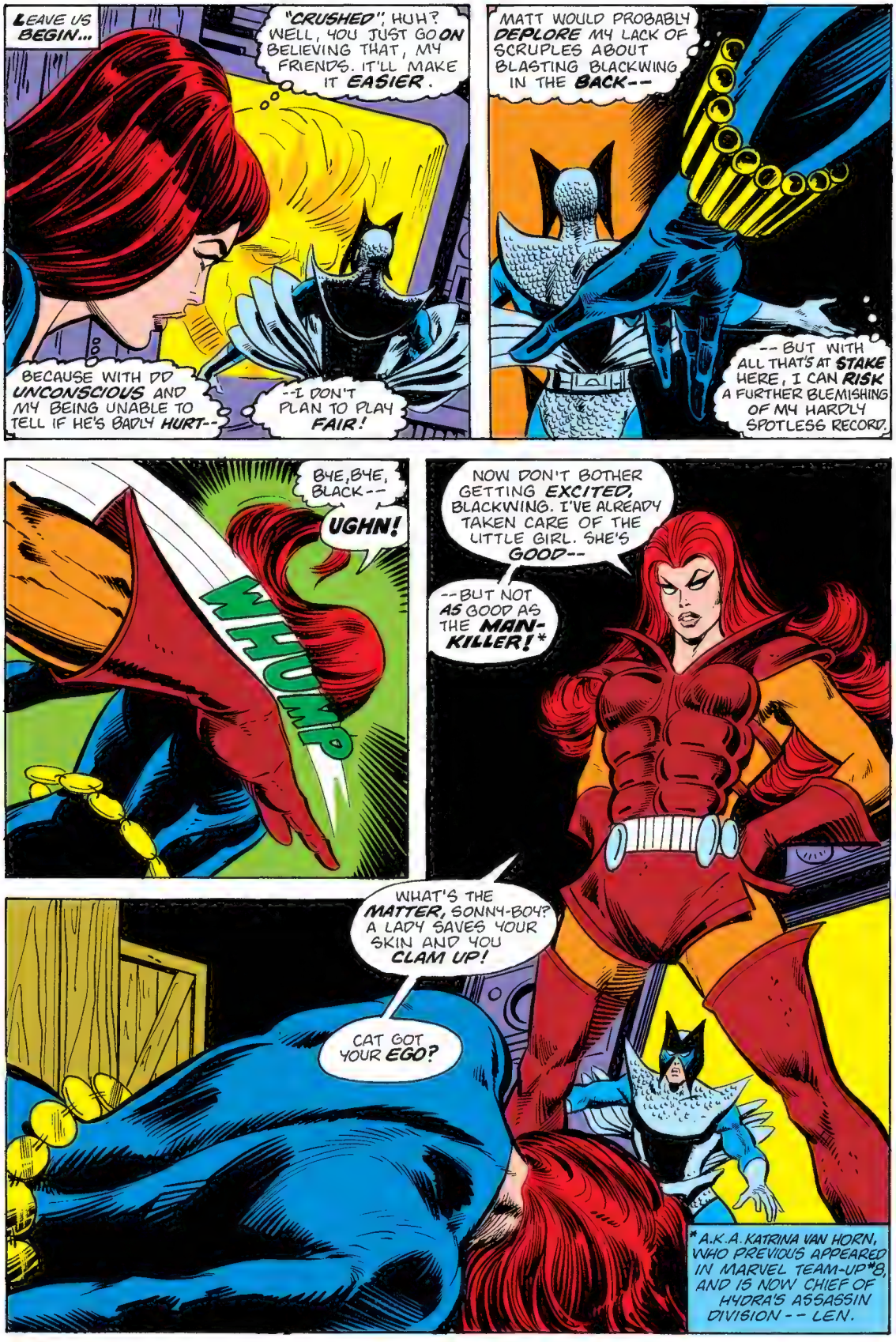
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
CLOCKWISE FROM THE TOP, THEY'RE SILVERMANE! MAN-KILLER! DREADNAUGHT! BLACKWING! AND THE SAVAGE EL JAGUAR!
WHAT DO YOU CALL A FINAL, CLIMACTIC BATTLE"
--WITH FIVE SUPER VILLAINS!
HOW ABOUT... HOLOCAUST!

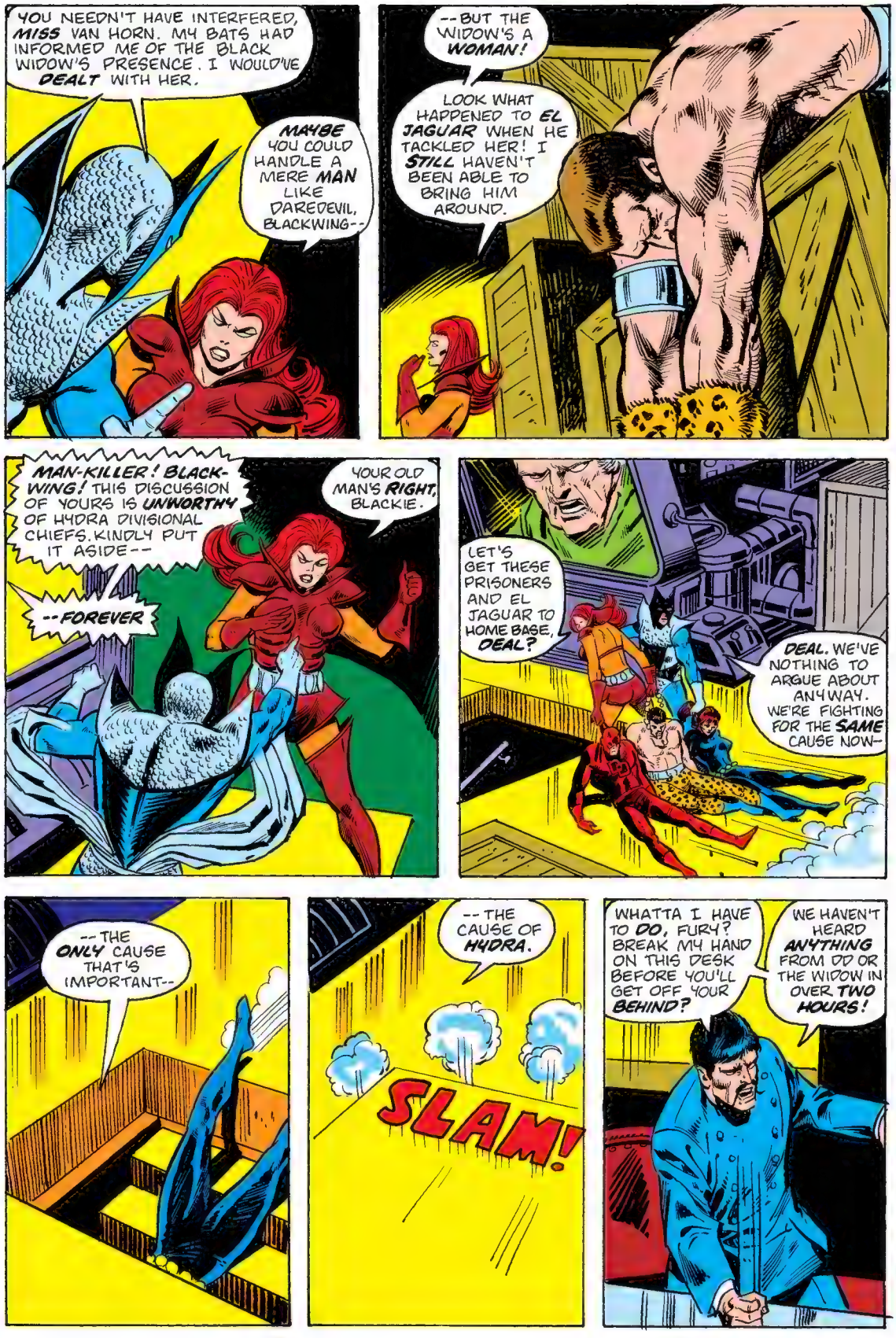
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club*, his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

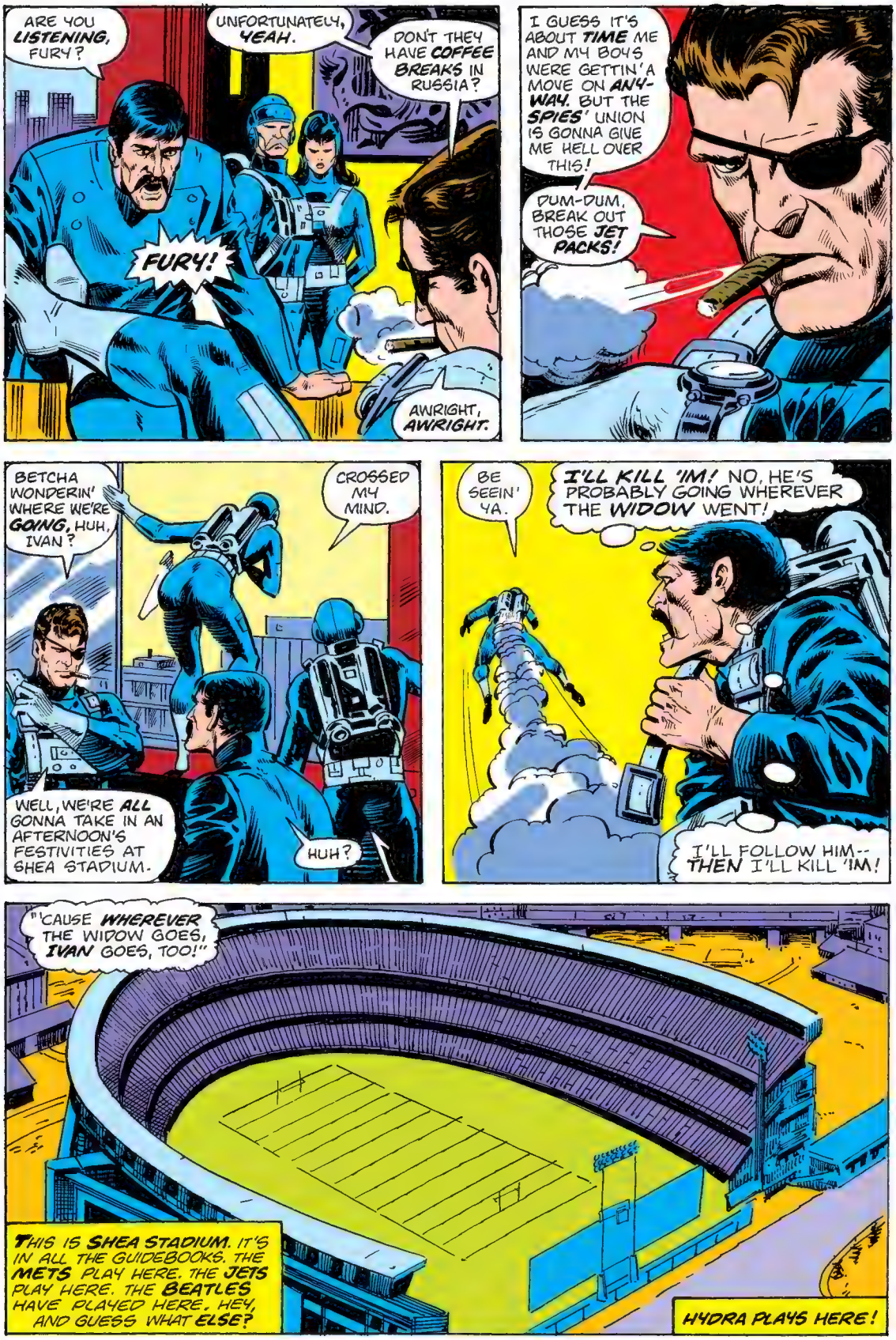
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

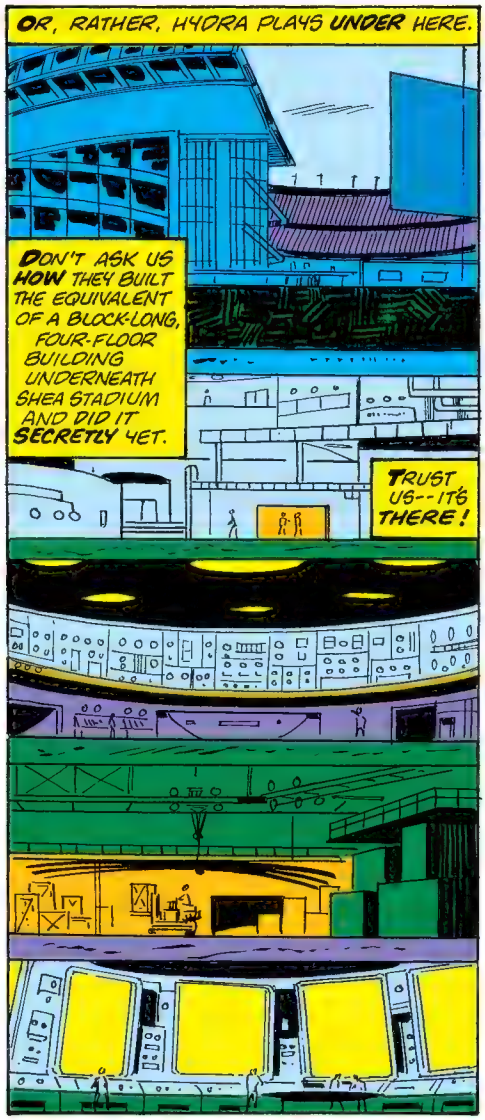
TONY ISABELLA AND BOB BROWN WRITER--STORY-TELLERS-- ARTIST | V. COLLETTA INKER | KAREN MANTLO LETTERER | G. ROUSSOS COLORIST | LEN WEIN EDITOR

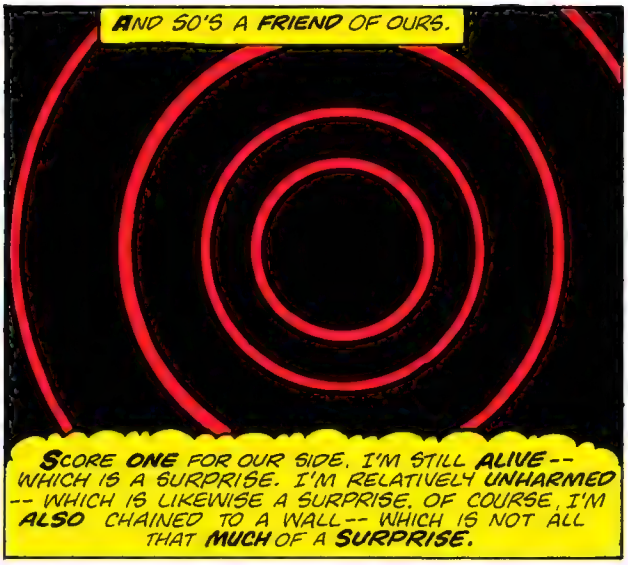
LAST ISSUE, WE SAW...AW HECK, WHY NOT JUST LEND AN EAR TO WHAT OUR VITUPERATE VILLAINS ARE SAYING? THAT'LL BRING YOU UP TO DATE BUT FAST.
I'VE DONE IT, FATHER! I'VE DEFEATED DAREDEVIL! AND SINCE EL JAGUAR HAS DOUBTLESS SIMILARLY CRUSHED THE BLACK WIDOW, NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY WARN NICK FURY IN TIME!
THEN OUR PLAN GOES WELL, BLACKWING! THROUGH OUR ABDUCTION OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WE ARE LURING FURY INTO AN INESCAPABLE DEATH TRAP!
WITH SHIELD LEADERLESS, HYDRA SHALL MARCH TO WORLD CONQUEST!
SILVERMANE SHALL RULE OVER ALL!
ALL OF WHICH BRINGS US TO THIS ISSUE'S STORY:
HOLOCAUST IN THE HALLS OF HYDRA!

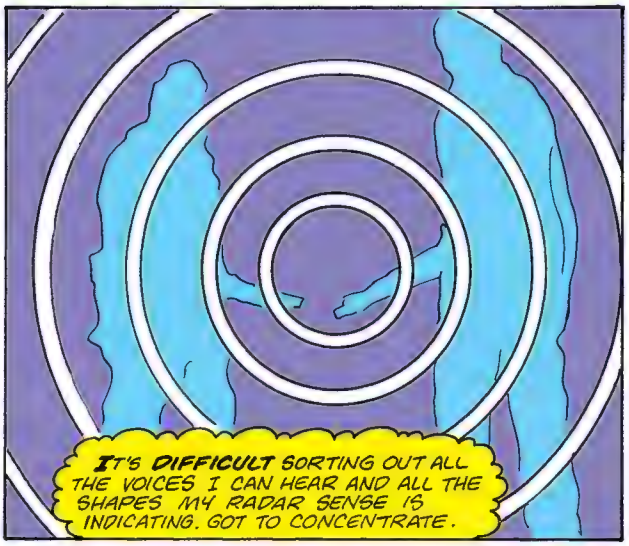

LEAVE US BEGIN...
"CRUSHED", HUH? WELL, YOU JUST GO ON BELIEVING THAT, MY FRIENDS. IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER.
BECAUSE WITH DD UNCONSCIOUS AND MY BEING UNABLE TO TELL IF HE'S BADLY HURT--
--I DON'T PLAN TO PLAY FAIR!
MATT WOULD PROBABLY DEPLORE MY LACK OF SCRUPLES ABOUT BLASTING BLACKWING IN THE BACK--
-- BUT WITH ALL THAT'S AT STAKE HERE, I CAN RISK A FURTHER BLEMISHING OF MY HARDLY SPOTLESS RECORD.
BYE, BYE, BLACK--
UGHN!
WHUMP
NOW DON'T BOTHER GETTING EXCITED, BLACKWING. I'VE ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF THE LITTLE GIRL. SHE'S GOOD--
--BUT NOT AS GOOD AS THE MAN-KILLER!*
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SONNY-BOY? A LADY SAVES YOUR SKIN AND YOU CLAM UP!
CAT GOT YOUR EGO?
* A.K.A. KATRINA VAN HORN, WHO PREVIOUS APPEARED IN MARVEL TEAM-UP #8, AND IS NOW CHIEF OF HYDRA'S ASSASSIN DIVISION -- LEN.

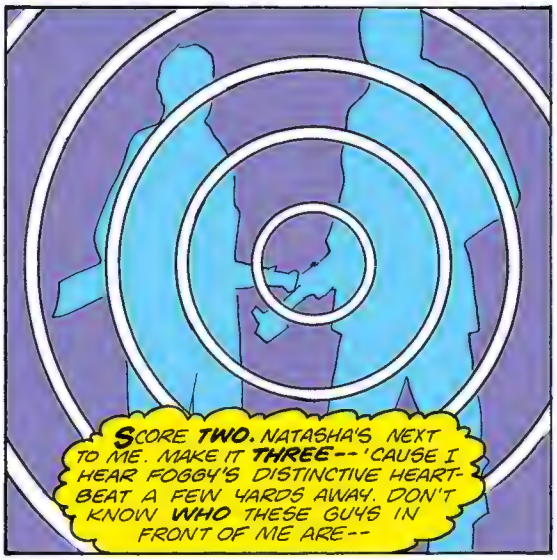

YOU NEEDN'T HAVE INTERFERED, MISS VAN HORN. MY BATS HAD INFORMED ME OF THE BLACK WIDOW'S PRESENCE. I WOULD'VE DEALT WITH HER.
MAYBE YOU COULD HANDLE A MERE MAN LIKE DAREDEVIL, BLACKWING--
--BUT THE WIDOW'S A WOMAN!
LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO EL JAGUAR WHEN HE TACKLED HER! I STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO BRING HIM AROUND.
MAN-KILLER! BLACK-WING! THIS DISCUSSION OF YOURS IS UNWORTHY OF HYDRA DIVISIONAL CHIEFS. KINDLY PUT IT ASIDE--
--FOREVER
YOUR OLD MAN'S RIGHT, BLACKIE.
LET'S GET THESE PRISONERS AND EL JAGUAR TO HOME BASE, DEAL?
DEAL. WE'VE NOTHING TO ARGUE ABOUT ANYWAY. WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THE SAME CAUSE NOW--
--THE ONLY CAUSE THAT'S IMPORTANT--
--THE CAUSE OF HYDRA.
SLAM!
WHATTA I HAVE TO DO, FURY? BREAK MY HAND ON THIS DESK BEFORE YOU'LL GET OFF YOUR BEHIND?
WE HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING FROM DD OR THE WIDOW IN OVER TWO HOURS!

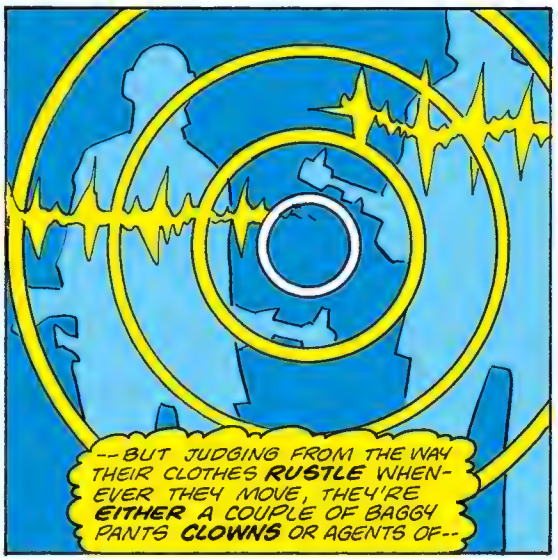

ARE YOU LISTENING, FURY?
UNFORTUNATELY, YEAH.
DON'T THEY HAVE COFFEE BREAKS IN RUSSIA?
FURY!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT.
I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME ME AND MY BOYS WERE GETTIN' A MOVE ON ANY-WAY. BUT THE SPIES' UNION IS GONNA GIVE ME HELL OVER THIS!
DUM-DUM, BREAK OUT THOSE JET PACKS!
BETCHA WONDERIN' WHERE WE'RE GOING, HUH, IVAN?
CROSSED MY MIND.
WELL, WE'RE ALL GONNA TAKE IN AN AFTERNOON'S FESTIVITIES AT SHEA STADIUM.
HUH?
BE SEEIN' YA.
I'LL KILL 'IM! NO, HE'S PROBABLY GOING WHEREVER THE WIDOW WENT!
I'LL FOLLOW HIM-- THEN I'LL KILL 'IM!
"'CAUSE WHEREVER THE WIDOW GOES, IVAN GOES, TOO!"
THIS IS SHEA STADIUM. IT'S IN ALL THE GUIDEBOOKS. THE METS PLAY HERE. THE JETS PLAY HERE. THE BEATLES HAVE PLAYED HERE. HEY, AND GUESS WHAT ELSE?
HYDRA PLAYS HERE!


OR, RATHER, HYDRA PLAYS UNDER HERE.
DON'T ASK US HOW THEY BUILT THE EQUIVALENT OF A BLOCK-LONG, FOUR-FLOOR BUILDING UNDERNEATH SHEA STADIUM AND DID IT SECRETLY YET.
TRUST US--IT'S THERE!

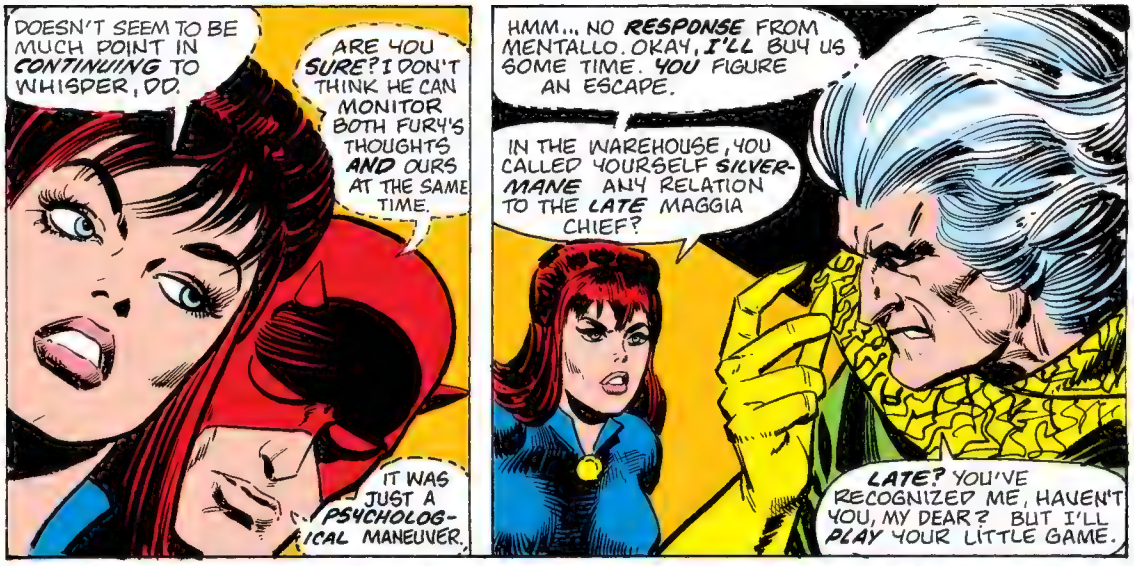

AND SO'S A FRIEND OF OURS.
SCORE ONE FOR OUR SIDE. I'M STILL ALIVE -- WHICH IS A SURPRISE. I'M RELATIVELY UNHARMED -- WHICH IS LIKEWISE A SURPRISE. OF COURSE, I'M ALSO CHAINED TO A WALL -- WHICH IS NOT ALL THAT MUCH OF A SURPRISE.

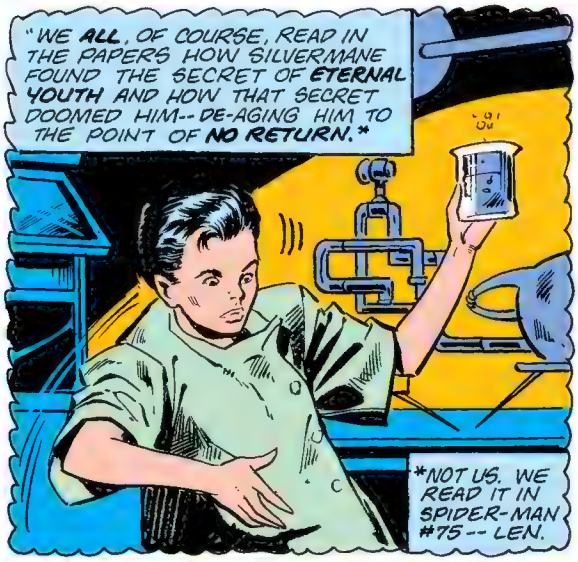

IT'S DIFFICULT SORTING OUT ALL THE VOICES I CAN HEAR AND ALL THE SHAPES MY RADAR SENSE IS INDICATING. GOT TO CONCENTRATE.

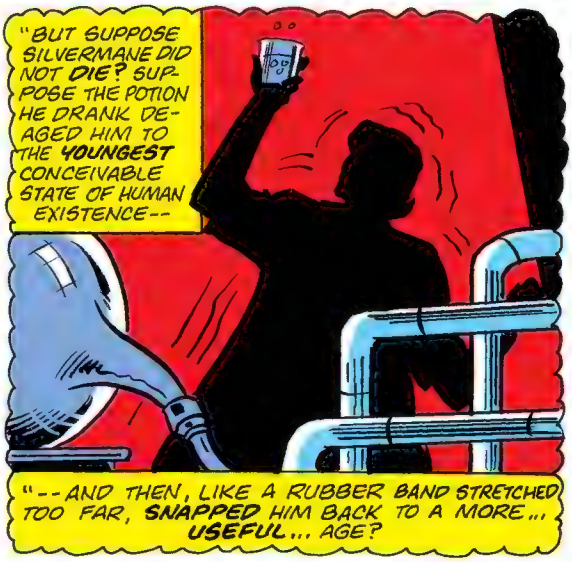

SCORE TWO. NATASHA'S NEXT TO ME. MAKE IT THREE -- 'CAUSE I HEAR FOGGY'S DISTINCTIVE HEART-BEAT A FEW YARDS AWAY. DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS IN FRONT OF ME ARE --


-- BUT JUDGING FROM THE WAY THEIR CLOTHES RUSTLE WHEN-EVER THEY MOVE, THEY'RE EITHER A COUPLE OF BAGGY PANTS CLOWNS OR AGENTS OF --

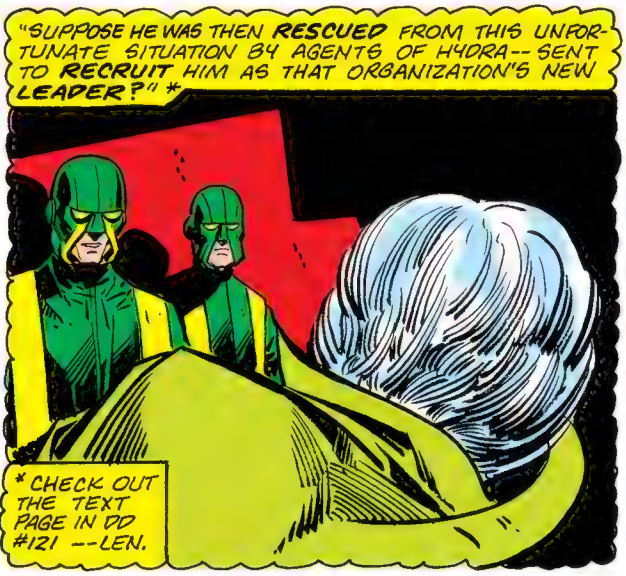
--HYDRA!
SUPREME ONE! DAREDEVIL IS CONSCIOUS!
PRETEND I'M NOT TALKING. I'LL WHISPER WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT THIS SET-UP...
KEEP IT LOWER, DARLING. I'LL HEAR IT.
WE'RE IN HYDRA'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS--THE MAIN ONE--AND IT'S UNDER SHEA STADIUM! THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH MEN AND WEAPONS DOWN HERE TO START A...
SO THIS IS THE WORLD-FAMOUS TEAM OF DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW! THE PLEASURE IS MINE!
DO YOU KNOW EVERYBODY?
THE DREADNOUGHT IS, OF COURSE, MR. NELSON'S PERSONAL BODYGUARD WHILE HE STAYS WITH US. YOU'VE MET BLACKWING AND EL JAGUAR. MAN-KILLER. WELL, MS. ROMANOFF, LET'S SAY THAT SHE MET YOU--BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE.
I'D LIKE TO "MEET" HER, TOO."
YES, I'M SURE YOU WOULD. TO MY LEFT IS OUR RECONNAISSANCE CHIEF, MENTALLO. AND WHAT BETTER USE COULD WE PUT A MIND-READER TO?
STILL MONITORING FURY, SUPREME ONE. OH, THE WIDOW HAS EXPLAINED PART OF OUR PLAN TO DAREDEVIL. I BELIEVE "A FULL-SCALE WAR" WAS THE PHRASE YOU WERE GOING FOR, MS. ROMANOFF.


DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH POINT IN CONTINUING TO WHISPER, DD.
ARE YOU SURE? I DON'T THINK HE CAN MONITOR BOTH FURY'S THOUGHTS AND OURS AT THE SAME TIME.
IT WAS JUST A PSYCHOLOGICAL MANEUVER.
HMM... NO RESPONSE FROM MENTALLO. OKAY, I'LL BUY US SOME TIME. YOU FIGURE AN ESCAPE.
IN THE WAREHOUSE, YOU CALLED YOURSELF SILVERMANE. ANY RELATION TO THE LATE MAGGIA CHIEF?
LATE? YOU'VE RECOGNIZED ME, HAVEN'T YOU, MY DEAR? BUT I'LL PLAY YOUR LITTLE GAME.


"WE ALL, OF COURSE, READ IN THE PAPERS HOW SILVERMANE FOUND THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH AND HOW THAT SECRET DOOMED HIM--DE-AGING HIM TO THE POINT OF NO RETURN.*
*NOT US. WE READ IT IN SPIDER-MAN #75 -- LEN.

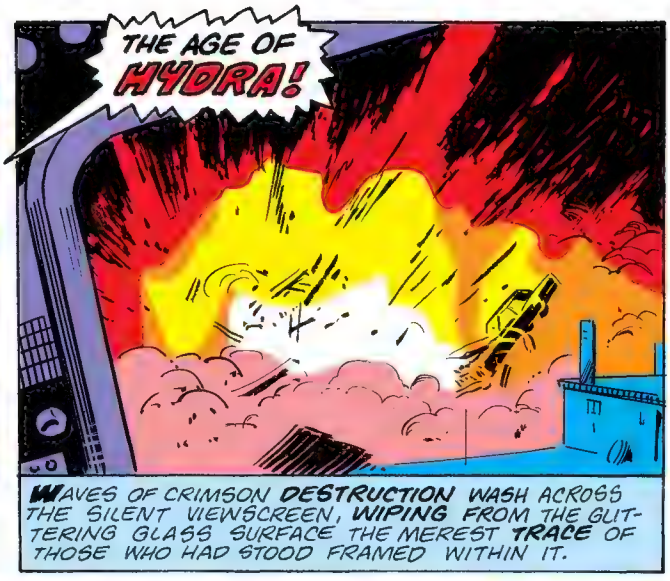

"BUT SUPPOSE SILVERMANE DID NOT DIE? SUPPOSE THE POTION HE DRANK DE-AGED HIM TO THE YOUNGEST CONCEIVABLE STATE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE--
"--AND THEN, LIKE A RUBBER BAND STRETCHED TOO FAR, SNAPPED HIM BACK TO A MORE... USEFUL... AGE?

"SUPPOSE THAT SILVERMANE THEN FOUND HIS HEADQUARTERS SURROUNDED BY POLICE--
"--DRAWN BY HIS BATTLE WITH SPIDER-MAN?"


"SUPPOSE HE WAS THEN RESCUED FROM THIS UNFORTUNATE SITUATION BY AGENTS OF HYDRA--SENT TO RECRUIT HIM AS THAT ORGANIZATION'S NEW LEADER?" *
* CHECK OUT THE TEXT PAGE IN DD #121 --LEN.

WOULD HE NOT GLADLY FORFEIT HIS RULE OF THE MAGGIA THAT HE MIGHT SOMEDAY RULE THE WORLD?
HE WOULD, MY DEAR BLACK WIDOW! I CAN ASSURE YOU OF THAT!
FOR I AM SILVERMANE! AND MORE--
--I AM THE SILVERMANE OF OLD!
YOUNG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO SHAKE THE EARTH ITSELF!
AND I AM HIS SON, DAREDEVIL.
FROM THE MOMENT YOU FIRST LEARNED OF ME,* I HAVE BEEN WORKING IN THE NAME OF HYDRA!
DON'T BOTHER TO ELABORATE, BLACKIE. I CAN FIGURE IT OUT FROM HERE.
*DD #118--LEN.
"YOU JUST JOINED THE RINGMASTER TO PREVENT HIM FROM DISCOVERING HYDRA'S H.Q. THAT'S WHY YOU CUT OUT WHEN I SHOWED UP. YOU WANTED THE CIRCUS OF CRIME CAPTURED."
"I WAS QUITE PREPARED TO HELP YOU CAPTURE THEM HAD THE NEED ARISEN."
SUPREME ONE...
THEY'RE HERE!
AHH... COLONEL NICHOLAS FURY... DUM-DUM DUGAN ... THE CONTESSA VALENTINA ALLEGRO DE FONTAINE... SHIELD'S DAUNTLESS LEADER AND HIS TOP AGENTS.
PERFECT! THE BLUNDERING FOOLS HAVE WALKED INTO A WAREHOUSE OF WALL-TO-WALL EXPLOSIVES!

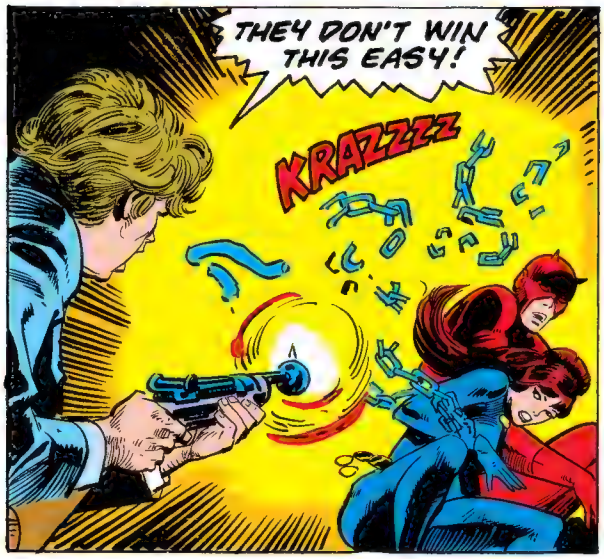
FAREWELL, NICHOLAS FURY! YOUR DEATH--
-- BEGINS A NEW ERA FOR THIS PLANET!


THE AGE OF HYDRA!
WAVES OF CRIMSON DESTRUCTION WASH ACROSS THE SILENT VIEWSCREEN, WIPING FROM THE GLITTERING GLASS SURFACE THE MEREST TRACE OF THOSE WHO HAD STOOD FRAMED WITHIN IT.

THE BAD GUYS HAVE WON.
THEY'RE GLOATING!

FRANKLIN NELSON HAD ENDURED HIS CAPTIVITY KNOWING THE GOOD GUYS WOULD COME TO RESCUE HIM.
THEY CAME.
THEY GOT CREAMED.

SOMETHING SNAPS.
SOK!
NO!

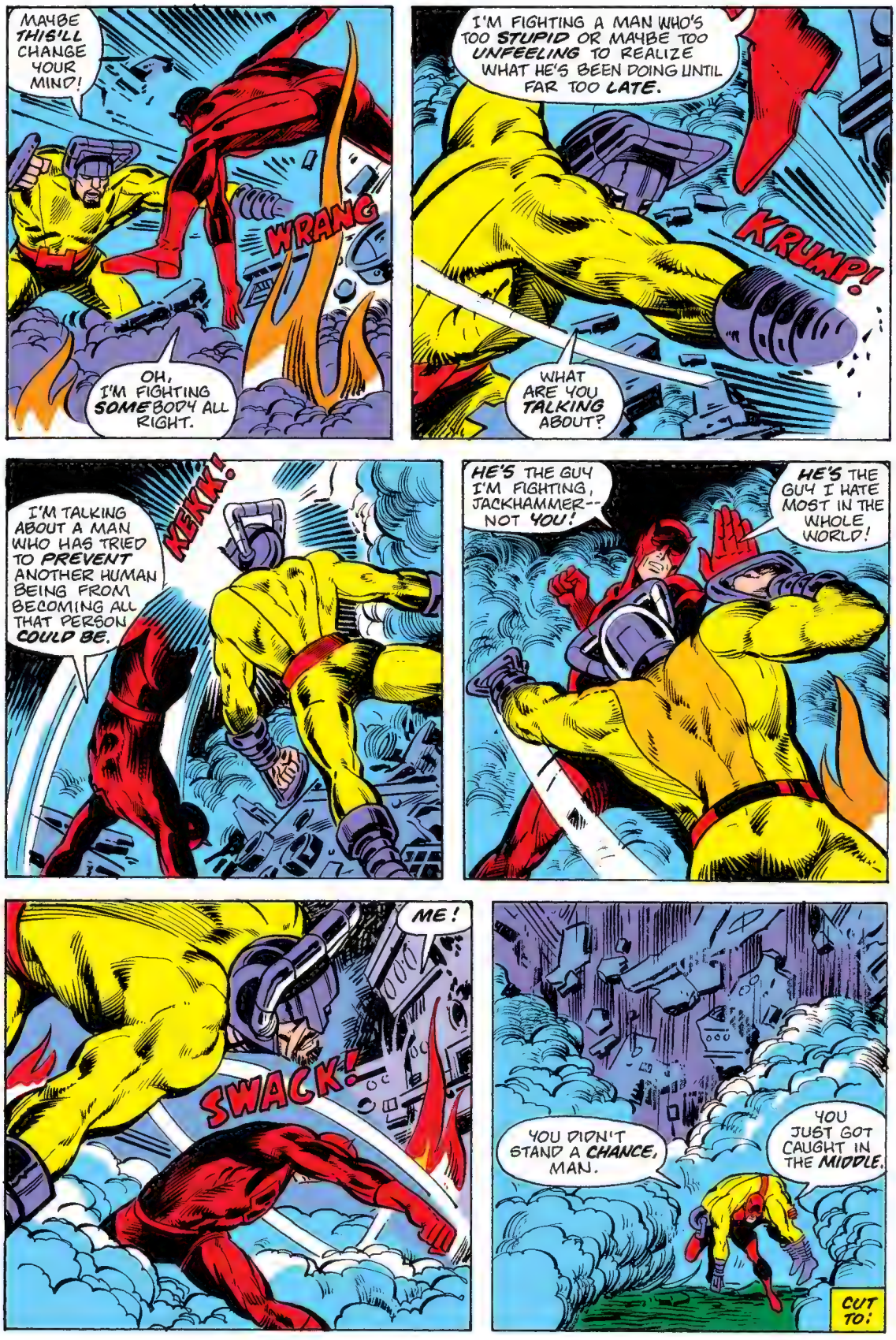

THEY DON'T WIN THIS EASY!
KRAZZZZ

HA HA HA HA HA HA

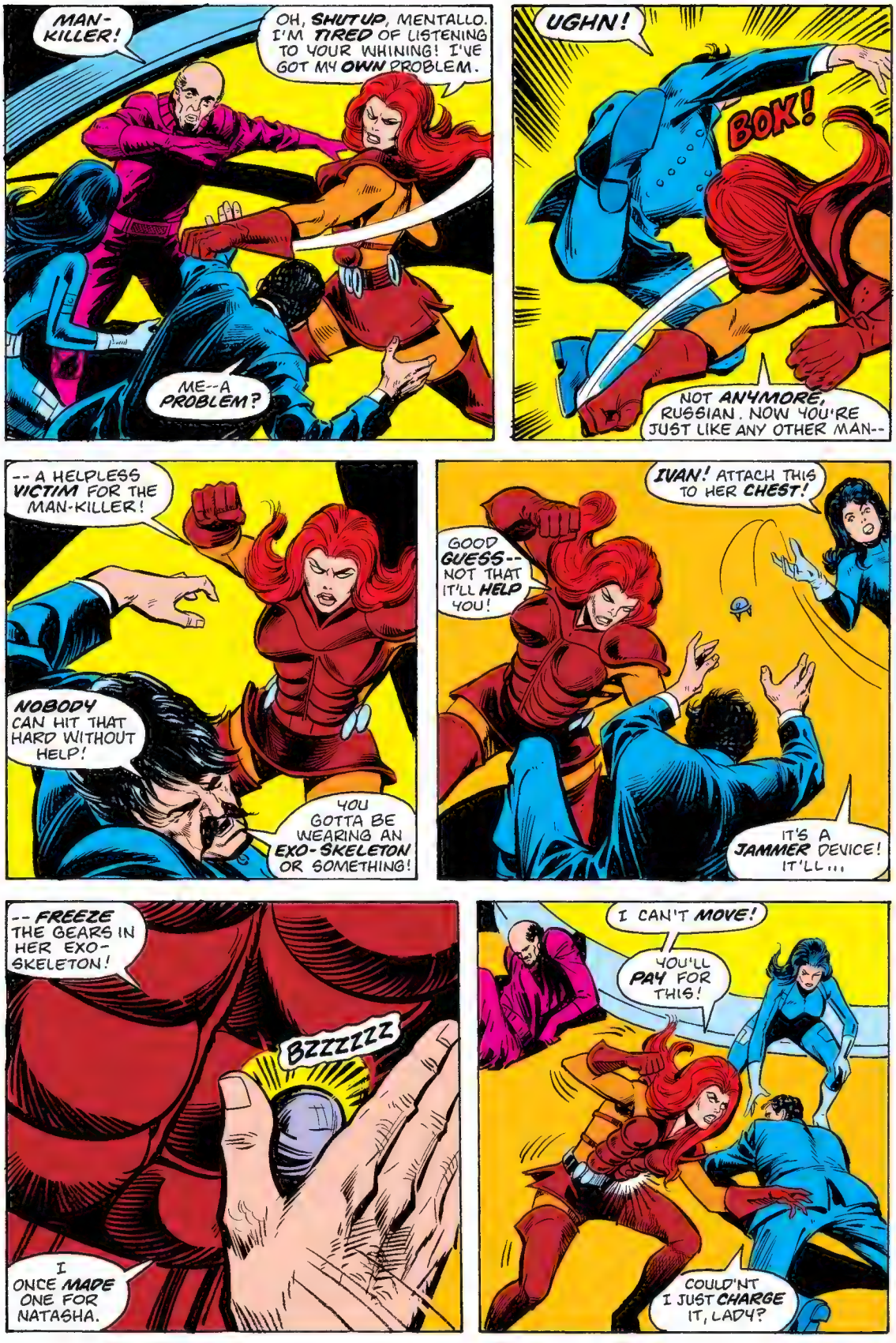
AN UNEXPECTED DISPLAY OF COURAGE, MR. NELSON. NOT THAT IT WILL DO YOU ANY GOOD.
ADD 'EM UP, PEOPLE. THE THREE OF YOU--WITHOUT DD'S BILLY CLUB OR THE WIDOW'S BITE--AGAINST ALL OF US?!
LOUSY ODDS.
COME NOW, MAN-KILLER. LET THEM PLAY THE MARTYRS IF THEY SO DESIRE. THEY WERE DOOMED TO DIE ANY--
WAYYYYYY
BARROOM
HIYA, SUPREME HYDRA. THAT WAS JUST MY WAY OF LETTIN' YA KNOW THAT SHIELD'S COME TO CALL. YA GOT A NICE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM HERE--EASY TO CUT IN ON.
BY THE WAY, YOU GOT TO SEE THE FIRST TRIAL RUN OF A NEW KINDA L.M.D.* THEY'VE GOT THOUGHT TAPES PLANTED INSIDE THEM. THEY CAN EVEN FOOL A MIND-READER NOW. HOW 'BOUT THAT?
'COURSE, YOU COST THE TAXPAYERS A COUPLE A' MILLION WHEN YOU BLEW THEM UP, BUT I FIGURE A DEFINITE SAVING THERE.
WE'RE COMIN' IN NOW, SO I'D ADVISE YA TO SURRENDER PEACEFULLY. MY BOYS ARE ALL METS FANS AND THEY KINDA RESENT YOUR MESSIN' WITH OL' SHEA HERE.
HINT NUMBER TWO: NELSON, DD, AND THE WIDOW BETTER BE IN GOOD HEALTH.
*LIFE MODEL DECOY--LEN.

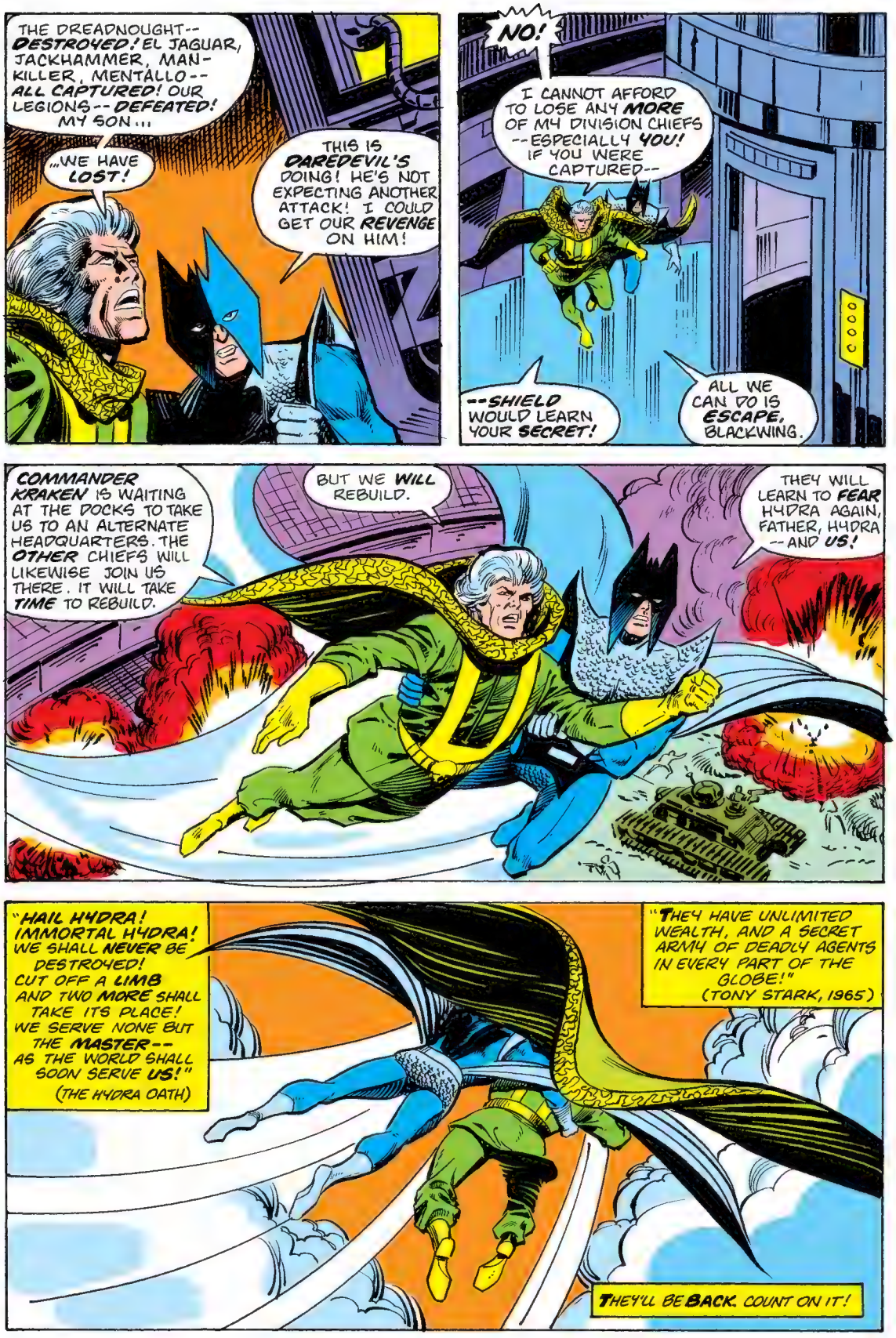
EVERYBODY TO YOUR DIVISIONS!
EXECUTE PLAN 4-20!*
*TRANSLATION: "EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL."
'SCUSE ME, SIR. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
DREAD-NOUGHT!
FWANG
THE SUPREME HYDRA HAS DE-CREED YOUR DEATH, DAREDEVIL, AND DIE YOU SHALL--
--IN A STREAM OF LIQUID FIRE!
YEAH, I KNOW-- 3500 DEGREES CENTIGRADE.
WE DID THIS BEFORE.*
*DD#121--LEN.
NELSON! THROW ME THAT RIFLE!
YOU GOT IT, LADY! BUT IT WON'T STOP HIM!
MAYBE IT CAN'T PENETRATE HIS ARMOR, BUT THERE'S AN OPEN AREA AT THE BASE OF THE ROBOT'S SKULL--
--AND THE BLACK WIDOW IS A DEAD SHOT!
ZZZPKT!
THE DREADNOUGHT IS A WALKING ARSENAL. WITHIN ITS BODY ARE CONTAINED STREAMS OF LIQUID FIRE, DARTS OF DOOM, GAMMA-RAYS, ELECTRICAL RAYS, FRIGI-BREATH, ETC.
THE OPEN AREA WAS DESIGNED TO KEEP THESE VOLATILE WEAPONS COOL. IT ALSO MAKES THE ROBOT ... VULNERABLE.
KAWHOOM
SOMEDAY, FRIENDS, SOMEONE WILL BUILD A BETTER DREADNOUGHT AND HAVE THE WORLD AT HIS DOORSTEP.

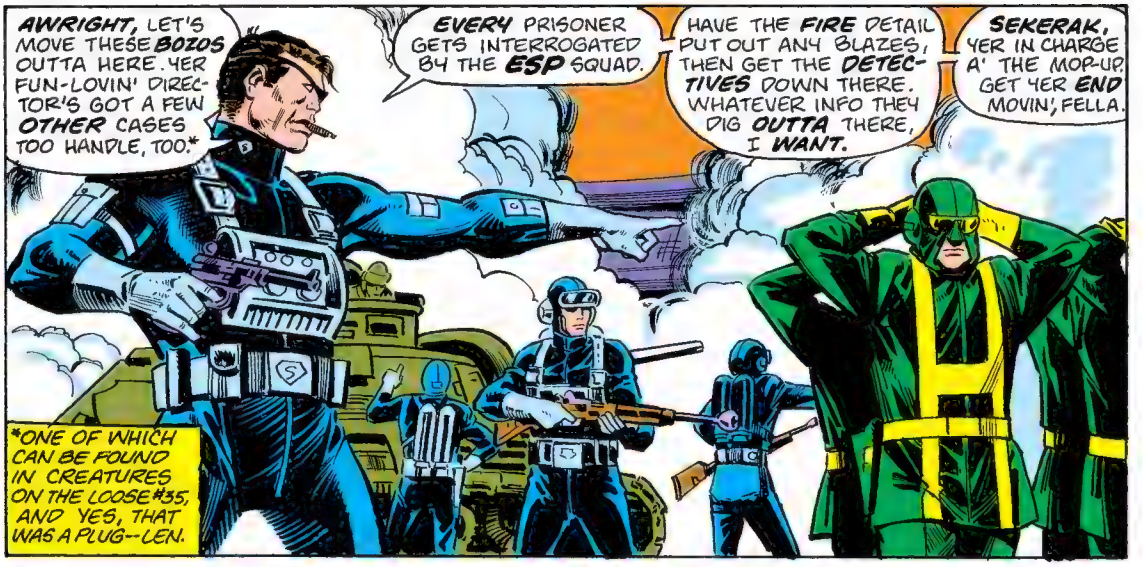
IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH, DD AND COMPANY'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH OTHER OPPONENTS. LIKE, FOR INSTANCE...
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, DAREDEVIL.
THIS PLACE WAS AN ARCHITECTURAL WONDER AND NOW, THANKS TO YOU, HALF OF IT LIES IN RUINS.
SHIELD COULDN'T HAVE FOUND THIS PLACE WITHOUT HELP. THEY HAD IT: AN ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY SIGNAL. I TRACED IT TO YOU. IT'S PROBABLY CONCEALED WITHIN YOUR HOOD'S HORNS.
I BUILT THIS PLACE, DAREDEVIL.
PART OF ME DIES WITH IT.
MY NAME IS JACKHAMMER, DAREDEVIL.
I'M THROUGH TALKING.
JUST CATCH THIS:
YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE.
"DAREDEVIL?"
"THERE WASN'T TIME TO LET YOU IN ON IT, TASHA. I ACTIVATED IT WHEN I ENTERED THE WAREHOUSE."
"WASN'T TIME," SHE REPEATS QUIETLY.
GET FOGGY OUT OF HERE, NATASHA...
WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR PARTNERSHIP, DAREDEVIL?
NATASHA...
SHE'S LEAVING, DAREDEVIL. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW.
YOU'RE WRONG, JACKHAMMER. I'M NOT FIGHTING YOU.


MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
WRANG
OH, I'M FIGHTING SOMEBODY ALL RIGHT.
I'M FIGHTING A MAN WHO'S TOO STUPID OR MAYBE TOO UNFEELING TO REALIZE WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING UNTIL FAR TOO LATE.
KRUMP!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I'M TALKING ABOUT A MAN WHO HAS TRIED TO PREVENT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING FROM BECOMING ALL THAT PERSON COULD BE.
KEKK!
HE'S THE GUY I'M FIGHTING, JACKHAMMER-- NOT YOU!
HE'S THE GUY I HATE MOST IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
ME!
SWACK!
YOU DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE, MAN.
YOU JUST GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.
CUT TO:

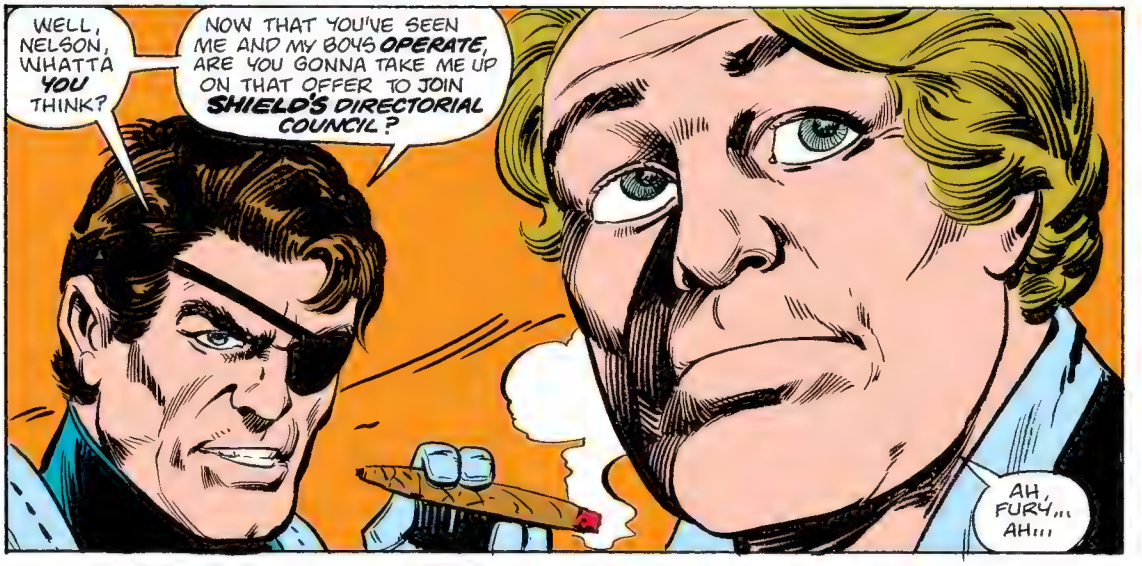
SHIELD AGENTS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THE LAST TIME THEY CAPTURED ME THEY DESTROYED MY MENTAL POWERS!*
IT TOOK ME YEARS TO REGAIN THEM! YEARS.
*STRANGE TALES #143--LEN.
SILENCIO, YOU COWARDLY DOG! THEY ARE BUT ORDINARY MEN AND WE ARE FAR MORE!
I'M SHATTERED, DUGAN. HOW 'BOUT YOU?
CRUSHED, IVAN.
YOU DARE MAKE LIGHT OF EL JAGUAR?
WHOOPS!
SWISH
NOTHING PERSONAL, PAL.
AMERICANO PAYASO!
HEY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SAID THERE--*
-- BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE AN ETHNIC SLUR!
*NEITHER DO I--LEN.
AYIEEEE
AND IF THERE'S ONE THING MAMA DUGAN TAUGHT ALL THE LITTLE DUGANS--
IT'S THAT YOU DON'T MAKE FUN A' PEOPLE--
KRAMM
--ON ACCOUNT A' THEIR NATIONALITY!
I MEAN, EVERYBODY CAN'T BE IRISH!

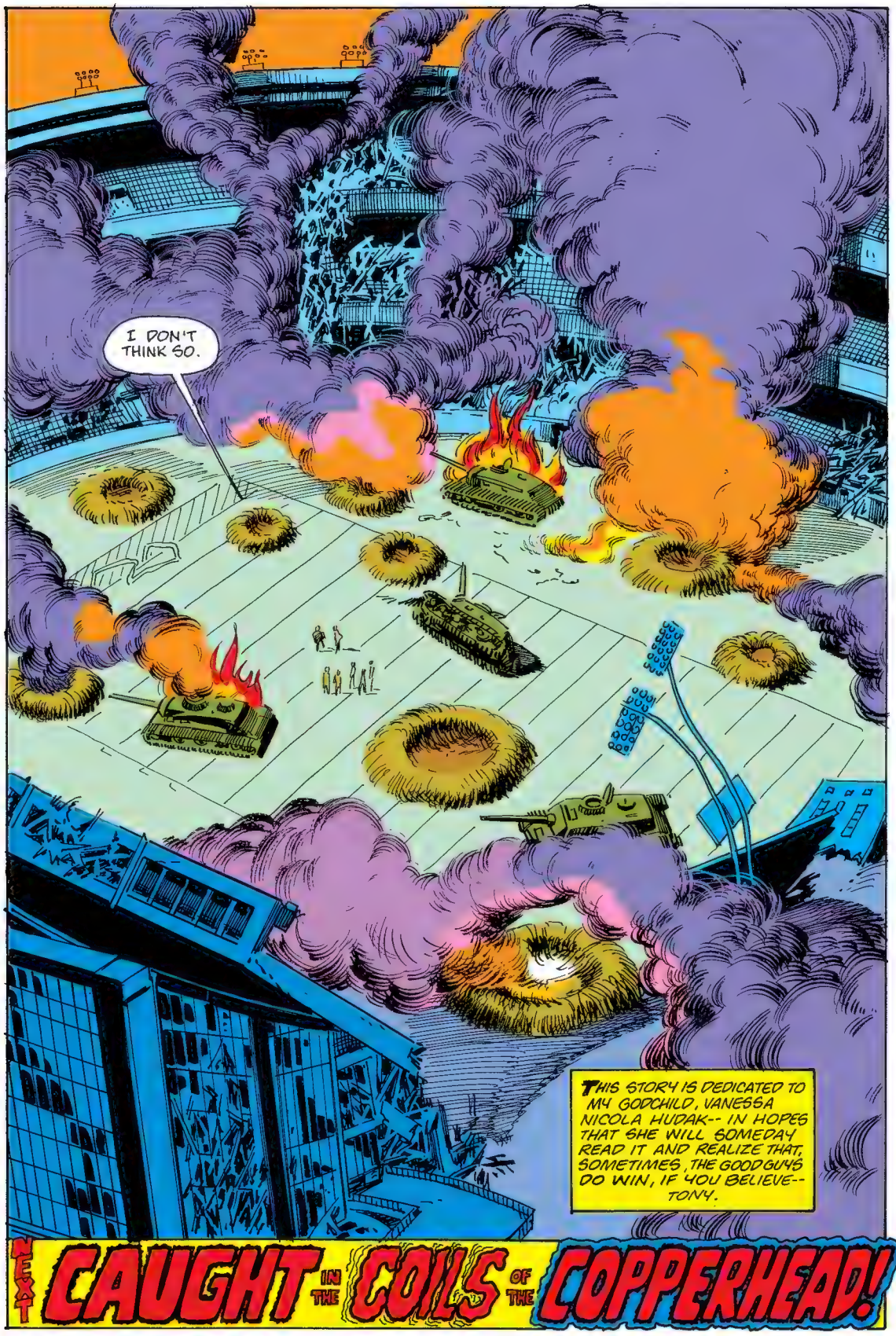

MAN-KILLER!
OH, SHUT UP, MENTALLO. I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOUR WHINING! I'VE GOT MY OWN PROBLEM.
ME--A PROBLEM?
UGHN!
BOK!
NOT ANYMORE, RUSSIAN. NOW YOU'RE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MAN--
--A HELPLESS VICTIM FOR THE MAN-KILLER!
NOBODY CAN HIT THAT HARD WITHOUT HELP!
YOU GOTTA BE WEARING AN EXO-SKELETON OR SOMETHING!
IVAN! ATTACH THIS TO HER CHEST!
GOOD GUESS--NOT THAT IT'LL HELP YOU!
IT'S A JAMMER DEVICE! IT'LL...
--FREEZE THE GEARS IN HER EXO-SKELETON!
BZZZZZZ
I ONCE MADE ONE FOR NATASHA.
I CAN'T MOVE!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
COULDN'T I JUST CHARGE IT, LADY?


THE DREADNOUGHT-- DESTROYED! EL JAGUAR, JACKHAMMER, MAN-KILLER, MENTALLO-- ALL CAPTURED! OUR LEGIONS-- DEFEATED! MY SON...
„WE HAVE LOST!
THIS IS DAREDEVIL'S DOING! HE'S NOT EXPECTING ANOTHER ATTACK! I COULD GET OUR REVENGE ON HIM!
NO!
I CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE ANY MORE OF MY DIVISION CHIEFS --ESPECIALLY YOU! IF YOU WERE CAPTURED--
--SHIELD WOULD LEARN YOUR SECRET!
ALL WE CAN DO IS ESCAPE, BLACKWING.
COMMANDER KRAKEN IS WAITING AT THE DOCKS TO TAKE US TO AN ALTERNATE HEADQUARTERS. THE OTHER CHIEFS WILL LIKEWISE JOIN US THERE. IT WILL TAKE TIME TO REBUILD.
BUT WE WILL REBUILD.
THEY WILL LEARN TO FEAR HYDRA AGAIN, FATHER, HYDRA --AND US!
"HAIL HYDRA! IMMORTAL HYDRA! WE SHALL NEVER BE DESTROYED! CUT OFF A LIMB AND TWO MORE SHALL TAKE ITS PLACE! WE SERVE NONE BUT THE MASTER-- AS THE WORLD SHALL SOON SERVE US!" (THE HYDRA OATH)
"THEY HAVE UNLIMITED WEALTH, AND A SECRET ARMY OF DEADLY AGENTS IN EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE!" (TONY STARK, 1965)
THEY'LL BE BACK. COUNT ON IT!


AWRIGHT, LET'S MOVE THESE BOZOS OUTTA HERE. YER FUN-LOVIN' DIRECTOR'S GOT A FEW OTHER CASES TOO HANDLE, TOO.*
EVERY PRISONER GETS INTERROGATED BY THE ESP SQUAD.
HAVE THE FIRE DETAIL PUT OUT ANY BLAZES, THEN GET THE DETECTIVES DOWN THERE. WHATEVER INFO THEY DIG OUTTA THERE, I WANT.
SEKERAK, YER IN CHARGE A' THE MOP-UP. GET YER END MOVIN', FELLA.
*ONE OF WHICH CAN BE FOUND IN CREATURES ON THE LOOSE #35, AND YES, THAT WAS A PLUG--LEN.

THAT WRAPS IT UP, DOESN'T IT, FURY? EXCEPT FOR SILVER-MANE AND BLACKWING, WE GOT THEM ALL!
NAW, THEY'VE STILL GOT A COUPLE CHIEFS LEFT. BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO THE SUPREME HYDRA IS, WE'VE GOTTA DARN GOOD CHANCE OF TRACKIN' 'EM DOWN.
HEY, I WANNA THANK YOU AND THE WIDOW FOR HELPIN' US ON THIS ONE, HORN-HEAD. APPRECIATE IT.


WELL, NELSON, WHATTA YOU THINK?
NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN ME AND MY BOYS OPERATE, ARE YOU GONNA TAKE ME UP ON THAT OFFER TO JOIN SHIELD'S DIRECTORIAL COUNCIL?
AH, FURY... AH...


I DON'T THINK SO.
THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO MY GODCHILD, VANESSA NICOLA HUDAK-- IN HOPES THAT SHE WILL SOMEDAY READ IT AND REALIZE THAT, SOMETIMES, THE GOODGUYS DO WIN, IF YOU BELIEVE--
TONY.
NEXT CAUGHT IN THE COILS OF THE COPPERHEAD!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
124
AUG
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
YOU'VE CROSSED MY PATH FOR THE LAST TIME, MASKED MAN!
NO ONE CAN SURVIVE MY DARTS OF DOOM!
MY CHEST...ON FIRE! MY HEART... POUNDING MADLY!
IN SECONDS... I'LL BE DEAD!
In the clutches of the COPPERHEAD!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

LEN WEIN *WRITER (PGS. 1-14) EDITOR*

MARV WOLFMAN *WRITER (PGS. 15-31)*

GENE COLAN, *ARTIST*
KLAUS JANSON, *INKER*

MICHELLE W., *COLORIST*
J. ROSEN, *LETTERER*

IN THE COILS OF THE COPPERHEAD!

*GOOD-BYE: THERE IS NO SADDER, MORE BITTERSWEET **WORD** IN ALL THE LANGUAGES OF **MAN.***

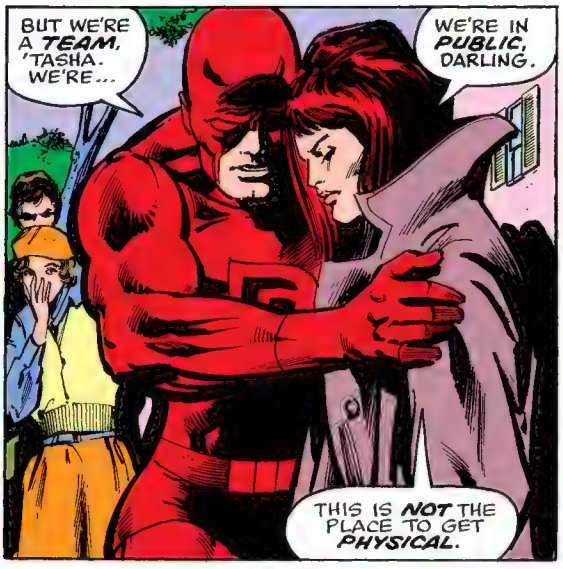
*THE WORD IS ALL THE MORE **SORROWFUL** WHEN THOSE WHO SAY IT ARE TWO WHO HAVE **LIVED** TOGETHER ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE OF **DEATH**, TWO WHO HAVE **LIVED** ALMOST AS **ONE**--*

*--AND PERHAPS **THAT** IS THE **PROBLEM.***

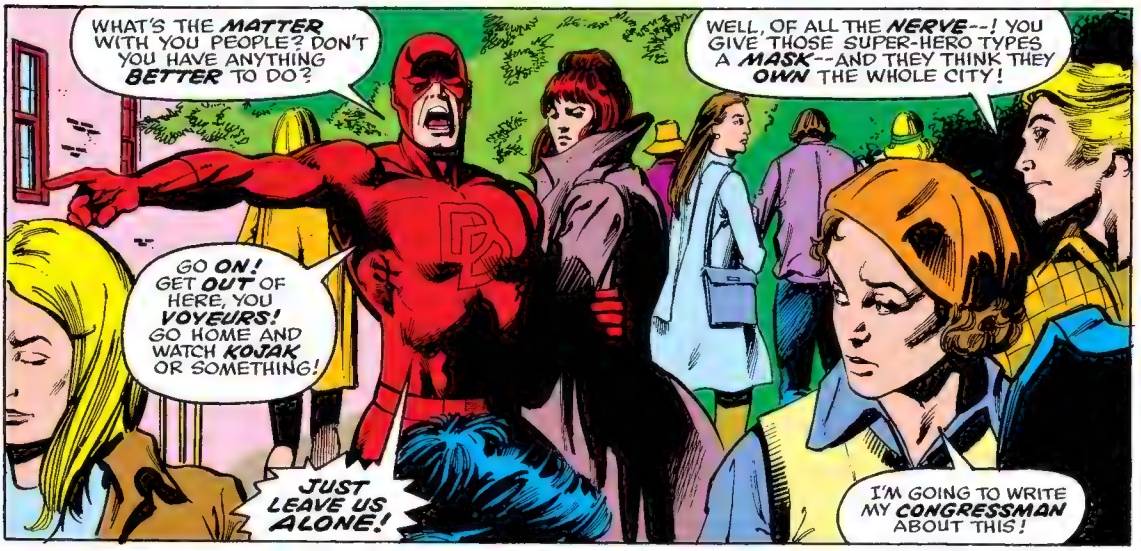
NATASHA, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING I CAN ***SAY***-- ANYTHING I CAN ***DO***--TO MAKE YOU ***CHANGE*** YOUR MIND?

I ONLY WISH THERE ***WERE***, DARLING. WITH ALL MY ***HEART***--I WISH THERE ***WERE!***

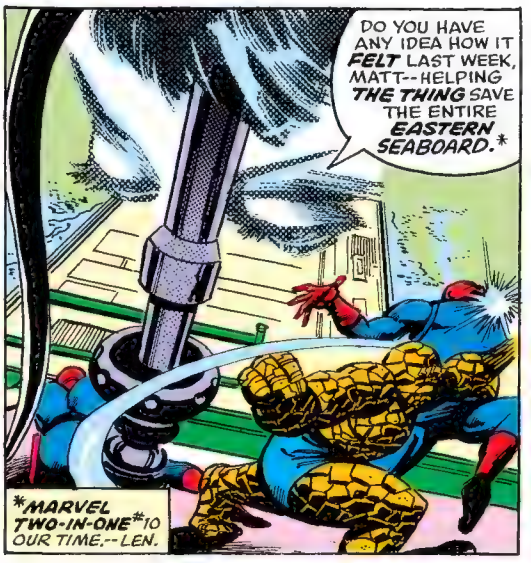
GOOD-BYE: *THE WORD IS TRULY **TRAGIC** WHEN THOSE WHO SAY IT REALLY DON'T **WANT** TO SAY IT AT ALL.*

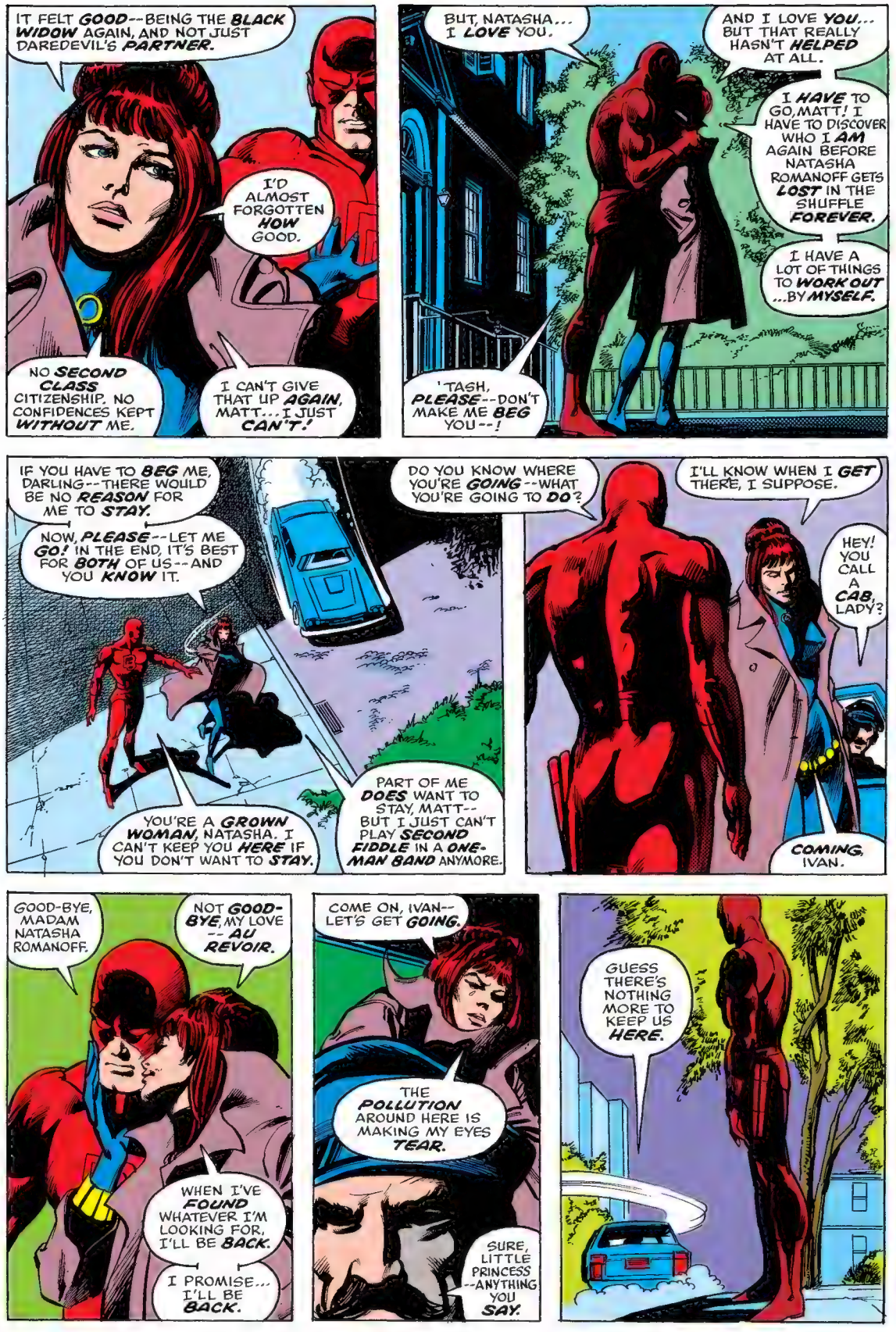

BUT WE'RE A TEAM, 'TASHA. WE'RE...
WE'RE IN PUBLIC, DARLING.
THIS IS NOT THE PLACE TO GET PHYSICAL.

HUH?
OH, NO--THERE'S A CROWD GATHERED 'ROUND US.
I'M SO INVOLVED WITH 'TASHA, MY RADAR SENSES DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THEM TILL NOW.

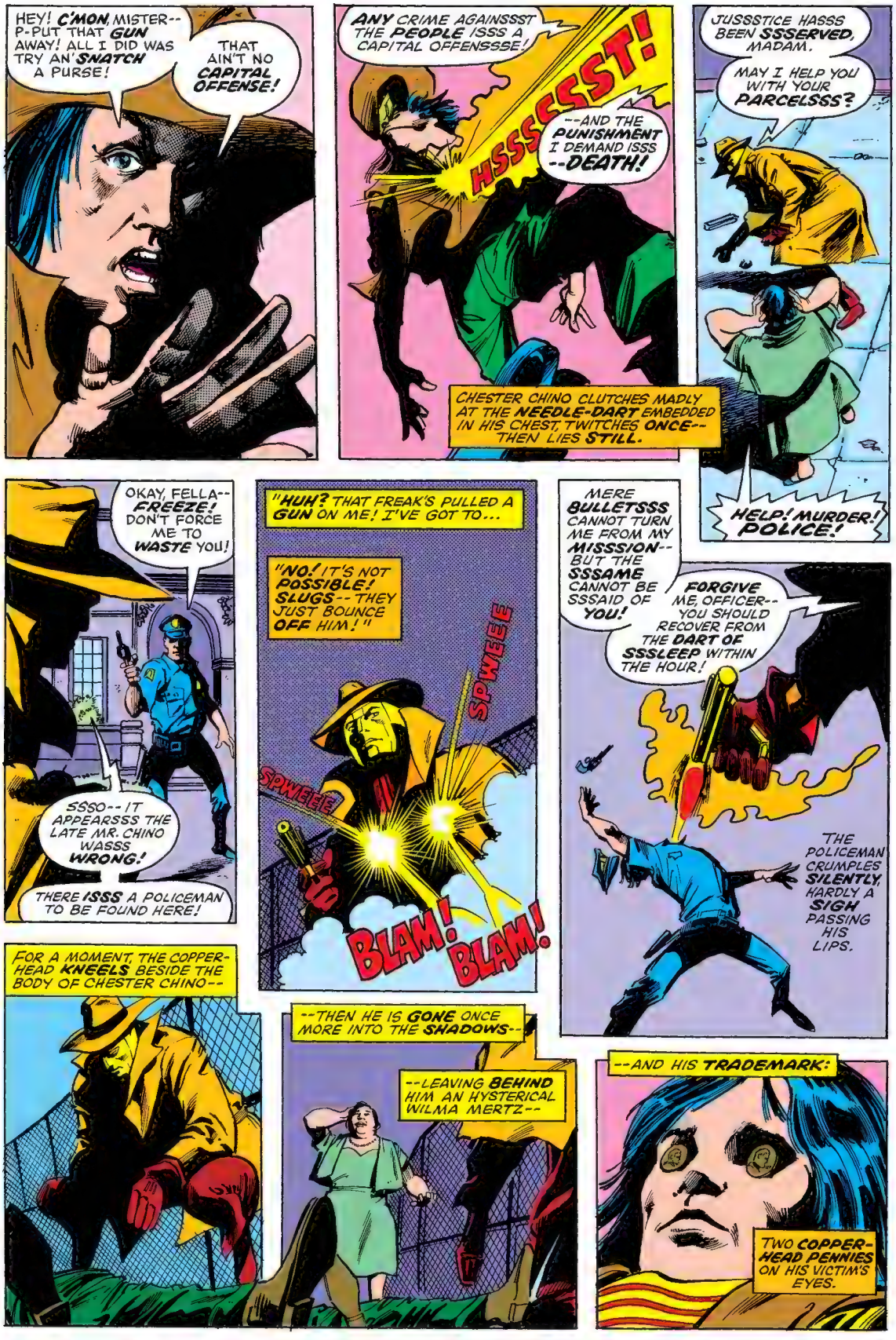

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE? DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO?
WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE--! YOU GIVE THOSE SUPER-HERO TYPES A MASK--AND THEY THINK THEY OWN THE WHOLE CITY!
GO ON! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU VOYEURS! GO HOME AND WATCH KOJAK OR SOMETHING!
JUST LEAVE US ALONE!
I'M GOING TO WRITE MY CONGRESSMAN ABOUT THIS!

'TASHA, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T INTEND FOR US TO BE ON DISPLAY LIKE THAT.
BUT THAT'S PART OF THE PROBLEM, DARLING. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
IN OUR LINE OF WORK, WE'RE ALWAYS ON DISPLAY--BUT ALL ANYONE SEES OF ME IS YOUR SHADOW.

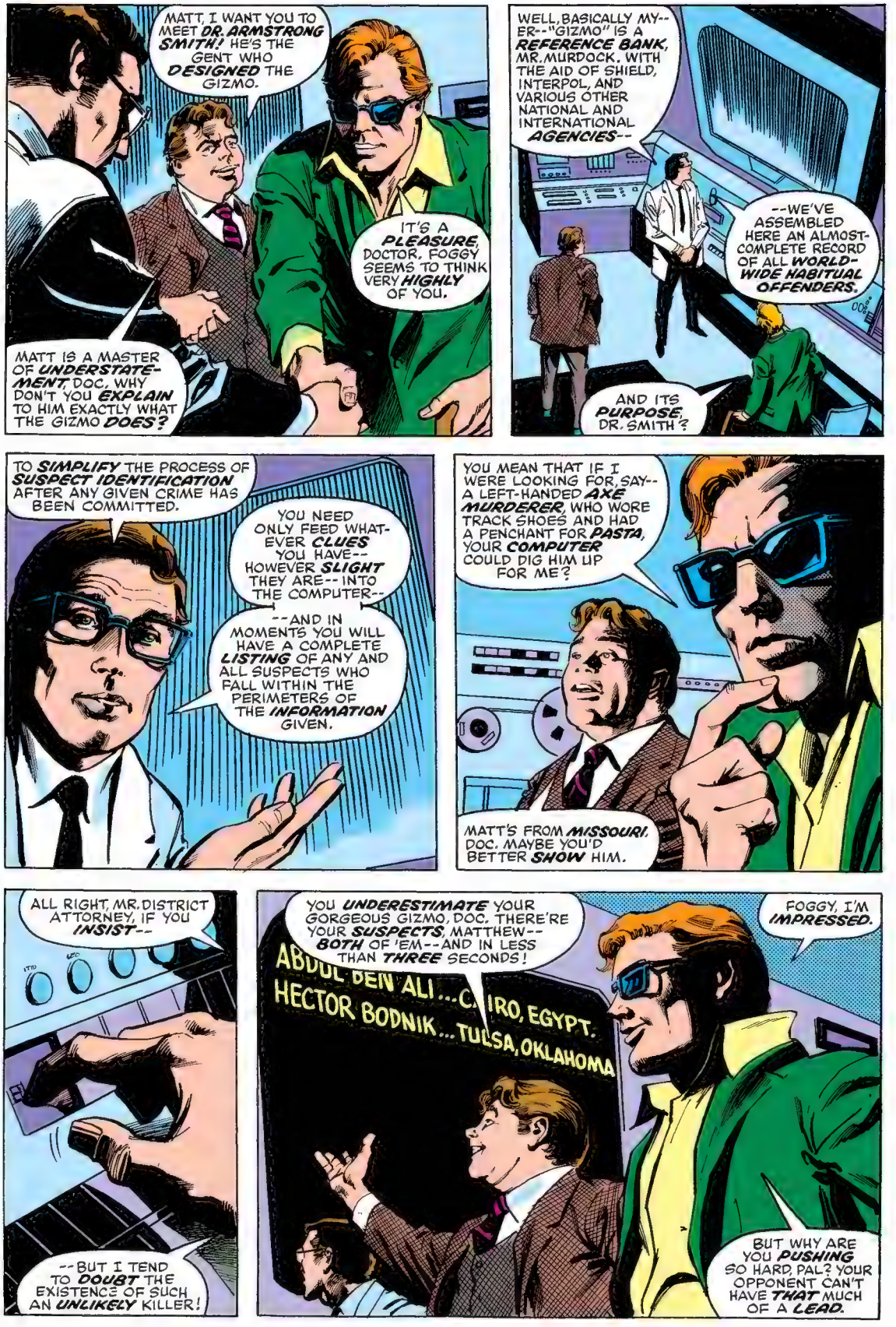

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW IT FELT LAST WEEK, MATT--HELPING THE THING SAVE THE ENTIRE EASTERN SEABOARD.*
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #10 OUR TIME,--LEN.


IT FELT GOOD--BEING THE BLACK WIDOW AGAIN, AND NOT JUST DAREDEVIL'S PARTNER.
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD.
NO SECOND CLASS CITIZENSHIP. NO CONFIDENCES KEPT WITHOUT ME.
I CAN'T GIVE THAT UP AGAIN, MATT... I JUST CAN'T!
BUT, NATASHA... I LOVE YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU... BUT THAT REALLY HASN'T HELPED AT ALL.
I HAVE TO GO, MATT! I HAVE TO DISCOVER WHO I AM AGAIN BEFORE NATASHA ROMANOFF GETS LOST IN THE SHUFFLE FOREVER.
I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO WORK OUT ...BY MYSELF.
'TASH, PLEASE--DON'T MAKE ME BEG YOU--!
IF YOU HAVE TO BEG ME, DARLING--THERE WOULD BE NO REASON FOR ME TO STAY.
NOW, PLEASE--LET ME GO! IN THE END, IT'S BEST FOR BOTH OF US--AND YOU KNOW IT.
YOU'RE A GROWN WOMAN, NATASHA. I CAN'T KEEP YOU HERE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY.
PART OF ME DOES WANT TO STAY, MATT--BUT I JUST CAN'T PLAY SECOND FIDDLE IN A ONE-MAN BAND ANYMORE.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING--WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO?
I'LL KNOW WHEN I GET THERE, I SUPPOSE.
HEY! YOU CALL A CAB, LADY?
COMING, IVAN.
GOOD-BYE, MADAM NATASHA ROMANOFF.
NOT GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE -- AU REVOIR.
WHEN I'VE FOUND WHATEVER I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL BE BACK.
I PROMISE... I'LL BE BACK.
COME ON, IVAN--LET'S GET GOING.
THE POLLUTION AROUND HERE IS MAKING MY EYES TEAR.
SURE, LITTLE PRINCESS --ANYTHING YOU SAY.
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO KEEP US HERE.

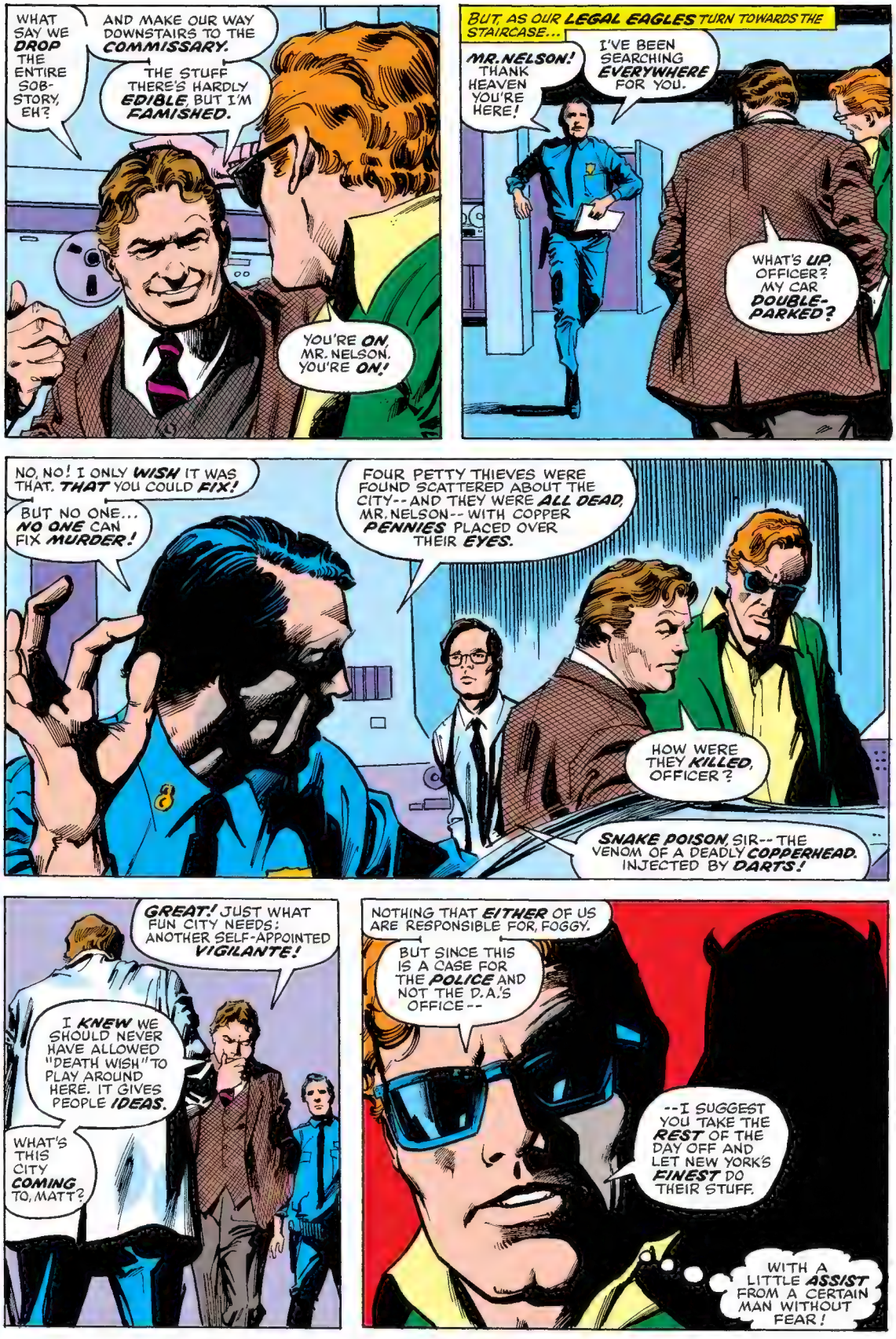
THE NEIGHBORHOOD DIED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO. UNFORTUNATELY, SOMEONE NEGLECTED TO INFORM THE LOCAL RESIDENTS.
WILMA MERTZ DOES NOT MUCH LIKE THE STENCH OF THE OLD GARBAGE PILED DUNE-LIKE IN THE LOTS THAT LINE THE STREET--
--BUT THEN, WILMA MERTZ DOES NOT LIKE THE STATE OF THE UNION, INFLATION, THE PRICE OF CHOPPED LIVER, OR ASSORTED ODD-NUMBERED THURSDAYS EITHER.
IN POINT OF FACT, THE ONLY THING WILMA MERTZ DOES LIKE IS THE FREEDOM TO DISLIKE EVERYTHING.
AND IF SHE DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD REASON BEFORE NOW, SHE'LL CERTAINLY HAVE ONE IN A SECOND.
THANKS FOR THE CONTRIBUTION, MAMA.
THIEF! COME BACK WITH MY PURSE!
HELP! POLICE! POLICE!
MAMA, YOU CAN SCREAM TILL YOUR EXTRA-LARGE LUNGS GIVE OUT--BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA FIND A COP IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.
LITTLE CHESTER CHINO IS HOME FREE!
PERHAPS... AND PERHAPS NOT.
CHESSSTER CHINO, YOUR HOUR OF RECKONING ISSS AT HAND!
HUH?
WH-WHO-- WH-WHAT-- ARE YOU?
THE VOICE IS A SIBILANT HISS--AND THE FACE IS SOMETHING CARVED FROM THE HEART OF HELL.
IT GLINTS COPPER IN THE STREET-LIGHT.
YOU HAVE SSSTOLEN, CHESSSTER CHINO --COMMITTED A CRIME! THUSSS YOU OWE A DEBT TO SSSOCIETY--
--A DEBT THAT SSSHALL BE COLLECTED BY-- THE COPPERHEAD!


HEY! C'MON, MISTER-- P-PUT THAT GUN AWAY! ALL I DID WAS TRY AN' SNATCH A PURSE!
THAT AIN'T NO CAPITAL OFFENSE!
ANY CRIME AGAINSSST THE PEOPLE ISSS A CAPITAL OFFENSSSE!
HSSSCSST!
--AND THE PUNISHMENT I DEMAND ISSS --DEATH!
CHESTER CHINO CLUTCHES MADLY AT THE NEEDLE-DART EMBEDDED IN HIS CHEST, TWITCHES ONCE-- THEN LIES STILL.
JUSSSTICE HASSS BEEN SSSERVED, MADAM.
MAY I HELP YOU WITH YOUR PARCELSSS?
HELP! MURDER! POLICE!
OKAY, FELLA-- FREEZE! DON'T FORCE ME TO WASTE YOU!
SSSO-- IT APPEARSSS THE LATE MR. CHINO WASSS WRONG!
THERE ISSS A POLICEMAN TO BE FOUND HERE!
"HUH? THAT FREAK'S PULLED A GUN ON ME! I'VE GOT TO...
"NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! SLUGS -- THEY JUST BOUNCE OFF HIM!"
SPWEEE
SPWEEEE
BLAM! BLAM!
MERE BULLETSSS CANNOT TURN ME FROM MY MISSSION-- BUT THE SSSAME CANNOT BE SSSAID OF YOU!
FORGIVE ME, OFFICER-- YOU SHOULD RECOVER FROM THE DART OF SSSLEEP WITHIN THE HOUR!
THE POLICEMAN CRUMPLES SILENTLY, HARDLY A SIGH PASSING HIS LIPS.
FOR A MOMENT, THE COPPER-HEAD KNEELS BESIDE THE BODY OF CHESTER CHINO--
--THEN HE IS GONE ONCE MORE INTO THE SHADOWS--
--LEAVING BEHIND HIM AN HYSTERICAL WILMA MERTZ--
--AND HIS TRADEMARK:
TWO COPPER-HEAD PENNIES ON HIS VICTIM'S EYES.

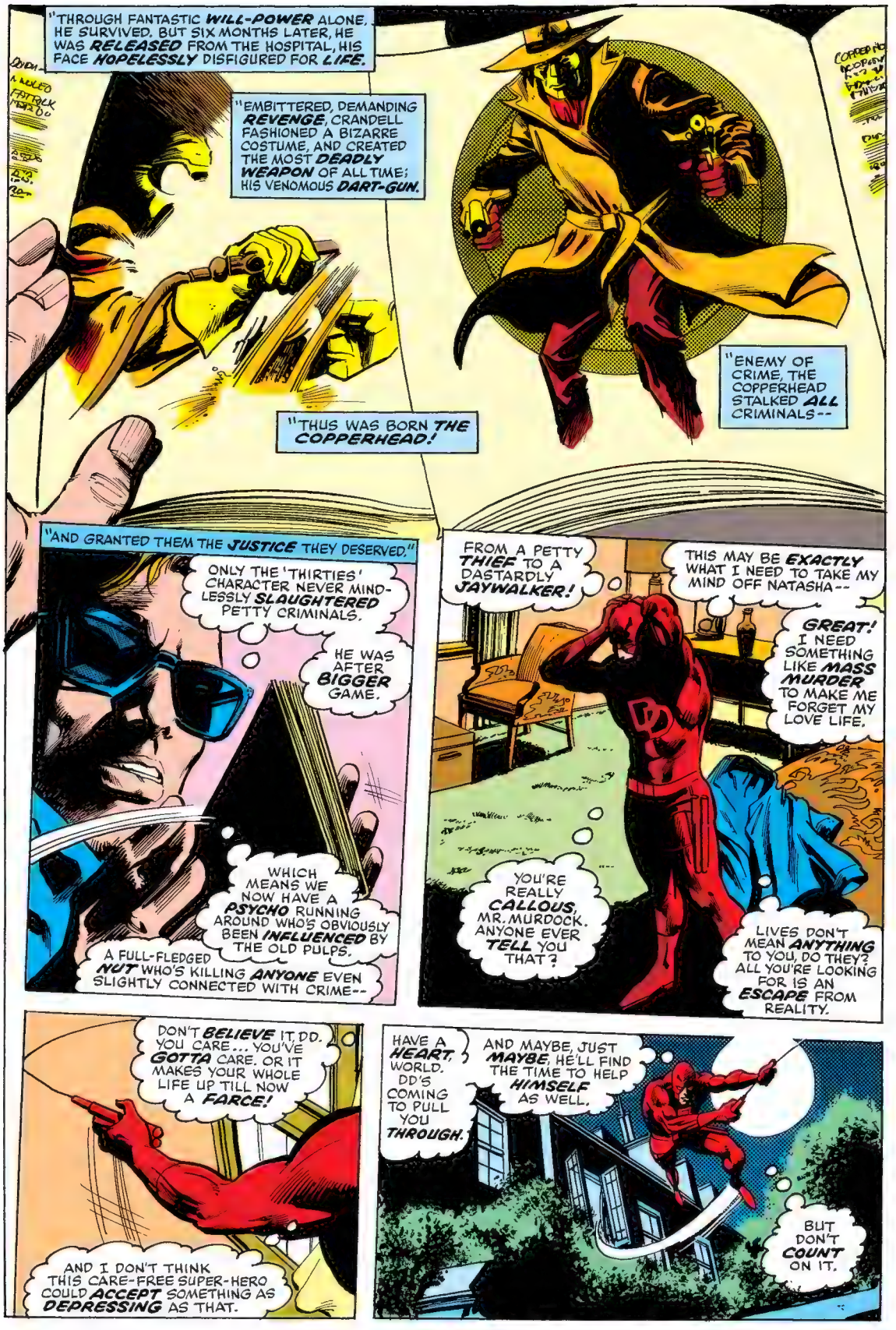
THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON, NOT TOO LONG AFTERWARD...
LOOK, BRADY--I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO HAVE ME PENCILLED IN FOR THE LADIES' AUXILIARY TEA!
I HAVE AN OFFICE TO RUN DOWN HERE, REMEMBER?
I'LL DO MY CAMPAIGNING IN MY SPARE TIME--AND THAT'S FINAL!
TROUBLE IN THE HALLS OF JURISPRUDENCE, FOGGY?
HUH? OH--HI, MATT. NO TROUBLE--BUT I ALMOST WISH THERE WERE, AT LEAST THAT I COULD DEAL WITH.
THIS RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION IS BREAKING MY BUTT!
YOU REALLY WORRIED ABOUT THE OUTCOME, FOG?
I WOULDN'T BE YOUR PAL FOGGY IF I WASN'T WORRIED A LITTLE, MATT.
DON'T SWEAT IT. IT'LL WORK OUT.
UH-HUH. GOT A PLAN OF ATTACK YET?
NOT A PLAN OF ATTACK, EXACTLY. IT'S MORE LIKE A... WELL, WHY DON'T I JUST SHOW YOU?
YOU'RE ON.
THIS WHOLE CAMPAIGN'D BE A LOT EASIER IF I COULD ADVERTISE MY PART IN SMASHING HYDRA A FEW WEEKS BACK*--
--BUT NICK FURY'S SWORN ME TO SECRECY--AND I CAN'T SAY I REALLY BLAME HIM.
GUESS THE ONLY THING I'VE GOT GOING FOR ME NOW IS MY GIZMO!
YOUR WHAT?
*AS DETAILED OVER THE LAST FOUR ISSUES.--LIVELY LEN.
MY GREAT BIG GLORIOUS GIZMO, MATTHEW! I WISH I KNEW HOW TO DESCRIBE IT TO YOU.
POOR FOGGY--HE REALLY DOESN'T HAVE TO. MY RADAR SENSES DISCERN A HUGE SHAPE ALMOST FILLING THE ROOM BEFORE ME--THE FAINT HUM OF ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY--!
THERE'S A COMPUTER IN THIS ROOM--AND IT'S A BEAUT!


MATT, I WANT YOU TO MEET DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH! HE'S THE GENT WHO DESIGNED THE GIZMO.
IT'S A PLEASURE, DOCTOR. FOGGY SEEMS TO THINK VERY HIGHLY OF YOU.
MATT IS A MASTER OF UNDERSTATEMENT, DOC, WHY DON'T YOU EXPLAIN TO HIM EXACTLY WHAT THE GIZMO DOES?
WELL, BASICALLY MY--ER--"GIZMO" IS A REFERENCE BANK, MR. MURDOCK, WITH THE AID OF SHIELD, INTERPOL, AND VARIOUS OTHER NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AGENCIES--
--WE'VE ASSEMBLED HERE AN ALMOST-COMPLETE RECORD OF ALL WORLD-WIDE HABITUAL OFFENDERS.
AND ITS PURPOSE, DR. SMITH?
TO SIMPLIFY THE PROCESS OF SUSPECT IDENTIFICATION AFTER ANY GIVEN CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED.
YOU NEED ONLY FEED WHATEVER CLUES YOU HAVE--HOWEVER SLIGHT THEY ARE--INTO THE COMPUTER--
--AND IN MOMENTS YOU WILL HAVE A COMPLETE LISTING OF ANY AND ALL SUSPECTS WHO FALL WITHIN THE PERIMETERS OF THE INFORMATION GIVEN.
YOU MEAN THAT IF I WERE LOOKING FOR, SAY--A LEFT-HANDED AXE MURDERER, WHO WORE TRACK SHOES AND HAD A PENCHANT FOR PASTA, YOUR COMPUTER COULD DIG HIM UP FOR ME?
MATT'S FROM MISSOURI, DOC. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER SHOW HIM.
ALL RIGHT, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IF YOU INSIST--
--BUT I TEND TO DOUBT THE EXISTENCE OF SUCH AN UNLIKELY KILLER!
YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOUR GORGEOUS GIZMO, DOC. THERE'RE YOUR SUSPECTS, MATTHEW--BOTH OF 'EM--AND IN LESS THAN THREE SECONDS!
ABDUL BEN ALI...CAIRO, EGYPT.
HECTOR BODNIK...TULSA, OKLAHOMA
FOGGY, I'M IMPRESSED.
BUT WHY ARE YOU PUSHING SO HARD, PAL? YOUR OPPONENT CAN'T HAVE THAT MUCH OF A LEAD.

DON'T REMIND ME, MATT.
I'M GETTING ENOUGH OF THAT FROM MY MAN BRADY--
--AND FROM THESE!
THESE THINGS STARTED APPEARING ALL OVER TOWN JUST YESTERDAY!
IT SEEMS THE OPPOSITION ISN'T WASTING ANY TIME!
"ELECT BLAKE TOWER D.A.!" --AND WHY NOT?
ELECT BLAKE TOWE
THAT MAN MAKES ROBERT REDFORD LOOK LIKE THE TAIL END OF A TRUCK!
TOWER POWER TO TH
HE'S GOT A POISE, CLASS, A WINNING SMILE-- EVERYTHING YOUR PUDGY PRESENT D.A. LACKS!
GOOD OLD BLAKE TOWER! HE COMES OUT OF NOWHERE-- WITH NO POLITICAL POWER BASE WHATSOEVER--
--AND THREE MONTHS LATER, HE'S RUNNING FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
IT'S YOUR CLASSIC AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY--
--AND IT STINKS FROM HERE TO HIGH HEAVEN!
KRIPP!
THERE'S SOMETHING NOT RIGHT WITH MR. BLAKE TOWER--AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
C'MON, FOG-- TAKE IT EASY. YOU'VE GOT QUALITIES TOWER CAN NEVER HOPE TO MATCH--
--EXPERIENCE --INTEGRITY --GREAT TASTE IN FRIENDS!
Y-YOU'RE RIGHT, MATT. I... I'M SORRY I LOST CONTROL.
YOU'RE LETTING THIS GUY SPOOK YOU FOR NO REASON.


WHAT SAY WE DROP THE ENTIRE SOB-STORY, EH?
AND MAKE OUR WAY DOWNSTAIRS TO THE COMMISSARY.
THE STUFF THERE'S HARDLY EDIBLE, BUT I'M FAMISHED.
YOU'RE ON, MR. NELSON. YOU'RE ON!
BUT, AS OUR LEGAL EAGLES TURN TOWARDS THE STAIRCASE...
MR. NELSON! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE!
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU.
WHAT'S UP, OFFICER? MY CAR DOUBLE-PARKED?
NO, NO! I ONLY WISH IT WAS THAT. THAT YOU COULD FIX!
BUT NO ONE... NO ONE CAN FIX MURDER!
FOUR PETTY THIEVES WERE FOUND SCATTERED ABOUT THE CITY--AND THEY WERE ALL DEAD, MR. NELSON--WITH COPPER PENNIES PLACED OVER THEIR EYES.
HOW WERE THEY KILLED, OFFICER?
SNAKE POISON, SIR--THE VENOM OF A DEADLY COPPERHEAD, INJECTED BY DARTS!
GREAT! JUST WHAT FUN CITY NEEDS: ANOTHER SELF-APPOINTED VIGILANTE!
I KNEW WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED "DEATH WISH" TO PLAY AROUND HERE. IT GIVES PEOPLE IDEAS.
WHAT'S THIS CITY COMING TO, MATT?
NOTHING THAT EITHER OF US ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR, FOGGY.
BUT SINCE THIS IS A CASE FOR THE POLICE AND NOT THE D.A.'S OFFICE--
--I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF AND LET NEW YORK'S FINEST DO THEIR STUFF.
WITH A LITTLE ASSIST FROM A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

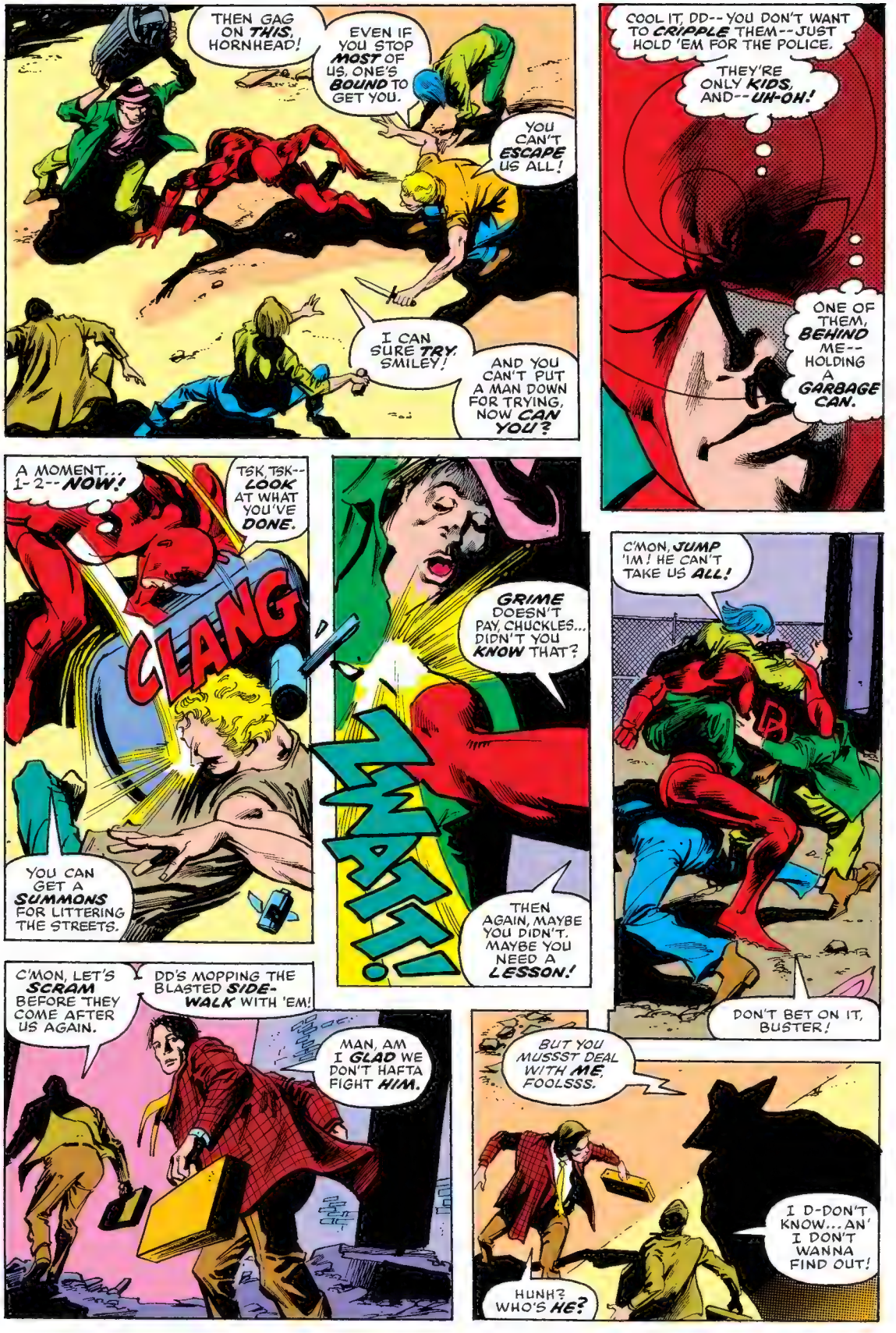
TWELFTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE IS A HAVEN FOR USED-BOOK COLLECTORS. EVERYTHING FROM MICKEY SPILLANE'S GUT-WRENCHING SAGAS TO RARE TREATISES ON SCIENTIFIC STUDIES CAN BE FOUND SOMEWHERE IN THIS PULP-PAPER PARADISE.
OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES
12
EVERYTHING INCLUDING, IT SEEMS, OUR FAVORITE BLIND ATTORNEY.
BOOKS
TOSSED THAT POOR SHOPKEEPER QUITE A STORY EXPLAINING WHY A BLIND MAN WANTED TO BUY AN OLD BOOK...
...BUT NOTHING MATTERS, NOW THAT I'VE GOT THIS!
COPPERHEAD MONTHLY
10¢
SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MURDERS STIRRED SOME COBWEBS IN MY MIND.
I REMEMBER MY DAD TELLING ME ABOUT THE COPPERHEAD, A 30'S PULP HERO...
...WHO SOME SAY WAS ALMOST AS POPULAR AS DOC SAVAGE!*
*AND, IF YOU THINK THAT'S AN UNASHAMED PLUG FOR MARVEL'S NEWEST BLACK-AND-WHITE THRILLER (ON SALE NEXT MONTH) AWARD YOURSELF A BRONZE-PLATED NO-PRIZE. -- LEN.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH THIS STORY IN LESS THAN A HALF-HOUR BY LETTING MY FINGERS DO THE READING.
I GUESS THERE ARE SOME BENEFITS IN BEING THE WORLD'S ONLY SIGHTLESS SUPER-HERO.
"RICHARD CRANDELL, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, LIVED HIS LIFE TO THE FULLEST. HE HAD EVERYTHING GOING FOR HIM; LOOKS, MONEY, AND CHARM.
"HE ALSO HAD ENEMIES. ONE DARK NIGHT, WHILE ESCORTING TWO YOUNG LOVELIES HOME, ACID WAS MURDEROUSLY THROWN INTO HIS FACE.


"THROUGH FANTASTIC WILL-POWER ALONE, HE SURVIVED. BUT SIX MONTHS LATER, HE WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, HIS FACE HOPELESSLY DISFIGURED FOR LIFE.
"EMBITTERED, DEMANDING REVENGE, CRANDELL FASHIONED A BIZARRE COSTUME, AND CREATED THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON OF ALL TIME; HIS VENOMOUS DART-GUN.
"ENEMY OF CRIME, THE COPPERHEAD STALKED ALL CRIMINALS--
"THUS WAS BORN THE COPPERHEAD!
"AND GRANTED THEM THE JUSTICE THEY DESERVED."
ONLY THE 'THIRTIES' CHARACTER NEVER MINDLESSLY SLAUGHTERED PETTY CRIMINALS.
HE WAS AFTER BIGGER GAME.
WHICH MEANS WE NOW HAVE A PSYCHO RUNNING AROUND WHO'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN INFLUENCED BY THE OLD PULPS.
A FULL-FLEDGED NUT WHO'S KILLING ANYONE EVEN SLIGHTLY CONNECTED WITH CRIME--
FROM A PETTY THIEF TO A DASTARDLY JAYWALKER!
THIS MAY BE EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO TAKE MY MIND OFF NATASHA--
GREAT! I NEED SOMETHING LIKE MASS MURDER TO MAKE ME FORGET MY LOVE LIFE.
YOU'RE REALLY CALLOUS, MR. MURDOCK. ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT?
LIVES DON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, DO THEY? ALL YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS AN ESCAPE FROM REALITY.
DON'T BELIEVE IT, DD. YOU CARE... YOU'VE GOTTA CARE. OR IT MAKES YOUR WHOLE LIFE UP TILL NOW A FARCE!
AND I DON'T THINK THIS CARE-FREE SUPER-HERO COULD ACCEPT SOMETHING AS DEPRESSING AS THAT.
HAVE A HEART, WORLD. DD'S COMING TO PULL YOU THROUGH.
AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, HE'LL FIND THE TIME TO HELP HIMSELF AS WELL.
BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT.

FACE IT, MATTHEW, YOU'RE A LOSER FROM WAY BACK.
FIRST, YOU HAVE THE IMPOSSIBLE LUCK TO BE HIT BY A TRUCK CARRYING A RADIO-ACTIVE CARGO, WHICH BOTH BLINDS YOU AND GIVES YOU SPECIAL SUPER-SENSES!
YOUR FATHER GETS KILLED TRYING TO PROTECT YOU...
YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL WHO LEAVES YOU BECAUSE ALL SHE WANTS IS SOME-ONE SHE COULD LOVE...WHO WILL BE HOME FOR SUPPER AND NOT GALLIVANTING AROUND TOWN IN RED LONGJOHNS.
ED'S
AND NOW YOUR LATEST HEART-THROB TAKES OFF BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO BE HER OWN PERSON AND NOT YOUR SECOND SHADOW.
KNOW SOME-THING, HORN-HEAD? AS FAR AS WOMEN GO, YOU'RE THE SONNY BONO OF THE SUPER-HERO SET.
HEY! I JUST REALIZED! I'M HERE!
DID SOME CHECKING, AND I LEARNED THAT THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR FOR THE COPPERHEAD SERIES LIVES HERE.
FUNNY! WITH ITS PAST POPULARITY, I'D HAVE THOUGHT HE'D BE A MILLIONAIRE, AND NOT LIVING HERE--IN A CRUMBLING TENEMENT.
YEAH? YEAH? WHO'S THERE?
MY NAME'S DAREDEVIL, MISS -- EH?
GOOCH. MRS. GOOCH. I HEARD'A YA. WHADDAYA WANT? I'M A BUSY PERSON.
SPEAK UP, WILLYA? I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY.
I'M LOOKING FOR WALTER KRANZ, THE WRITER. I UNDERSTAND HE LIVES HERE.
LIVED, BIGSHOT. HE CROAKED ABOUT A WEEK BACK. MURDERED, THE COPS SAID.
AN' HE OWED ME A MONTH'S RENT, CRUMMY CHEAP-SKATE!
NOW, GET OUTTA HERE. I GOT WORK TA DO.
SO DO I, BEAUTIFUL.
SLAM
YEAH, YOU SURE HAVE A WAY WITH THE FAIR SEX, DD. WELL, AT LEAST I GOT SOME INFORMATION.
SOMEONE KILLED WALTER KRANZ, CREATOR OF THE COPPERHEAD.
AND THAT'S PROBABLY THE SAME DIMPLED DARLING WHO'S MURDERED THOSE FOUR THIEVES.
WHICH STILL LEAVES ME PRACTICALLY NOWHERE.
ANYONE KNOW WHY I GOT OUT OF BED THIS MORNING?

I WONDER IF OTHER SUPER-HEROES HAVE THESE PROBLEMS, OR AM I THE ONLY ONE?
COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO KNOW.
I HAVE A HUNCH I'D WANT TO SHOOT MYSELF.
HOLD IT! NOISES... COMING FROM THE ALLEYWAY!
BINGO! BLESS YOU, OL' RADAR-SENSES.
KIDS!-- BEATING ON TWO MEN. PROBABLY FOR SMALL CHANGE--DRUG MONEY.
GIVE US THE LOOT, CREEP--
--OR WE'LL RIP IT OUTTA YOU-- THE HARD WAY.
UNDERSTAND, MISTER?
NO, BUT I UNDERSTAND, PUNK, AND I DON'T LIKE IT.
DAREDEVIL!?!
GIVE THE PUNK THE BOOBY-PRIZE...
...A THREE-YEAR PRISON TERM FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY!
NO WAY, HERO-- WE'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH THESE RUNNERS.
THEY'VE BEEN MILKING THIS BLOCK DRY WITH THEIR NUMBERS RACKET --NOW WE'RE GONNA MILK THEM DRY.
AND NO-ONE'S HORNING IN ON US, DIG?
YEAH, I "DIG," CREEP...
VVVVTT
...THAT NOW I'VE GOT TWO SETS OF HOODS TO CART OFF TO THE SLAMMER.
DAREDEVIL'S SENSITIVE FINGER PRESSES A SMALL BUTTON ON THE SIDE OF HIS BILLY-CLUB, THE DISGUISED WALKING STICK SUDDENLY TELESCOPES...

AND...*
YOU ASKED FOR IT, DD AN' YER GONNA GET IT!
IF YOU'D'VE TURNED YOUR BACK AN' LOOKED THE OTHER WAY, WE WOULDN'T'VE HASSLED YOU--
*WINNER OF THE SHORTEST-CAPTION-OF-THE-YEAR AWARD. --LEN.
--BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA STOP US FROM GETTIN' OUR MONEY BACK.
WANNA BET, HANDSOME?
WHAAA?
SMIT!
SMAT!
IF ALL YOU REALLY WANTED WAS YOUR MONEY, YOU'D HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE AND EXPOSED THESE RUNNERS.
BUT SINCE YOU'VE DECIDED TO ENGAGE IN A LITTLE BLOOD-LETTING...
..IT'S UP TO YOURS TRULY TO STOP YOU.
UNDERSTAND, HANDSOME?
GOOD, MASKED MAN. REAL GOOD!
BUT SAVE THE SPEECHES FOR THE WOMEN'S CLUBS.
THEY DON'T WASH WITH US.
C'MON -- WE'LL HIT 'IM TOGETHER!
WELL, THERE GOES ANOTHER GOOD IDEA DOWN THE DRAIN, EH, PIMPLES?
C'MON, SPEAK UP.
I CAN USE ANOTHER LAUGH!
SPLAM!


THEN GAG ON THIS, HORNHEAD!
EVEN IF YOU STOP MOST OF US, ONE'S BOUND TO GET YOU.
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE US ALL!
I CAN SURE TRY, SMILEY!
AND YOU CAN'T PUT A MAN DOWN FOR TRYING, NOW CAN YOU?
COOL IT, DD--YOU DON'T WANT TO CRIPPLE THEM--JUST HOLD 'EM FOR THE POLICE.
THEY'RE ONLY KIDS, AND--UH-OH!
ONE OF THEM, BEHIND ME--HOLDING A GARBAGE CAN.
A MOMENT... 1-2--NOW!
TSK, TSK--LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
CLANG
YOU CAN GET A SUMMONS FOR LITTERING THE STREETS.
GRIME DOESN'T PAY, CHUCKLES... DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?
THWAT!
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU DIDN'T. MAYBE YOU NEED A LESSON!
C'MON, JUMP 'IM! HE CAN'T TAKE US ALL!
DON'T BET ON IT, BUSTER!
C'MON, LET'S SCRAM BEFORE THEY COME AFTER US AGAIN.
DD'S MOPPING THE BLASTED SIDEWALK WITH 'EM!
MAN, AM I GLAD WE DON'T HAFTA FIGHT HIM.
BUT YOU MUSSST DEAL WITH ME, FOOLSSS.
I D-DON'T KNOW... AN' I DON'T WANNA FIND OUT!
HUNH? WHO'S HE?

NOW THEN, WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO TAKE YOU ALL ON?
NO ANSWER, EH?
EMBARRASSED?
YOU SHOULD BE!
HE'S GONNA CREAM US ALL. WE'LL BE THROWN IN THE SLAMMER FOR GOOD.
CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN. CAN'T!
HE'S GOTTA BE STOPPED. I JUST CAN'T GO TO JAIL.
MY MOTHER'D KILL HERSELF IF SHE KNEW WHAT I WAS UP TO.
I-I CAN'T BE TAKEN AWAY.
NO USE... I CAN'T SHOOT. I'M NO MURDERER--
VVIIIP
AGGGHHH!!
VERMIN! YOU MUSSST NOT KILL!
SSSO SSSAYSSS THE COPPER-HEAD!
ANOTHER COSTUMED CLOWN!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE--AN' FAST!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, GIL--
--I'M SPLITTIN'-- NOW!

YOU ARE GOING NOWHERE, FOOLSSS.
FOR YOUR CRIMESSS, YOU MUSSST PAY--
--WITH YOUR LIVESSS!
COPPERHEAD? HE'S THE KILLER?!?
THANKS FOR THE HELP, CHARLIE-- BUT I COULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF THEM MYSELF--
--WITHOUT RESORTING TO MURDER!
NOW YOU'RE AS GUILTY AS THEY WERE--
--ONLY MORE SO.
YOU'RE A FULL-FLEDGED MURDERER!
MISSSCREANT--
SPWIT!
I AM THE COPPER-HEAD! ARCH-ENEMY OF CRIME! DESSSTROYER OF EVIL!!
AND I'M SANTA CLAUS! NICE TO MEETCHA!
LEAVING ALREADY, BODY-BEAUTIFUL--?
I HAVEN'T EVEN GIVEN YOU YOUR PRESENTS, YET.
NAMELY, A SCARLET-HUED GLOVE-- THE FIST INSIDE IS A FREE BONUS!
SPAN!
YEEEOOWWW!
SSSATISFIED, FOOL?
NOT QUITE, SHINY!
AT LEAST, YOU COULD HAVE WARNED ME THAT YOUR FACE MASK IS MADE OF REAL COPPER.
OR DID YOU WANT ME TO BREAK MY HAND PUNCHING IT?

LET'S CHECK IF YOUR SOLAR PLEXIS IS AS HARD AS YOUR PRETTY FACE!
OBOY
IT IS!
SCUNG!
BEFORE I GO FOR A THIRD BROKEN HAND, I THINK I'LL LET MY TRUSTY BILLY-CLUB EARN ITS KEEP.
C'MON, BILLY-BOY--
FLIP!
--DO YOUR THING!
HAVEN'T YOU SSSEEN ENOUGH, COSTUMED FOOL?
I CAN NOT BE SSSTOPPED BY FOOLSSS!
ZWING!
I CAN NOT BE SSSTOPPED BY ANY EVIL-DOERSSS!
MY DESSSTINY ISSS TO ROOT OUT ALL CRIMINALSSS--
-- AND DESSSTROY THEM!
I HAD HEARD THAT DAREDEVIL FOUGHT ON THE SSSIDE OF JUSSSTICE. BUT NOW YOU'VE SHOWN ME WHAT YOU TRULY ARE--
--ANOTHER FOOL WHO MUSSST FEEL THE SSSTING OF THE COPPERHEAD!
NEXT:
DEATH OF A SUPER-HERO!
DON'T DARE MISS IT!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
125
SEPT
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
DEATH
BENEATH A STORM-SWEPT SKY!
YOU WANTED TO LEARN WHO WAS BURIED IN THIS GRAVE, FOOL--AND NOW YOU KNOW...
IT'S YOU!
"VENGEANCE!" CRIES THE COPPERHEAD!

STan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

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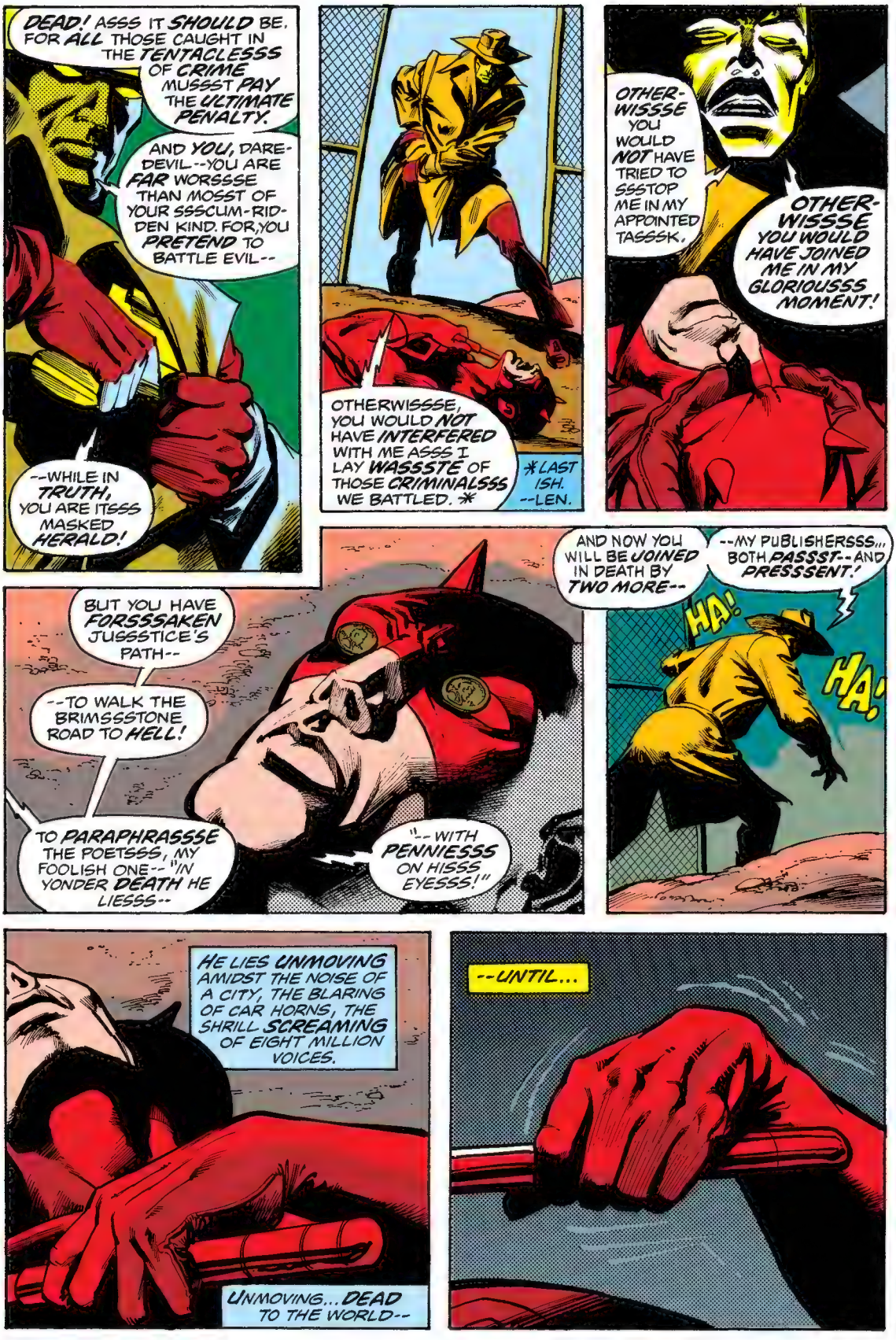
VENGEANCE IS THE COPPERHEAD!

I HAD HEARD THAT DAREDEVIL FOUGHT ON THE SSSIDE OF JUSSSTICE. BUT NOW YOU'VE SHOWN ME WHAT YOU TRULY ARE--

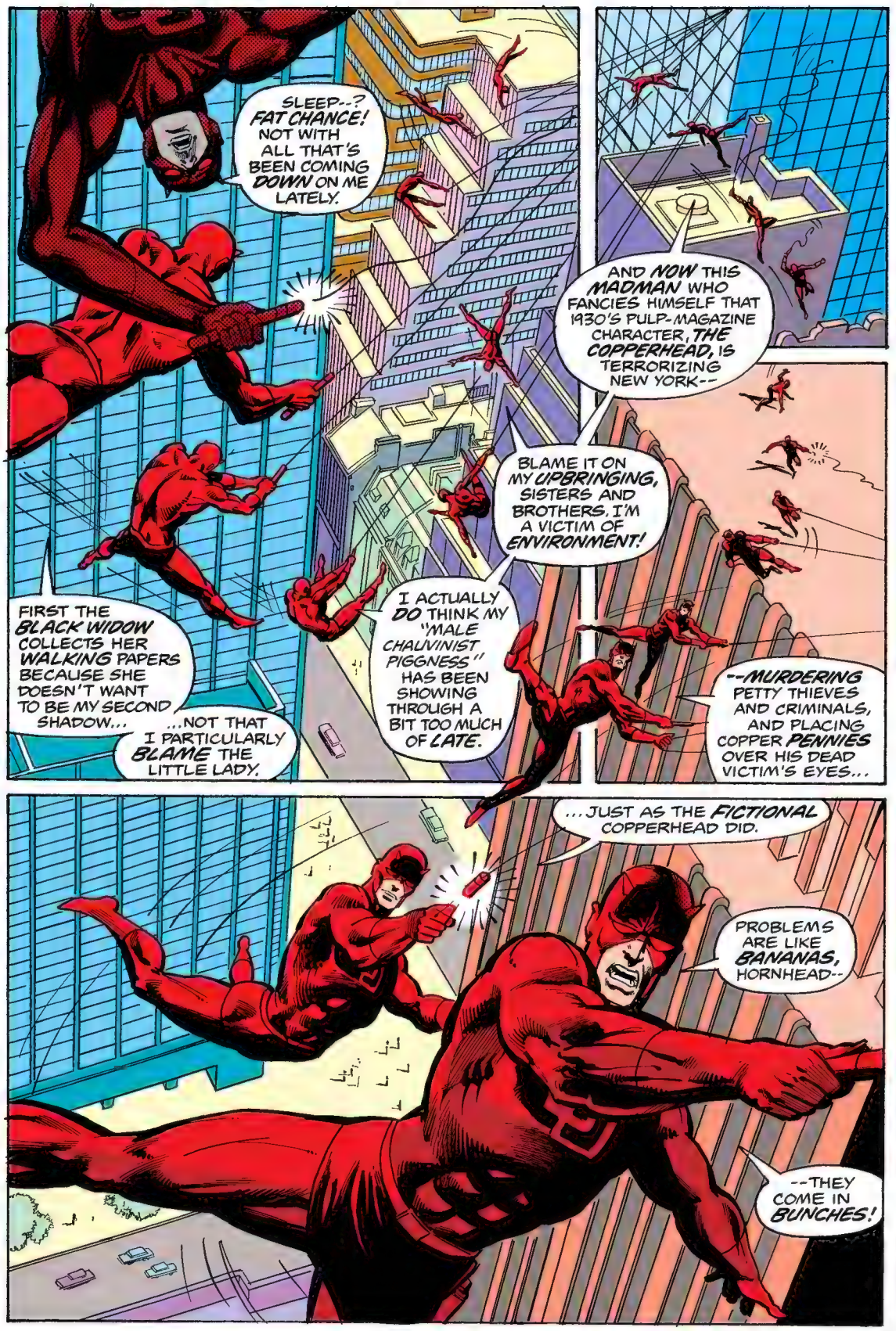
--JUSSST ONE MORE FOOL WHO MUSSST FEEL THE SSSTING OF-- THE COPPERHEAD!

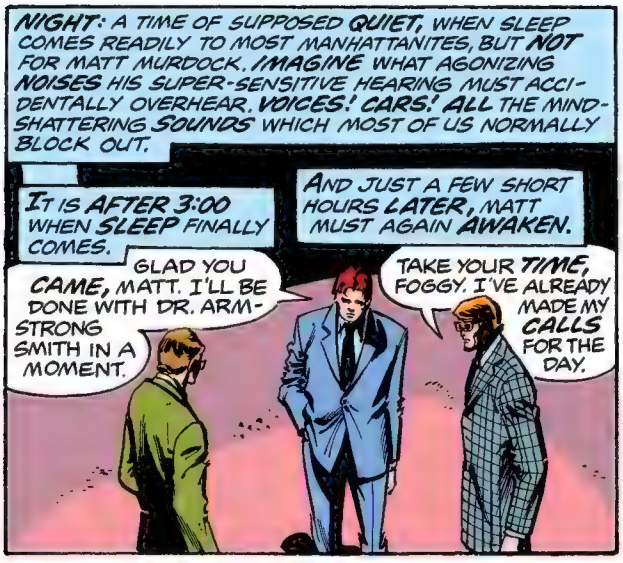
AND, RATHER THAN BREAK THE ACTION RIGHT HERE FOR OUR CUSTOMARY INSTANT SYNOPSIS, JUST TURN THE PAGES AND READ ON, TRUSTED ONE.

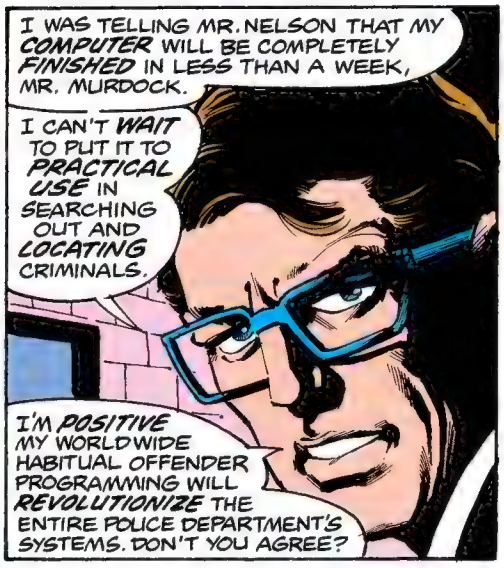
WE GUARANTEE THE SSSTORY WILL SSSOON MAKE PERFECT SSSENSE!


DEAD! ASSS IT SHOULD BE, FOR ALL THOSE CAUGHT IN THE TENTACLESSS OF CRIME MUSSST PAY THE ULTIMATE PENALTY.
AND YOU, DARE-DEVIL--YOU ARE FAR WORSSSE THAN MOSST OF YOUR SSSCUM-RIDDEN KIND. FOR, YOU PRETEND TO BATTLE EVIL--
--WHILE IN TRUTH, YOU ARE ITSSS MASKED HERALD!
OTHERWISSSE, YOU WOULD NOT HAVE INTERFERED WITH ME ASSS I LAY WASSSTE OF THOSE CRIMINALSSS WE BATTLED. *
*LAST ISH. --LEN.
OTHER-WISSSE YOU WOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO SSSTOP ME IN MY APPOINTED TASSSK.
OTHER-WISSSE YOU WOULD HAVE JOINED ME IN MY GLORIOUSSS MOMENT!
BUT YOU HAVE FORSSSAKEN JUSSSTICE'S PATH--
--TO WALK THE BRIMSSSTONE ROAD TO HELL!
TO PARAPHRASSSE THE POETSSS, MY FOOLISH ONE--"IN YONDER DEATH HE LIESSS--
"--WITH PENNIESSS ON HISSS EYESSS!"
AND NOW YOU WILL BE JOINED IN DEATH BY TWO MORE--
--MY PUBLISHERSSS... BOTH PASSST--AND PRESSSENT!
HA!
HA!
HE LIES UNMOVING AMIDST THE NOISE OF A CITY, THE BLARING OF CAR HORNS, THE SHRILL SCREAMING OF EIGHT MILLION VOICES.
UNMOVING... DEAD TO THE WORLD--
--UNTIL...

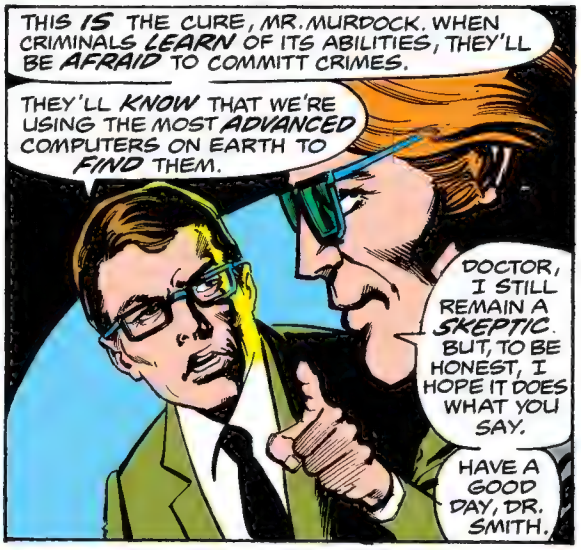
WHEW! A FEW MORE SECONDS AND HE WOULD HAVE SEEN ME BREATHING!
DD, OL' BUDDY--GO HOME FOR THE NIGHT AND THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS--
--THAT YOUR TRUSTY RADAR SENSE PICKED UP THE COPPERHEAD'S PULLING OF THE TRIGGER--
--AND THAT YOUR HANDS ARE FASTER THAN HIS EYES!
BUT IT'S NOT BEDTIME FOR YOU YET, IS IT, DD?
MIDNIGHT'S WHEN THE FUN BEGINS FOR US HEROES IN LONG-JOHNS.
ZING!
HMMM. I WONDER IF THOSE OTHER GUYS GET THEIR REGULAR EIGHT HOURS?
'CAUSE THIS LONESOME COWBOY SURE DOESN'T!
AH WELL, THAT'S THE PRICE OF FAME!
FAME--? HAH! THAT AND THIRTY-FIVE CENTS MAY JUST ABOUT BUY ME A SUBWAY RIDE THESE DAYS.
BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT.
NO SIGN OF THE COPPERHEAD; HE'S LONG GONE BY NOW--PROBABLY BRAGGING TO THE OTHER GUTTER RATS ABOUT HOW HE TURNED ME INTO SCARLET SWISS CHEESE!
WHICH MEANS THERE'S NO REASON TO HANG AROUND HERE ANYMORE--
--UNLESS I GET MY PRIVATE JOLLIES BEING A CITY-SPANNING, RADAR-SENSED VOYEUR!
JUST ONE MORE GO-ROUND AND I'LL PACK IT IN.
FACT IS, I THINK THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE ENERGY LEFT IN THIS CURRENTLY UNEMPLOYED ATTORNEY.
AND, IF MATT-THE-MOUTHPIECE WANTS TO FIND A JOB TOMORROW, HE'D BETTER GET HIS BEAUTY REST TONIGHT.


SLEEP--? FAT CHANCE! NOT WITH ALL THAT'S BEEN COMING DOWN ON ME LATELY.
AND NOW THIS MADMAN WHO FANCIES HIMSELF THAT 1930'S PULP-MAGAZINE CHARACTER, THE COPPERHEAD, IS TERRORIZING NEW YORK--
BLAME IT ON MY UPBRINGING, SISTERS AND BROTHERS. I'M A VICTIM OF ENVIRONMENT!
FIRST THE BLACK WIDOW COLLECTS HER WALKING PAPERS BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE MY SECOND SHADOW...
...NOT THAT I PARTICULARLY BLAME THE LITTLE LADY.
I ACTUALLY DO THINK MY "MALE CHAUVINIST PIGGNESS" HAS BEEN SHOWING THROUGH A BIT TOO MUCH OF LATE.
--MURDERING PETTY THIEVES AND CRIMINALS, AND PLACING COPPER PENNIES OVER HIS DEAD VICTIM'S EYES...
...JUST AS THE FICTIONAL COPPERHEAD DID.
PROBLEMS ARE LIKE BANANAS, HORNHEAD--
--THEY COME IN BUNCHES!

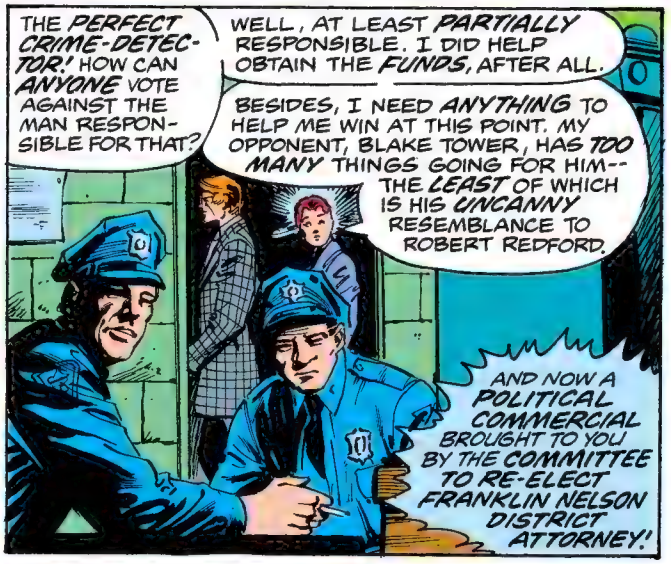

NIGHT: A TIME OF SUPPOSED QUIET, WHEN SLEEP COMES READILY TO MOST MANHATTANITES, BUT NOT FOR MATT MURDOCK. IMAGINE WHAT AGONIZING NOISES HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING MUST ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEAR. VOICES! CARS! ALL THE MIND-SHATTERING SOUNDS WHICH MOST OF US NORMALLY BLOCK OUT.
IT IS AFTER 3:00 WHEN SLEEP FINALLY COMES.
AND JUST A FEW SHORT HOURS LATER, MATT MUST AGAIN AWAKEN.
GLAD YOU CAME, MATT. I'LL BE DONE WITH DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH IN A MOMENT.
TAKE YOUR TIME, FOGGY. I'VE ALREADY MADE MY CALLS FOR THE DAY.


I WAS TELLING MR. NELSON THAT MY COMPUTER WILL BE COMPLETELY FINISHED IN LESS THAN A WEEK, MR. MURDOCK.
I CAN'T WAIT TO PUT IT TO PRACTICAL USE IN SEARCHING OUT AND LOCATING CRIMINALS.
I'M POSITIVE MY WORLDWIDE HABITUAL OFFENDER PROGRAMMING WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE ENTIRE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S SYSTEMS. DON'T YOU AGREE?

SORRY TO BE SUCH A DOWNER, DR. SMITH--BUT I'M NOT HOLDING MY BREATH FOR ANY INSTANT CURE-ALLS.
YOUR COMPUTERS WILL BE A GREAT AID IN THE LOCATION OF CRIMINALS, BUT WHAT WE NEED IS A METHOD FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.
BEGINNING WITH THE SOCIAL CAUSES AND ON DOWN.


THIS IS THE CURE, MR. MURDOCK. WHEN CRIMINALS LEARN OF ITS ABILITIES, THEY'LL BE AFRAID TO COMMITT CRIMES.
THEY'LL KNOW THAT WE'RE USING THE MOST ADVANCED COMPUTERS ON EARTH TO FIND THEM.
DOCTOR, I STILL REMAIN A SKEPTIC. BUT, TO BE HONEST, I HOPE IT DOES WHAT YOU SAY.
HAVE A GOOD DAY, DR. SMITH.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT ABOUT SMITH, MATT. I HAVE THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN HIM.
BESIDES, I THINK THAT LITTLE GIZMO OF HIS WILL HELP ME WIN MY RE-ELECTION.


THE PERFECT CRIME-DETECTOR! HOW CAN ANYONE VOTE AGAINST THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT?
WELL, AT LEAST PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE. I DID HELP OBTAIN THE FUNDS, AFTER ALL.
BESIDES, I NEED ANYTHING TO HELP ME WIN AT THIS POINT. MY OPPONENT, BLAKE TOWER, HAS TOO MANY THINGS GOING FOR HIM--THE LEAST OF WHICH IS HIS UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO ROBERT REDFORD.
AND NOW A POLITICAL COMMERCIAL BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE COMMITTEE TO RE-ELECT FRANKLIN NELSON DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

HEY, I WANT TO HEAR THIS! BRADY, MY MANAGER, MUST'VE FINALLY WHIPPED UP SOME ADVERTISING FOR ME.
C'MON, MATT.
THIS IS FRANKLIN NELSON, NEW YORK'S FIGHTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
HMMM. INTERESTING, ISN'T IT, MATT? I LOOK ALMOST FAT ON THE TELEVISION.
THEY SAY THE TV CAMERAS DO THAT TO YOU.
FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS, D.A. NELSON HAS WORKED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL NEW YORKERS REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED, COLOR OR SEX.
BUT, FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT REASON THAT YOU SHOULD RE-ELECT FRANKLIN NELSON--
--WELL, HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN BRING THE FUN BACK TO FUN CITY.
VOTE FOR NELSON, AND LEARN WHY HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM FOGGY!
WHAT IN THE WORLD!?! HAS BRADY GONE MAD? OR WORSE?!!
THAT CREEP MUST'VE SOLD OUT TO TOWER!
I'LL BE A LAUGHING STOCK!
LET US NOW LEAVE OUR FIGHTING LAUGHING ST--ER, D.A. AND MOVE SOUTH--TO THE LOWER EAST SIDE...
...TO A SMALL, RE-CONSTRUCTED, BROWNSTONE.
AND INTO THE DIMLY-LIT ROOM WHERE WORKS--THE COPPERHEAD.
THE ADJUSSST-MENTSSS WILL SSSOON BE DONE--AND THE COPPERHEAD CAN AGAIN SSSTALK THE SSSTREETSSS IN SSSEARCH OF CRIME.
FOR, CRIME ISSS A BITTER PILL--
--WHICH MUSSST NEVER BE SSSWAL-LOWED!
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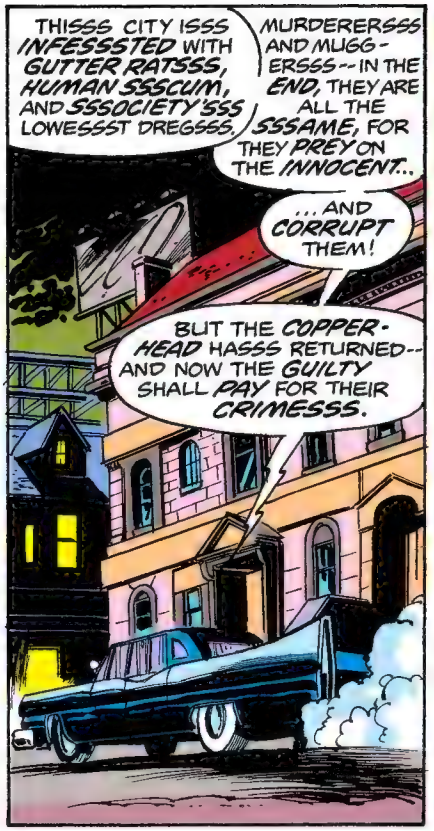
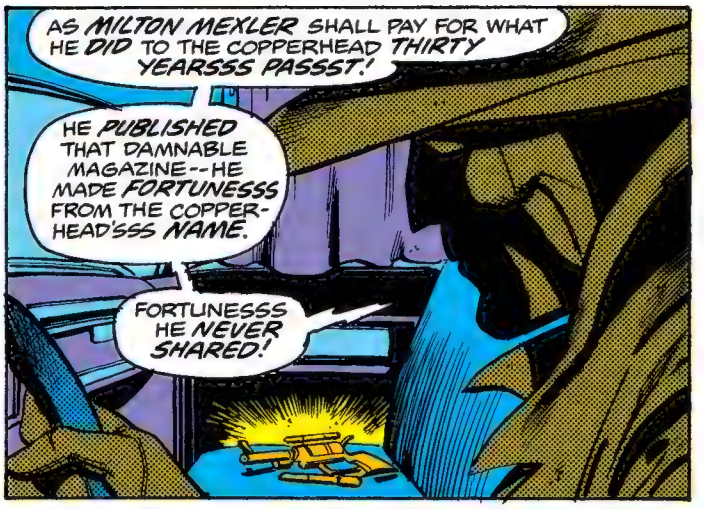
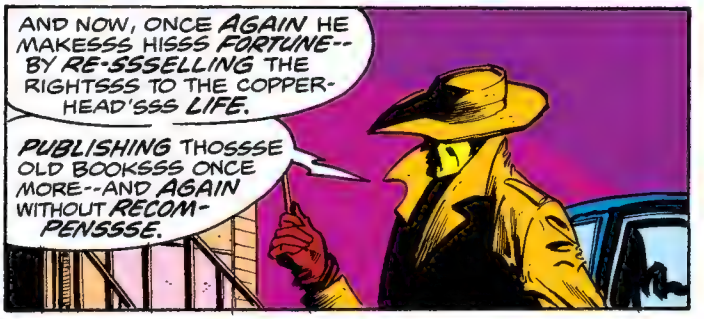
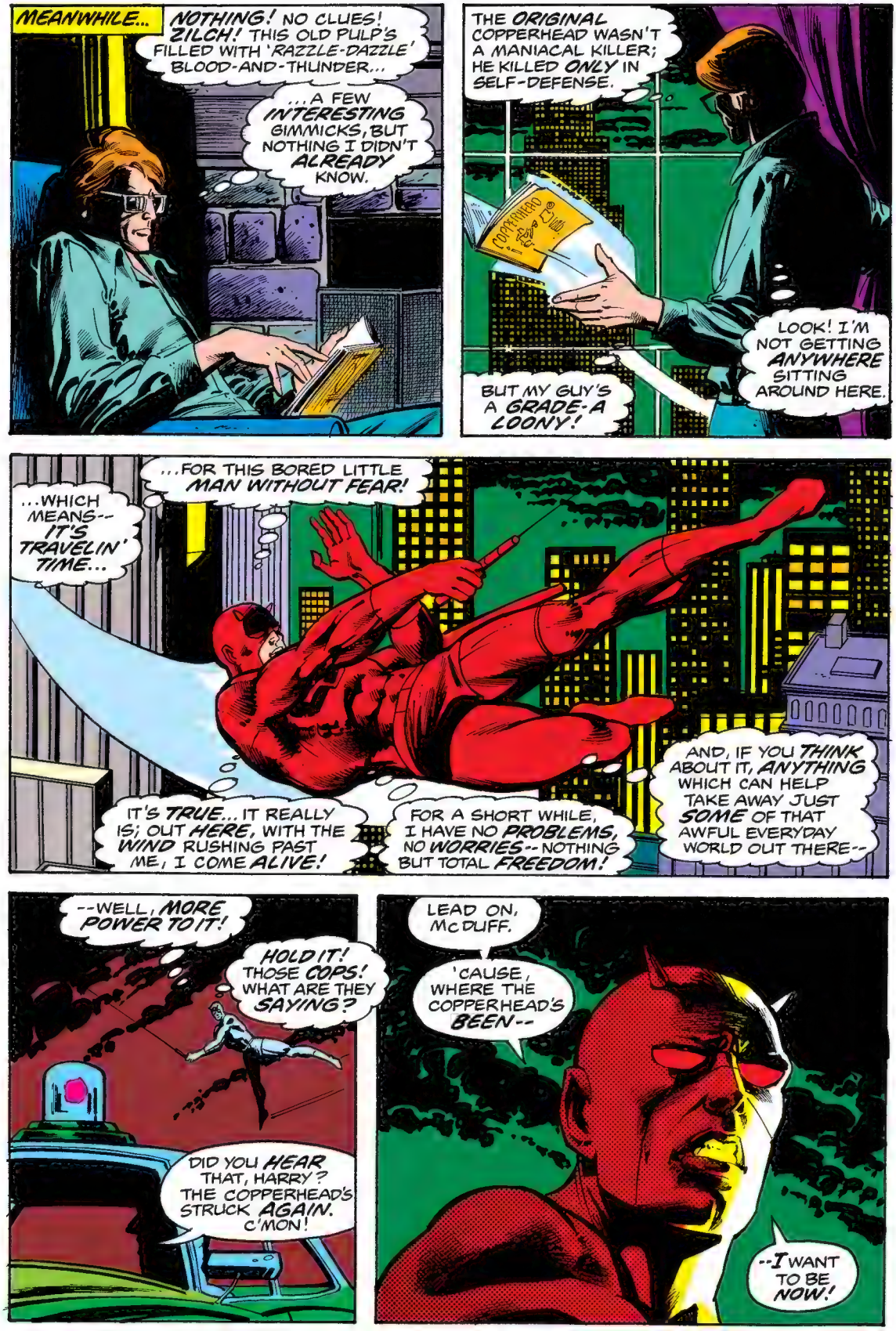

THISSS CITY ISSS INFESSSTED WITH GUTTER RATSSS, HUMAN SSSCUM, AND SSSOCIETY'SSS LOWESSST DREGSSS,
MURDERERSSS AND MUGG-ERSSS--IN THE END, THEY ARE ALL THE SSSAME, FOR THEY PREY ON THE INNOCENT..
...AND CORRUPT THEM!
BUT THE COPPER-HEAD HASSS RETURNED--AND NOW THE GUILTY SHALL PAY FOR THEIR CRIMESSS.

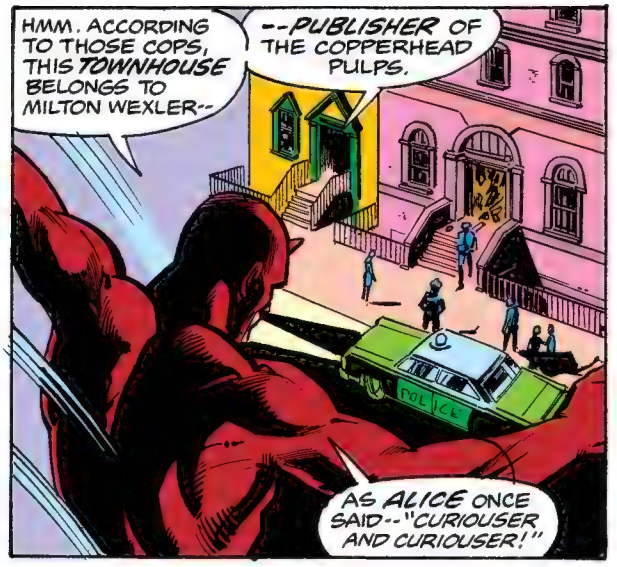

AS MILTON MEXLER SHALL PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO THE COPPERHEAD THIRTY YEARSSS PASSST!
HE PUBLISHED THAT DAMNABLE MAGAZINE--HE MADE FORTUNESSS FROM THE COPPER-HEAD'SSS NAME.
FORTUNESSS HE NEVER SHARED!


AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN HE MAKESSS HISSS FORTUNE--BY RE-SSSELLING THE RIGHTSSS TO THE COPPER-HEAD'SSS LIFE.
PUBLISHING THOSSSE OLD BOOKSSS ONCE MORE--AND AGAIN WITHOUT RECOM-PENSSSE.

'TIS NOT THE COPPERHEAD WHO NOW SSSLAYS MILTON WEXLER--
--'TIS GREED.
ZWITT!
AND GREED ISSS A SSSIN WHICH MUSSST BE AVENGED.

VENGEANCE BELONGSSS TO JUSSSTICE--
--AND JUSSSTICE ISSS THE COPPERHEAD!
SPLAM!

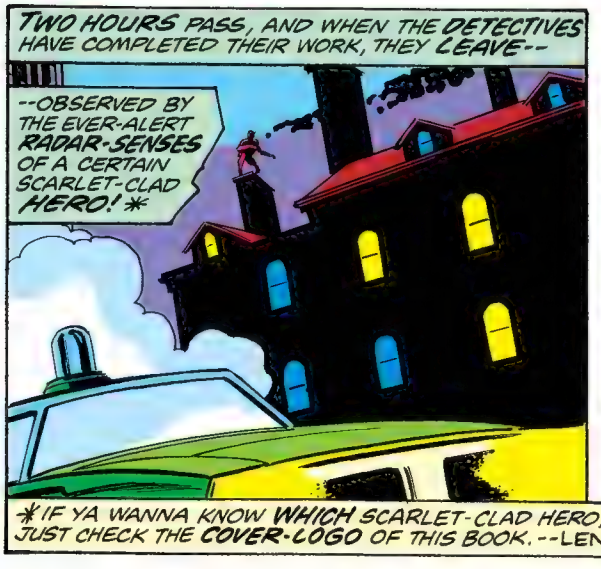

MEANWHILE...
NOTHING! NO CLUES! ZILCH! THIS OLD PULP'S FILLED WITH 'RAZZLE-DAZZLE' BLOOD-AND-THUNDER...
...A FEW INTERESTING GIMMICKS, BUT NOTHING I DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW.
THE ORIGINAL COPPERHEAD WASN'T A MANIACAL KILLER; HE KILLED ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE.
COPPERHEAD
LOOK! I'M NOT GETTING ANYWHERE SITTING AROUND HERE.
BUT MY GUY'S A GRADE-A LOONY!
...FOR THIS BORED LITTLE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
...WHICH MEANS-- IT'S TRAVELIN' TIME...
AND, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, ANYTHING WHICH CAN HELP TAKE AWAY JUST SOME OF THAT AWFUL EVERYDAY WORLD OUT THERE--
IT'S TRUE... IT REALLY IS; OUT HERE, WITH THE WIND RUSHING PAST ME, I COME ALIVE!
FOR A SHORT WHILE, I HAVE NO PROBLEMS, NO WORRIES-- NOTHING BUT TOTAL FREEDOM!
--WELL, MORE POWER TO IT!
HOLD IT! THOSE COPS! WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
DID YOU HEAR THAT, HARRY? THE COPPERHEAD'S STRUCK AGAIN. C'MON!
LEAD ON, McDUFF.
'CAUSE, WHERE THE COPPERHEAD'S BEEN--
--I WANT TO BE NOW!

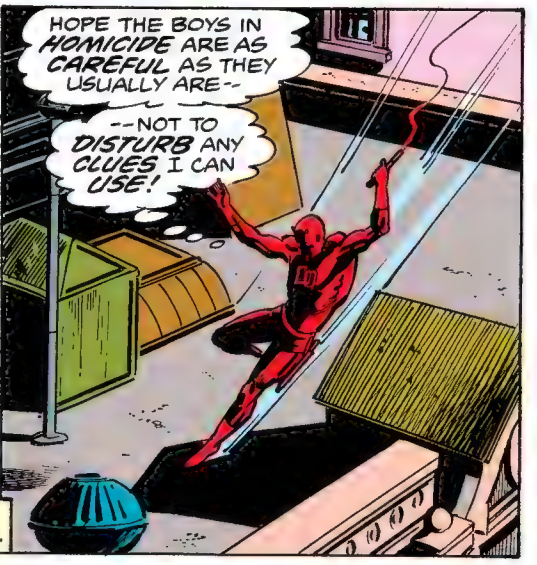

HMM. ACCORDING TO THOSE COPS, THIS TOWNHOUSE BELONGS TO MILTON WEXLER--
--PUBLISHER OF THE COPPERHEAD PULPS.
POLICE
AS ALICE ONCE SAID--"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!"

DAREDEVIL! WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST WANT TO BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE, OFFICER. I HAD A SKIRMISH MYSELF WITH THE COPPERHEAD LAST NIGHT.
WELL, GOOD FOR YOU, FELLA. NOW, BUG OFF!
I DON'T WANT ANY MORE COSTUMED CLOWNS AROUND HERE.

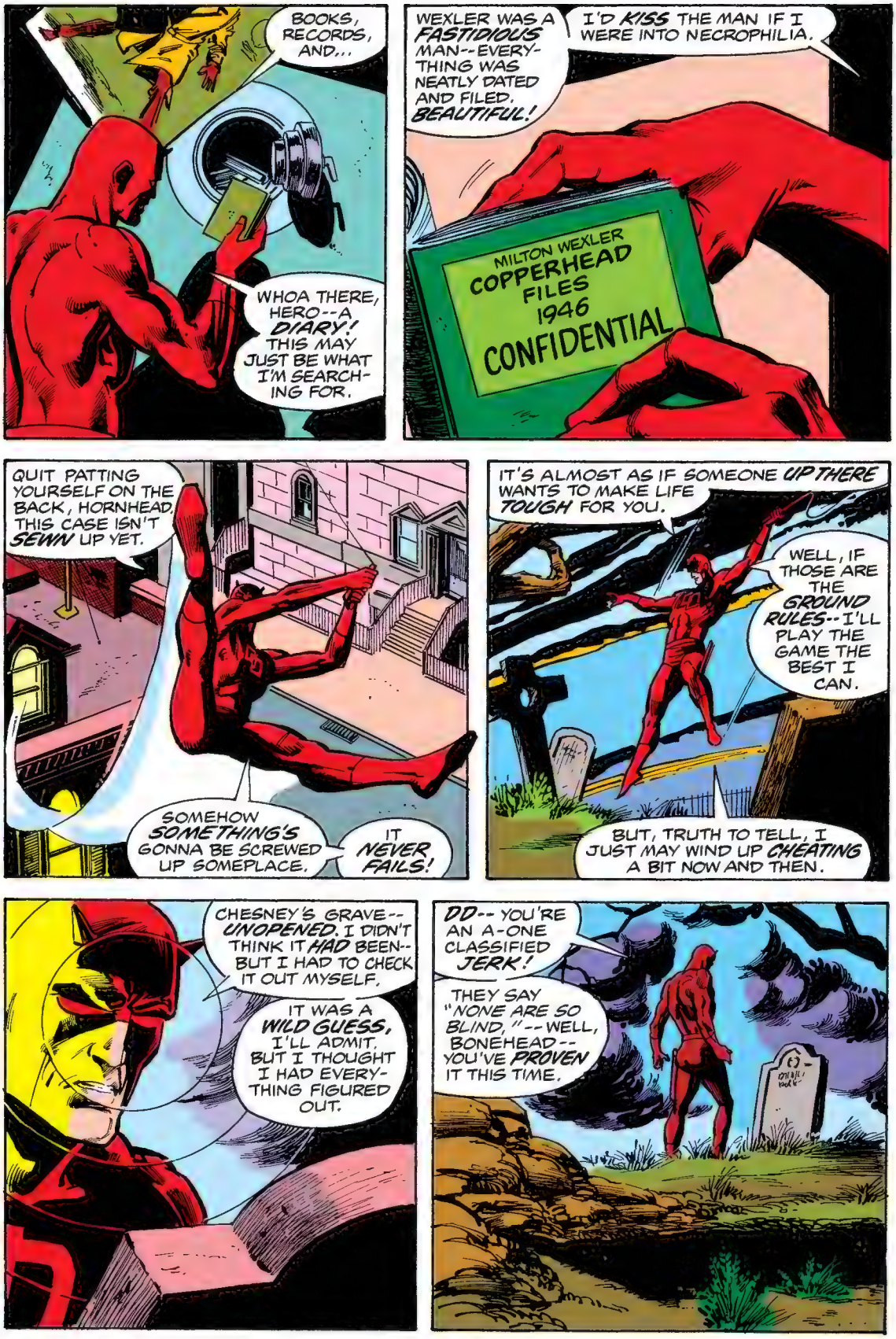
OF COURSE, MEIN KAPITAN. I'M SORRY I'M SUCH A BOTHER TO NEW YORK'S FINEST.
I THINK I'LL GO HOME AND SHOOT MYSELF--
--SEEING AS I'M NO LONGER NEEDED.

BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER, FRIEND--
AND WHEN YOU'RE GONE, I'LL BE BACK.


TWO HOURS PASS, AND WHEN THE DETECTIVES HAVE COMPLETED THEIR WORK, THEY LEAVE--
--OBSERVED BY THE EVER-ALERT RADAR-SENSES OF A CERTAIN SCARLET-CLAD HERO! *
* IF YA WANNA KNOW WHICH SCARLET-CLAD HERO, JUST CHECK THE COVER-LOGO OF THIS BOOK. --LEN.


HOPE THE BOYS IN HOMICIDE ARE AS CAREFUL AS THEY USUALLY ARE--
--NOT TO DISTURB ANY CLUES I CAN USE!

A LIBRARY-- I SMELL YELLOWING PULP PAPER--
--AND BOOKS. THOUSANDS OF THEM.
IF ONLY THEY WEREN'T ALL COPPERHEAD PULPS, I'D SAY WEXLER WAS ONE WELL-READ GENT.
DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, BUT MAYBE SOMEWHERE THE POLICE OVERLOOKED SOME IMPORTANT DETAIL.
AT LEAST I HOPE SO.
WEXLER'S PAPERS SAY NOTHING, BUT THAT ISN'T SURPRISING.
FROM WHAT I GATHER, WEXLER'S A GREEDY, SELFISH, SECRETIVE TYPE WHO WOULDN'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT IN THE OPEN.
WHICH MEANS THERE JUST MAY BE A--
BINGO! A SAFE-- BEHIND THAT COVER-PAINTING.
THE POLICE COULDN'T OPEN IT WITHOUT A WRIT, BUT DAREDEVIL DOESN'T WORK FOR THE LAW--
--ONLY FOR JUSTICE!
ALL RIGHT, SUPER-HEARING-- DO YOUR STUFF!
TUMBLERS CLICKING INTO PLACE.
THE SAFE'S OPENING.

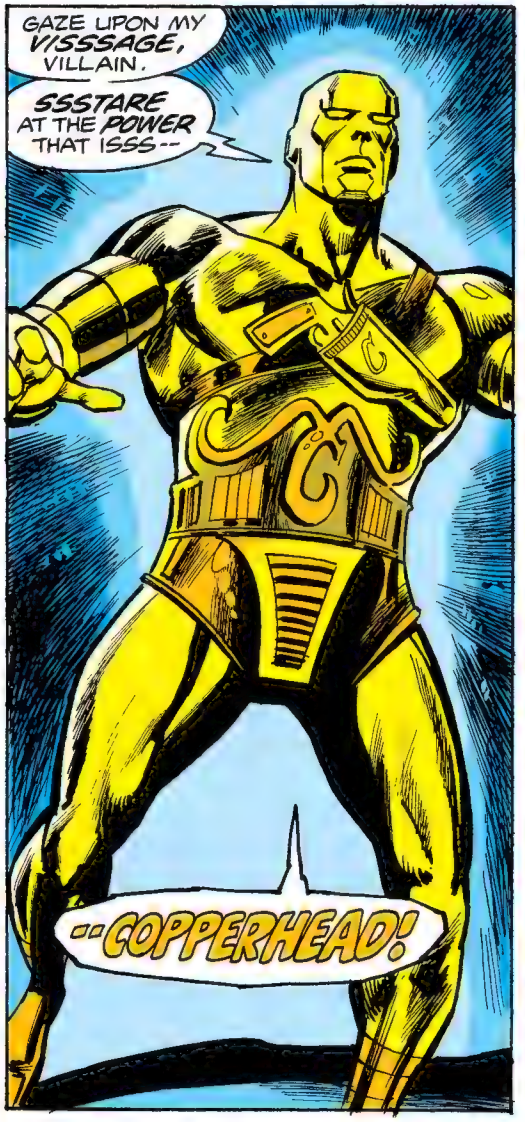

BOOKS, RECORDS, AND...
WHOA THERE, HERO--A DIARY! THIS MAY JUST BE WHAT I'M SEARCHING FOR.
WEXLER WAS A FASTIDIOUS MAN--EVERYTHING WAS NEATLY DATED AND FILED. BEAUTIFUL!
I'D KISS THE MAN IF I WERE INTO NECROPHILIA.
MILTON WEXLER
COPPERHEAD FILES
1946
CONFIDENTIAL
QUIT PATTING YOURSELF ON THE BACK, HORNHEAD. THIS CASE ISN'T SEWN UP YET.
SOMEHOW SOMETHING'S GONNA BE SCREWED UP SOMEPLACE.
IT NEVER FAILS!
IT'S ALMOST AS IF SOMEONE UP THERE WANTS TO MAKE LIFE TOUGH FOR YOU.
WELL, IF THOSE ARE THE GROUND RULES--I'LL PLAY THE GAME THE BEST I CAN.
BUT, TRUTH TO TELL, I JUST MAY WIND UP CHEATING A BIT NOW AND THEN.
CHESNEY'S GRAVE--UNOPENED. I DIDN'T THINK IT HAD BEEN--BUT I HAD TO CHECK IT OUT MYSELF.
IT WAS A WILD GUESS, I'LL ADMIT. BUT I THOUGHT I HAD EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT.
DD--YOU'RE AN A-ONE CLASSIFIED JERK!
THEY SAY "NONE ARE SO BLIND,"--WELL, BONEHEAD--YOU'VE PROVEN IT THIS TIME.

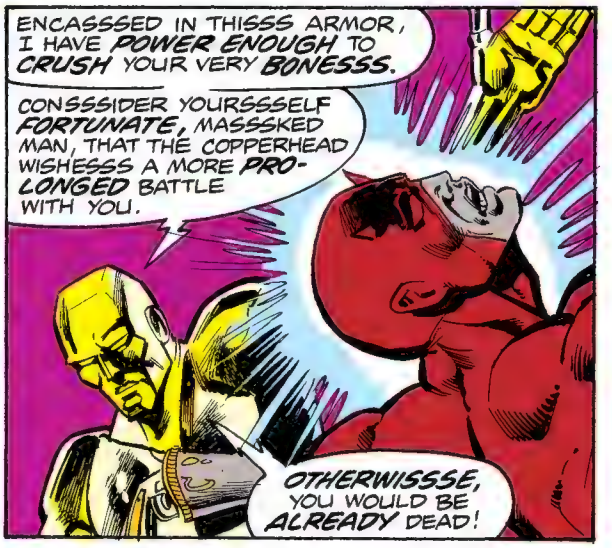
FOSSSTER-- YOU'VE MADE YOUR FORTUNE USSSING THE COPPERHEAD'SSS NAME. A FORTUNE THAT DOESSS NOT BELONG TO YOU.
RELINQUISH YOUR MONEY, AND I WILL SSSPARE YOU.
RESSSIST, AND YOU MUST DIE!
WALTER KRANZ DIED WHEN HE REFUSSSED TO PAY ME. HE SSSAID HE NEVER MADE MONEY WRITING MY ADVENTURESSS.
DID HE TRULY EXPECT THAT THE COPPERHEAD WASSS A FOOL? NATURALLY, I KILLED HIM.
WHEN I APPROACHED WEXLER MORE THAN A WEEK AGO FOR HISSS SHARE, HE, TOO REFUSSSED ME.
NOW HE ISSS DEAD ASSS WELL.
FINALLY YOU, MARTIN FOSTER, YOU ARE MAKING MONEY USING MY NAME. YOU ARE RE-PUBLISHING MY OLD ADVENTURESSS--RE-PACKAGING THEM ASSS PAPERBACK BOOKSSS,
I NOW GIVE YOU MY OFFER. SHARE YOUR MONEY WITH ME. GIVE ME WHAT ISSS RIGHTFULLY MINE.
CO-OPERATE, AND LIVE. REFUSSSE-- AND DIE!
YOU'RE A WALKING LOONY TUNE, YOU KNOW THAT, MISTER?
THE COPPERHEAD'S A CHARACTER--TOTAL FICTION. HE DOESN'T EXIST. HE NEVER EXISTED!
GO PLAY YOUR IDIOT GAMES ELSEWHERE, PSYCHO! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
THEN YOU LEAVE ME BUT ONE CHOICE.
MARTIN FOSSSTER. THE COPPERHEAD CONDEMNSSS YOU TO DEA--
SPLANG!
WHAT?!?!
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN, GORGEOUS-- BUT HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

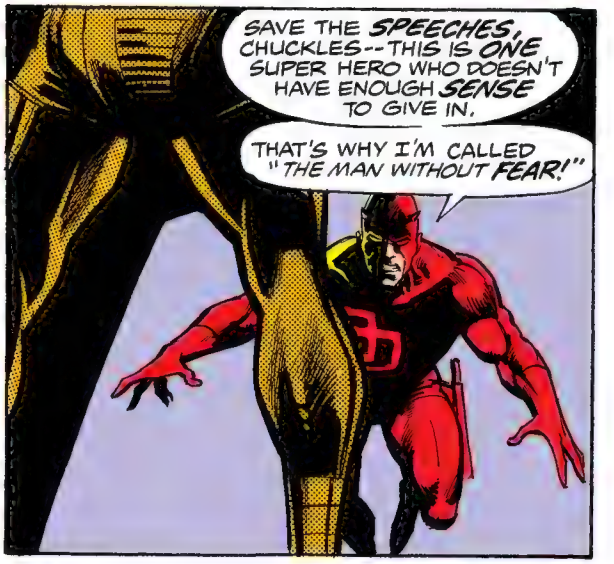
DAREDEVIL! BUT I THOUGHT--
THAT'S BEEN YOUR PROBLEM ALL ALONG, COPPERHEAD-- YOU THINK TOO MUCH.
FROM NOW ON, LET ME DO THE THINKING FOR YOU. UNDERSTAND--?
BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T--
--YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY!
MOVE IT, FOSTER--
--UNLESS YOU LIKE TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY.
THIS IS GOING TO BE THE MIDDLE OF A WAR-ZONE ANY MINUTE NOW.
ARE YOU FINISHED YET, DAREDEVIL?
HAVE YOU ALREADY FORGOTTEN THAT MY ENTIRE FORM IS ENCASED IN INPENETRABLE COPPER ARMOR?
SPLAM
HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED THAT THE COPPERHEAD CAN NOT BE SSSO EASILY DEFEATED?

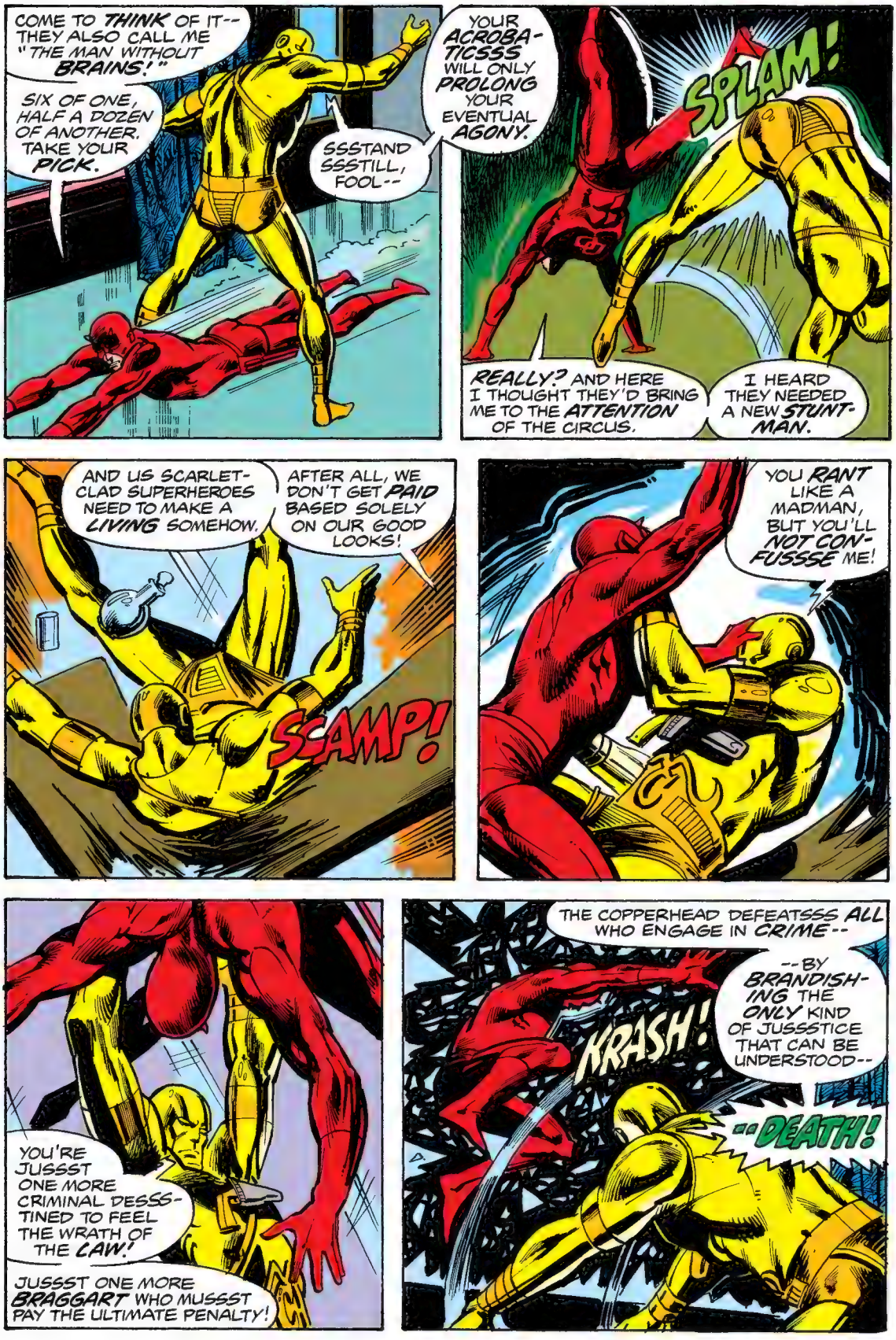
YOU SSSTILL PERSISSST, DO YOU, DARE-DEVIL? YOU SSSTILL BELIEVE YOU CAN ACTUALLY DEFEAT ME.
TRY WHAT YOU WISH, COSTUMED CLOWN...

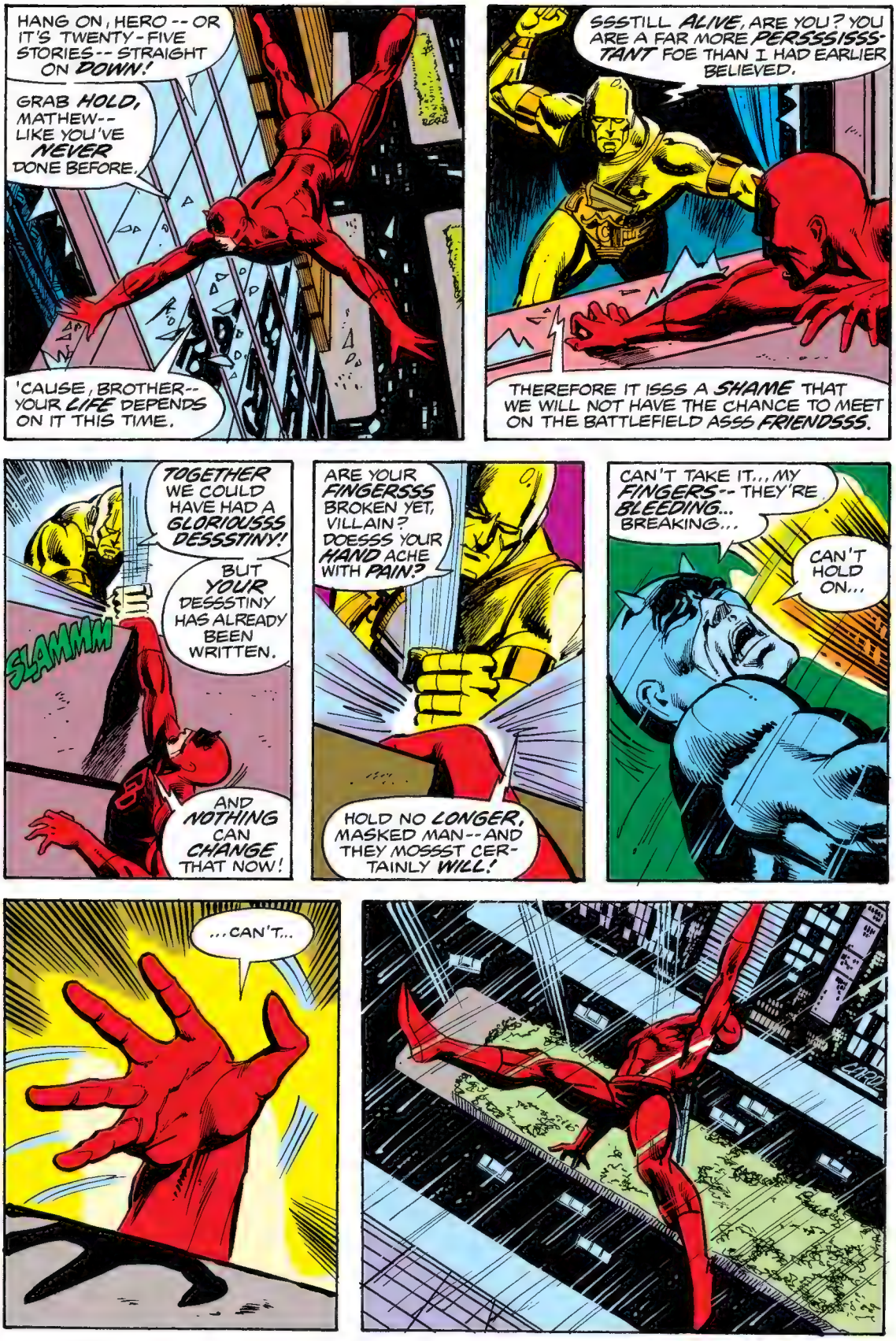
...IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT!

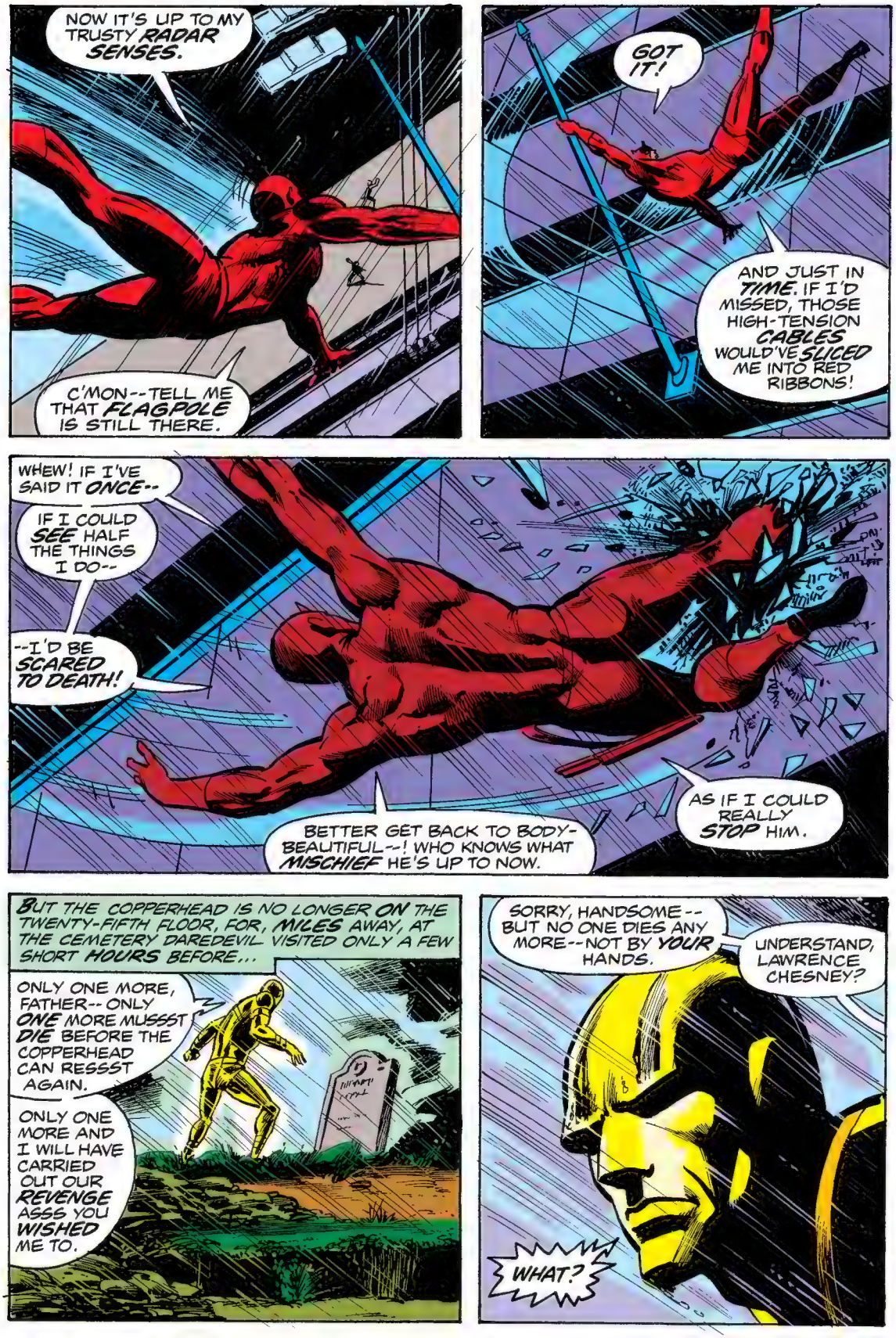

GAZE UPON MY VISSSAGE, VILLAIN.
SSSTARE AT THE POWER THAT ISSS--
--COPPERHEAD!


ENCASSSED IN THISSS ARMOR, I HAVE POWER ENOUGH TO CRUSH YOUR VERY BONESSS.
CONSSSIDER YOURSSSELF FORTUNATE, MASSSKED MAN, THAT THE COPPERHEAD WISHESSS A MORE PRO-LONGED BATTLE WITH YOU.
OTHERWISSSE, YOU WOULD BE ALREADY DEAD!

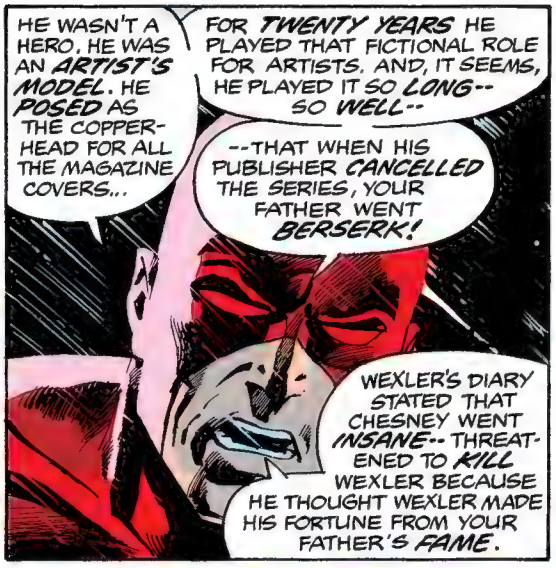

SAVE THE SPEECHES, CHUCKLES--THIS IS ONE SUPER HERO WHO DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO GIVE IN.
THAT'S WHY I'M CALLED "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!"

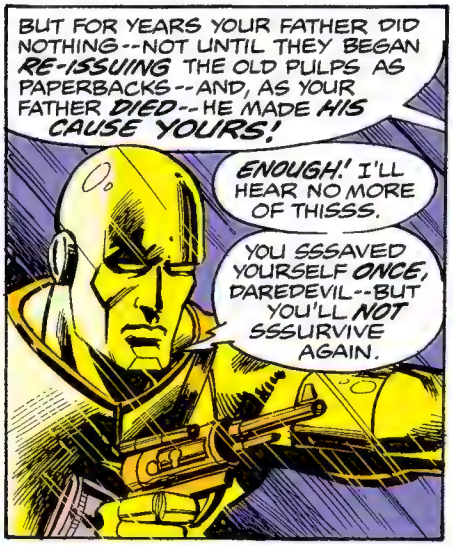

COME TO THINK OF IT-- THEY ALSO CALL ME "THE MAN WITHOUT BRAINS!"
SIX OF ONE, HALF A DOZEN OF ANOTHER. TAKE YOUR PICK.
SSSTAND SSSTILL, FOOL--
YOUR ACROBA-TICSSS WILL ONLY PROLONG YOUR EVENTUAL AGONY.
SPLAM!
REALLY? AND HERE I THOUGHT THEY'D BRING ME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE CIRCUS.
I HEARD THEY NEEDED A NEW STUNT-MAN.
AND US SCARLET-CLAD SUPERHEROES NEED TO MAKE A LIVING SOMEHOW.
AFTER ALL, WE DON'T GET PAID BASED SOLELY ON OUR GOOD LOOKS!
SCAMP!
YOU RANT LIKE A MADMAN, BUT YOU'LL NOT CON-FUSSSE ME!
YOU'RE JUSSST ONE MORE CRIMINAL DESSS-TINED TO FEEL THE WRATH OF THE LAW!
JUSSST ONE MORE BRAGGART WHO MUSSST PAY THE ULTIMATE PENALTY!
THE COPPERHEAD DEFEATSSS ALL WHO ENGAGE IN CRIME--
--BY BRANDISH-ING THE ONLY KIND OF JUSSSTICE THAT CAN BE UNDERSTOOD--
KRASH!
--DEATH!

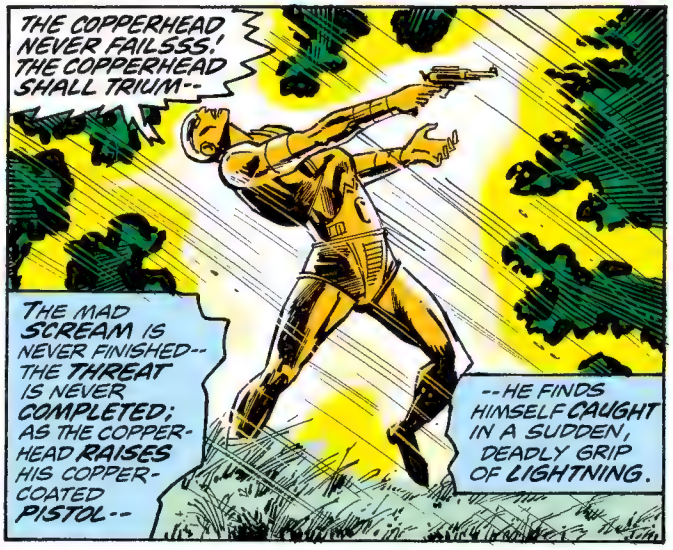

HANG ON, HERO -- OR IT'S TWENTY-FIVE STORIES -- STRAIGHT ON DOWN!
GRAB HOLD, MATHEW -- LIKE YOU'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE.
'CAUSE, BROTHER -- YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT THIS TIME.
SSSTILL ALIVE, ARE YOU? YOU ARE A FAR MORE PERSSSISSS-TANT FOE THAN I HAD EARLIER BELIEVED.
THEREFORE IT ISSS A SHAME THAT WE WILL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO MEET ON THE BATTLEFIELD ASSS FRIENDSSS.
TOGETHER WE COULD HAVE HAD A GLORIOUSSS DESSSTINY!
BUT YOUR DESSSTINY HAS ALREADY BEEN WRITTEN.
SLAMMM
AND NOTHING CAN CHANGE THAT NOW!
ARE YOUR FINGERSSS BROKEN YET, VILLAIN? DOESSS YOUR HAND ACHE WITH PAIN?
HOLD NO LONGER, MASKED MAN -- AND THEY MOSSST CER-TAINLY WILL!
CAN'T TAKE IT... MY FINGERS -- THEY'RE BLEEDING... BREAKING...
CAN'T HOLD ON...
...CAN'T...

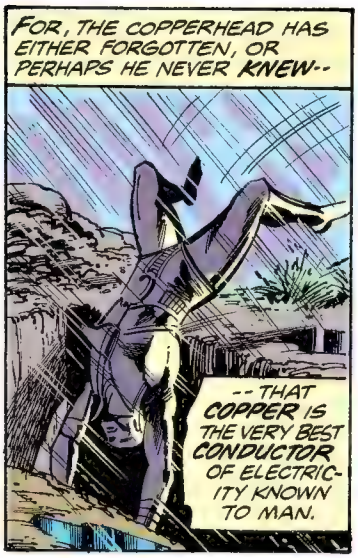

NOW IT'S UP TO MY TRUSTY RADAR SENSES.
C'MON--TELL ME THAT FLAGPOLE IS STILL THERE.
GOT IT!
AND JUST IN TIME. IF I'D MISSED, THOSE HIGH-TENSION CABLES WOULD'VE SLICED ME INTO RED RIBBONS!
WHEW! IF I'VE SAID IT ONCE--
IF I COULD SEE HALF THE THINGS I DO--
--I'D BE SCARED TO DEATH!
BETTER GET BACK TO BODY-BEAUTIFUL--! WHO KNOWS WHAT MISCHIEF HE'S UP TO NOW.
AS IF I COULD REALLY STOP HIM.
BUT THE COPPERHEAD IS NO LONGER ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR, FOR, MILES AWAY, AT THE CEMETERY DAREDEVIL VISITED ONLY A FEW SHORT HOURS BEFORE...
ONLY ONE MORE, FATHER-- ONLY ONE MORE MUSSST DIE BEFORE THE COPPERHEAD CAN RESSST AGAIN.
ONLY ONE MORE AND I WILL HAVE CARRIED OUT OUR REVENGE ASSS YOU WISHED ME TO.
SORRY, HANDSOME-- BUT NO ONE DIES ANY MORE--NOT BY YOUR HANDS.
UNDERSTAND, LAWRENCE CHESNEY?
WHAT?

NO TIME FOR SMALL TALK, CHESNEY. IT'S ALL RUSHING TO A HEAD NOW--FOR YOU... AND FOR YOUR FATHER'S REVENGE.
YOU NEVER QUES-TIONED YOUR FATHER, DID YOU, CHESNEY? YOU ALWAYS BELIEV-ED HIM WHEN HE SAID HE WAS THE REAL COPPERHEAD, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU WERE WARPED BY YOUR FATHER'S INSANITY, CHESNEY! UNDER-STAND?

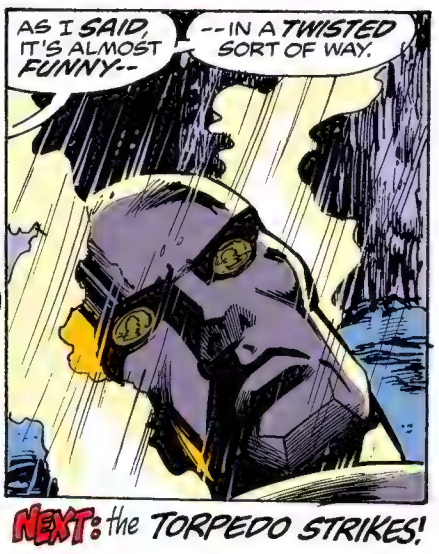

HE WASN'T A HERO. HE WAS AN ARTIST'S MODEL. HE POSED AS THE COPPER-HEAD FOR ALL THE MAGAZINE COVERS...
FOR TWENTY YEARS HE PLAYED THAT FICTIONAL ROLE FOR ARTISTS. AND, IT SEEMS, HE PLAYED IT SO LONG--SO WELL--
--THAT WHEN HIS PUBLISHER CANCELLED THE SERIES, YOUR FATHER WENT BERSERK!
WEXLER'S DIARY STATED THAT CHESNEY WENT INSANE--THREAT-ENED TO KILL WEXLER BECAUSE HE THOUGHT WEXLER MADE HIS FORTUNE FROM YOUR FATHER'S FAME.


BUT FOR YEARS YOUR FATHER DID NOTHING--NOT UNTIL THEY BEGAN RE-ISSUING THE OLD PULPS AS PAPERBACKS--AND, AS YOUR FATHER DIED--HE MADE HIS CAUSE YOURS!
ENOUGH! I'LL HEAR NO MORE OF THISSS.
YOU SSSAVED YOURSELF ONCE, DAREDEVIL--BUT YOU'LL NOT SSSURVIVE AGAIN.


THE COPPERHEAD NEVER FAILSSS! THE COPPERHEAD SHALL TRIUM--
THE MAD SCREAM IS NEVER FINISHED--THE THREAT IS NEVER COMPLETED; AS THE COPPER-HEAD RAISES HIS COPPER-COATED PISTOL--
--HE FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN, DEADLY GRIP OF LIGHTNING.


FOR, THE COPPERHEAD HAS EITHER FORGOTTEN, OR PERHAPS HE NEVER KNEW--
--THAT COPPER IS THE VERY BEST CONDUCTOR OF ELECTRIC-ITY KNOWN TO MAN.

IT'S ALMOST HUMOROUS, CHESNEY, BUT I'M BLIND--I NEVER KNEW THEY HAD RE-ISSUED THE OLD PULPS AS PAPER-BACK BOOKS.
IF YOU HADN'T MENTIONED THEM, YOU MAY HAVE ESCAPED ME, BECAUSE I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN TO CHECK THE PAPERBACK PUBLISHER'S OFFICE!



NEXT: the TORPEDO STRIKES!

DAREDEVIL
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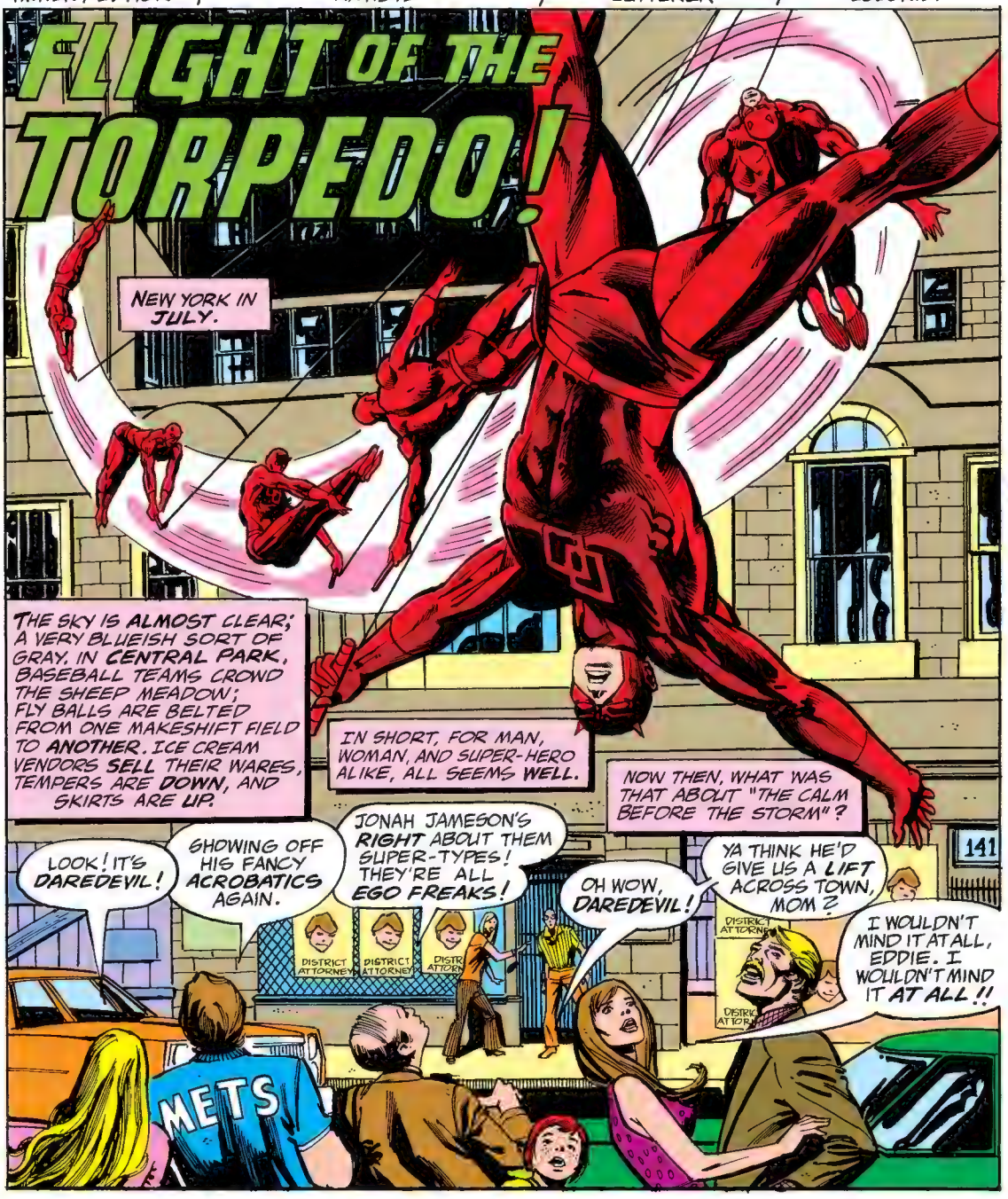
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YOU'VE STOOD IN MY PATH, HORN-HEAD-- AND NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR IT!
FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH, THE TORPEDO IS BUSTING LOOSE!
HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME... AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN AVOID HIS ATTACK IN TIME!
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TORPEDO!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

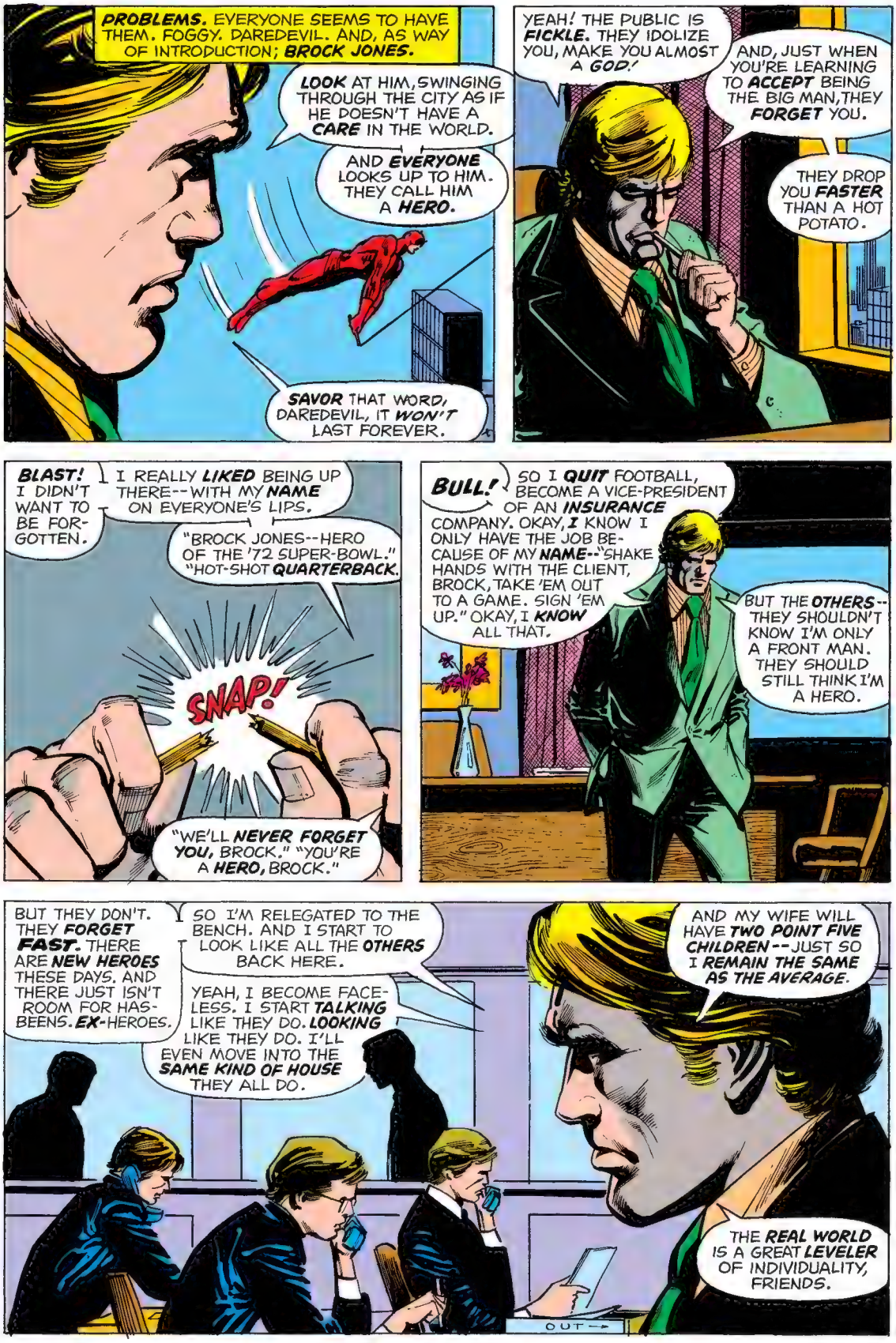
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

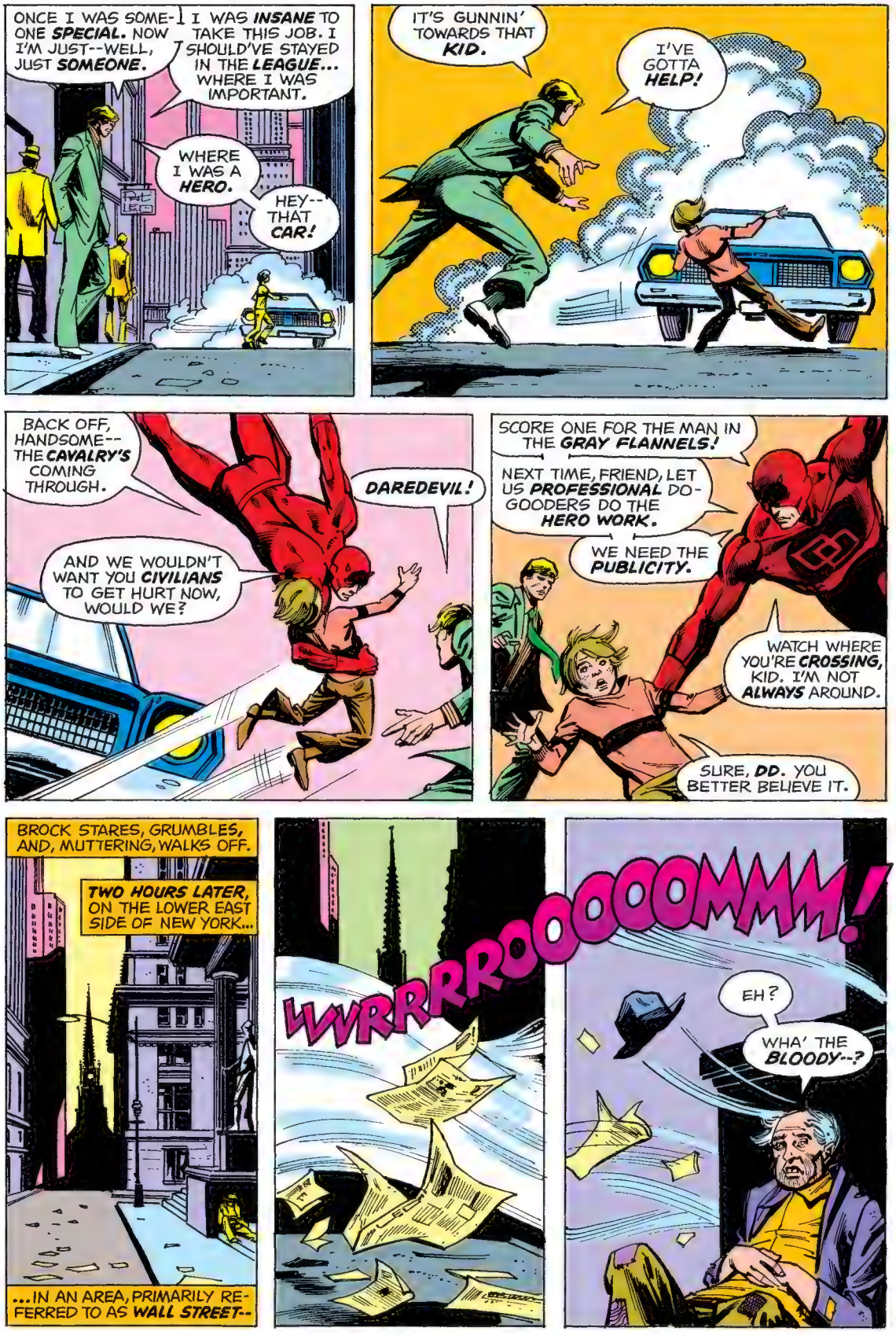
MARV WOLFMAN — WRITER / EDITOR | BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON — ARTISTS | IRV WATANABE — LETTERER | MICHELE WOLFMAN — COLORIST

FLIGHT OF THE TORPEDO!


NEW YORK IN JULY.
THE SKY IS ALMOST CLEAR; A VERY BLUEISH SORT OF GRAY. IN CENTRAL PARK, BASEBALL TEAMS CROWD THE SHEEP MEADOW; FLY BALLS ARE BELTED FROM ONE MAKESHIFT FIELD TO ANOTHER. ICE CREAM VENDORS SELL THEIR WARES, TEMPERS ARE DOWN, AND SKIRTS ARE UP.
IN SHORT, FOR MAN, WOMAN, AND SUPER-HERO ALIKE, ALL SEEMS WELL.
NOW THEN, WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT "THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM"?
LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL!
SHOWING OFF HIS FANCY ACROBATICS AGAIN.
JONAH JAMESON'S RIGHT ABOUT THEM SUPER-TYPES! THEY'RE ALL EGO FREAKS!
OH WOW, DAREDEVIL!
YA THINK HE'D GIVE US A LIFT ACROSS TOWN, MOM?
I WOULDN'T MIND IT AT ALL, EDDIE. I WOULDN'T MIND IT AT ALL!!
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
METS
141

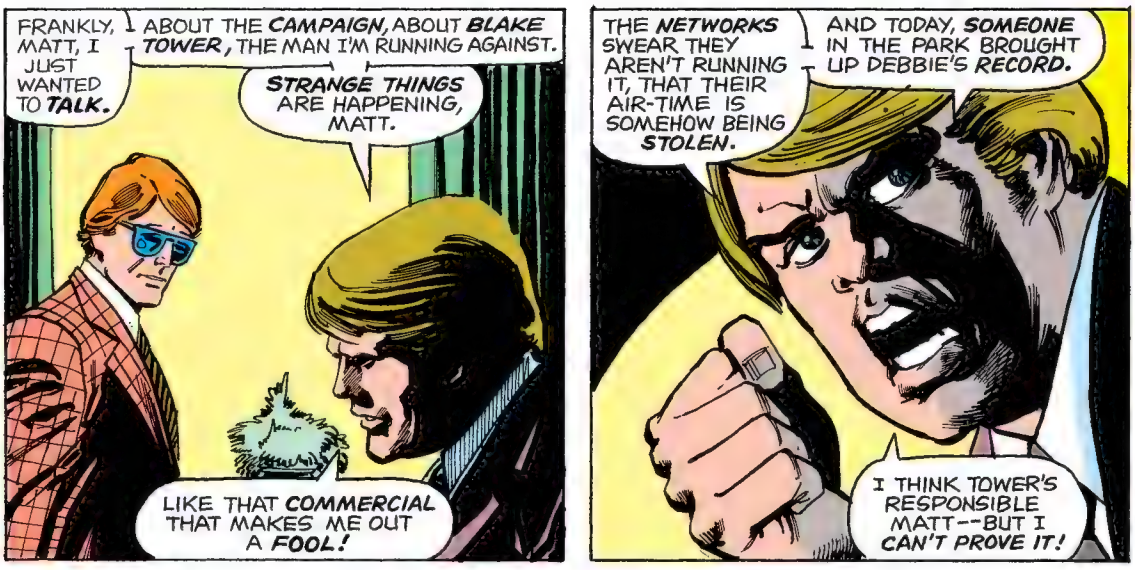
BEEOOTIFUL DAY. TOO BEAUTIFUL TO WASTE ON JOB HUNTING.
TODAY'S A DAY MEANT FOR RELAXATION. FOR SOAKING UP THE SUN.
HMMM. I 'SEE' THERE ARE OTHERS WHO SHARE MY VIEW.
AND, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, I'D SAY THAT'S FOGGY DOWN THERE GIVING ANOTHER OF HIS WORLD-FAMOUS "WHY I SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED" SPIELS.
WELL, I'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO.
AS YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I'VE SEEN OUR CRIME STATISTICS CHANGE DRASTICALLY.
WHY, IN TERMS OF PER-CENTAGES, CRIMES OF VIOLENCE ARE NOW FEWER THAN THEY'VE BEEN FOR FIVE YEARS.
AND, AS FOR HONESTY IN GOVERNMENT, FEW OTHER ADMINISTRATIONS CAN CLAIM A RECORD AS CLEAN AS MINE.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR FIANCEÉ, DEBORAH HARRIS? SHE WAS A CONVICTED CRIMINAL!
HUNH?
WHO SAID--?
UH--
DEBBIE--?
SHE--UH. THAT IS...
POOR FOGGY. SOMEONE HAD TO HIT HIM IN HIS ONE SORE SPOT.
HE KNOWS DEBBIE'S GONE STRAIGHT, BUT SOME PEOPLE ARE SO NARROW-MINDED THAT THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE IT. AND THAT MAKES FOGGY GUILTY THROUGH ASSOCIATION.
I'D STICK AROUND TO HELP, BUT QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW IF DAREDEVIL WOULD BE ANY HELP WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

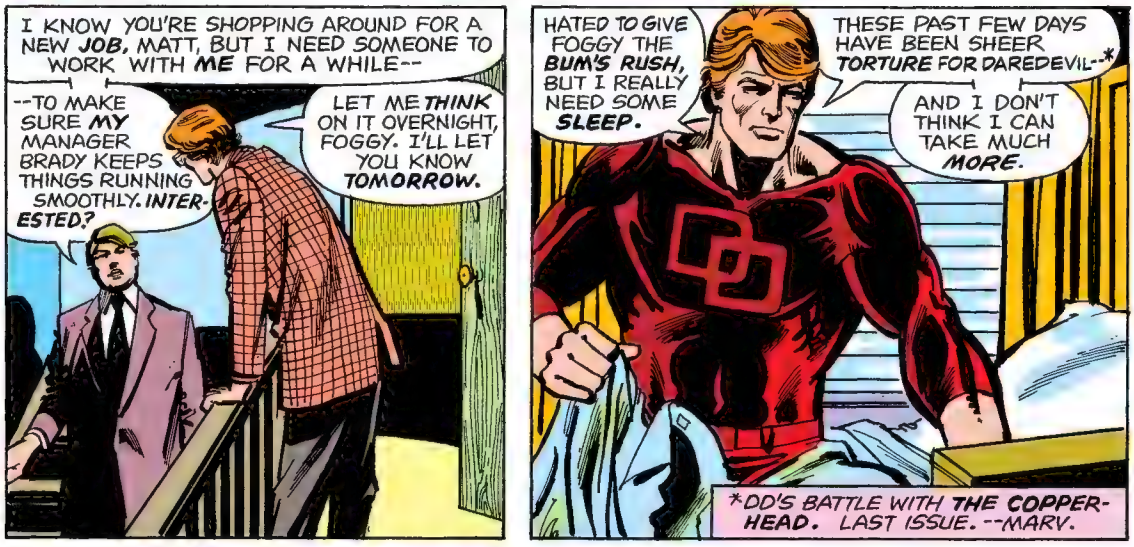

PROBLEMS. EVERYONE SEEMS TO HAVE THEM. FOGGY. DAREDEVIL. AND, AS WAY OF INTRODUCTION; BROCK JONES.
LOOK AT HIM, SWINGING THROUGH THE CITY AS IF HE DOESN'T HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD.
AND EVERYONE LOOKS UP TO HIM. THEY CALL HIM A HERO.
SAVOR THAT WORD, DAREDEVIL, IT WON'T LAST FOREVER.
YEAH! THE PUBLIC IS FICKLE. THEY IDOLIZE YOU, MAKE YOU ALMOST A GOD!
AND, JUST WHEN YOU'RE LEARNING TO ACCEPT BEING THE BIG MAN, THEY FORGET YOU.
THEY DROP YOU FASTER THAN A HOT POTATO.
BLAST! I DIDN'T WANT TO BE FORGOTTEN.
I REALLY LIKED BEING UP THERE--WITH MY NAME ON EVERYONE'S LIPS.
"BROCK JONES--HERO OF THE '72 SUPER-BOWL." "HOT-SHOT QUARTERBACK.
SNAP!
"WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, BROCK." "YOU'RE A HERO, BROCK."
BULL!
SO I QUIT FOOTBALL, BECOME A VICE-PRESIDENT OF AN INSURANCE COMPANY. OKAY, I KNOW I ONLY HAVE THE JOB BECAUSE OF MY NAME--"SHAKE HANDS WITH THE CLIENT, BROCK, TAKE 'EM OUT TO A GAME. SIGN 'EM UP." OKAY, I KNOW ALL THAT.
BUT THE OTHERS--THEY SHOULDN'T KNOW I'M ONLY A FRONT MAN. THEY SHOULD STILL THINK I'M A HERO.
BUT THEY DON'T. THEY FORGET FAST. THERE ARE NEW HEROES THESE DAYS, AND THERE JUST ISN'T ROOM FOR HAS-BEENS. EX-HEROES.
SO I'M RELEGATED TO THE BENCH. AND I START TO LOOK LIKE ALL THE OTHERS BACK HERE.
YEAH, I BECOME FACELESS. I START TALKING LIKE THEY DO. LOOKING LIKE THEY DO. I'LL EVEN MOVE INTO THE SAME KIND OF HOUSE THEY ALL DO.
AND MY WIFE WILL HAVE TWO POINT FIVE CHILDREN--JUST SO I REMAIN THE SAME AS THE AVERAGE.
THE REAL WORLD IS A GREAT LEVELER OF INDIVIDUALITY, FRIENDS.
OUT

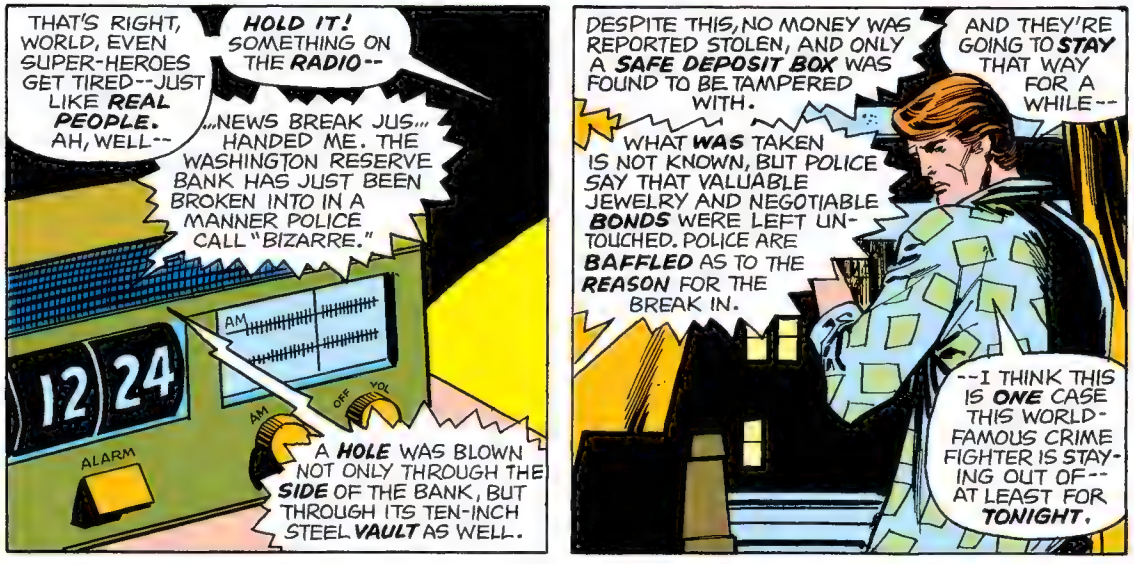

ONCE I WAS SOMEONE SPECIAL. NOW I'M JUST--WELL, JUST SOMEONE.
I WAS INSANE TO TAKE THIS JOB. I SHOULD'VE STAYED IN THE LEAGUE... WHERE I WAS IMPORTANT.
WHERE I WAS A HERO.
HEY--THAT CAR!
IT'S GUNNIN' TOWARDS THAT KID.
I'VE GOTTA HELP!
BACK OFF, HANDSOME--THE CAVALRY'S COMING THROUGH.
DAREDEVIL!
AND WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU CIVILIANS TO GET HURT NOW, WOULD WE?
SCORE ONE FOR THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNELS!
NEXT TIME, FRIEND, LET US PROFESSIONAL DO-GOODERS DO THE HERO WORK.
WE NEED THE PUBLICITY.
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE CROSSING, KID. I'M NOT ALWAYS AROUND.
SURE, DD. YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT.
BROCK STARES, GRUMBLES, AND, MUTTERING, WALKS OFF.
TWO HOURS LATER, ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK...
...IN AN AREA, PRIMARILY REFERRED TO AS WALL STREET--
LVVRRRROOOOOMMM!
EH?
WHA' THE BLOODY--?

VVVVVVVVVRRROOOOOMMM
THERE IS MY TARGET--
--WAITING... WAITING!
AND NOW...
LEO GROCERY
...IT WAITS NO MORE!
BLAMMM!
SKDAMM!
THIS ROOM HAS WHAT I NEED--
--A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX.
101
102
103
104
105
106

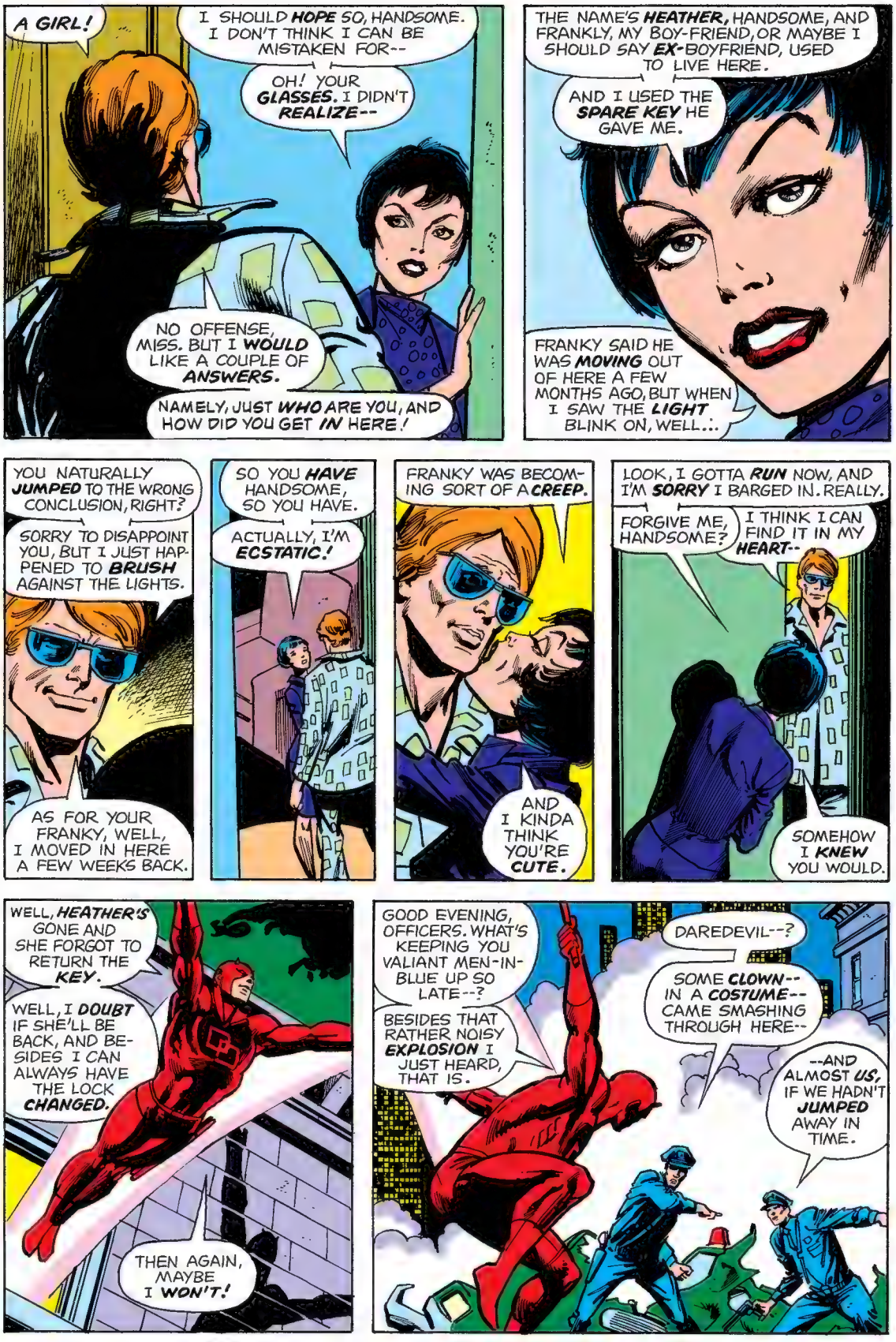
NORMALLY UNOPENABLE WITHOUT TWO SPECIAL KEYS.
BUT, FOR THE TORPEDO--
--NOTHING REMAINS CLOSED--
--FOR LONG!
KRAAMM!
EVERYTHING IS HERE, AND IN ORDER.
THEN I HAVE ALL THAT I NEED--
--WHICH MEANS, I CAN LEAVE!
SKRADD!
END ONE INTERLUDE--THE MEANING OF WHICH WILL LATER BECOME APPARENT. BUT, FOR NOW, LET US MOVE BACK UPTOWN, AND TO THE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT OF A CERTAIN BLIND SUPER-HERO...
FOGGY! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE--
BUT WHAT'S THE OCCASION? TAKING A BREATHER FROM THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL?
NOT EXACTLY, MATT; THOUGH, BELIEVE ME, AFTER TODAY, I COULD USE ONE.

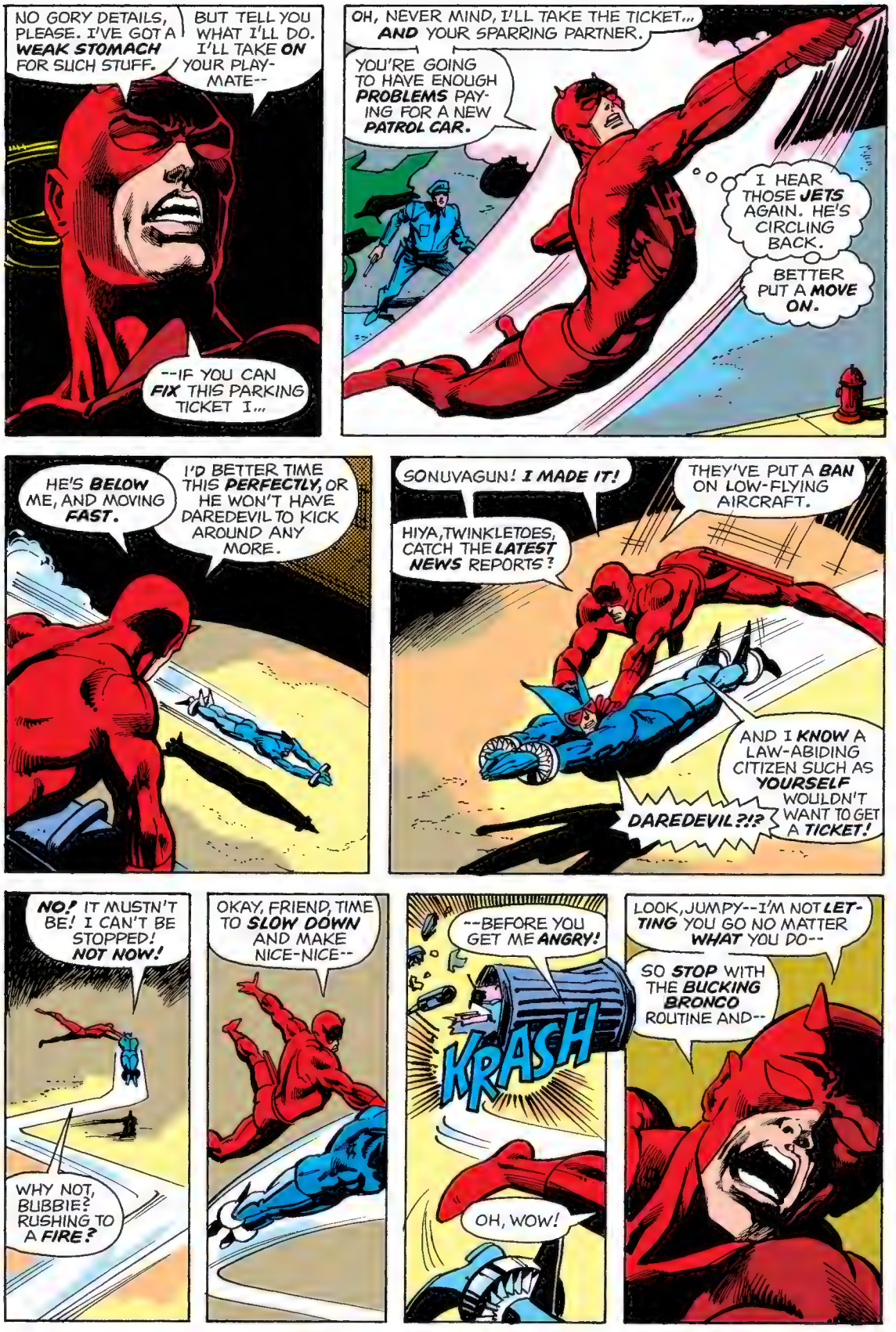

FRANKLY, MATT, I JUST WANTED TO TALK.
ABOUT THE CAMPAIGN, ABOUT BLAKE TOWER, THE MAN I'M RUNNING AGAINST.
STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING, MATT.
LIKE THAT COMMERCIAL THAT MAKES ME OUT A FOOL!
THE NETWORKS SWEAR THEY AREN'T RUNNING IT, THAT THEIR AIR-TIME IS SOMEHOW BEING STOLEN.
AND TODAY, SOMEONE IN THE PARK BROUGHT UP DEBBIE'S RECORD.
I THINK TOWER'S RESPONSIBLE MATT--BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT!

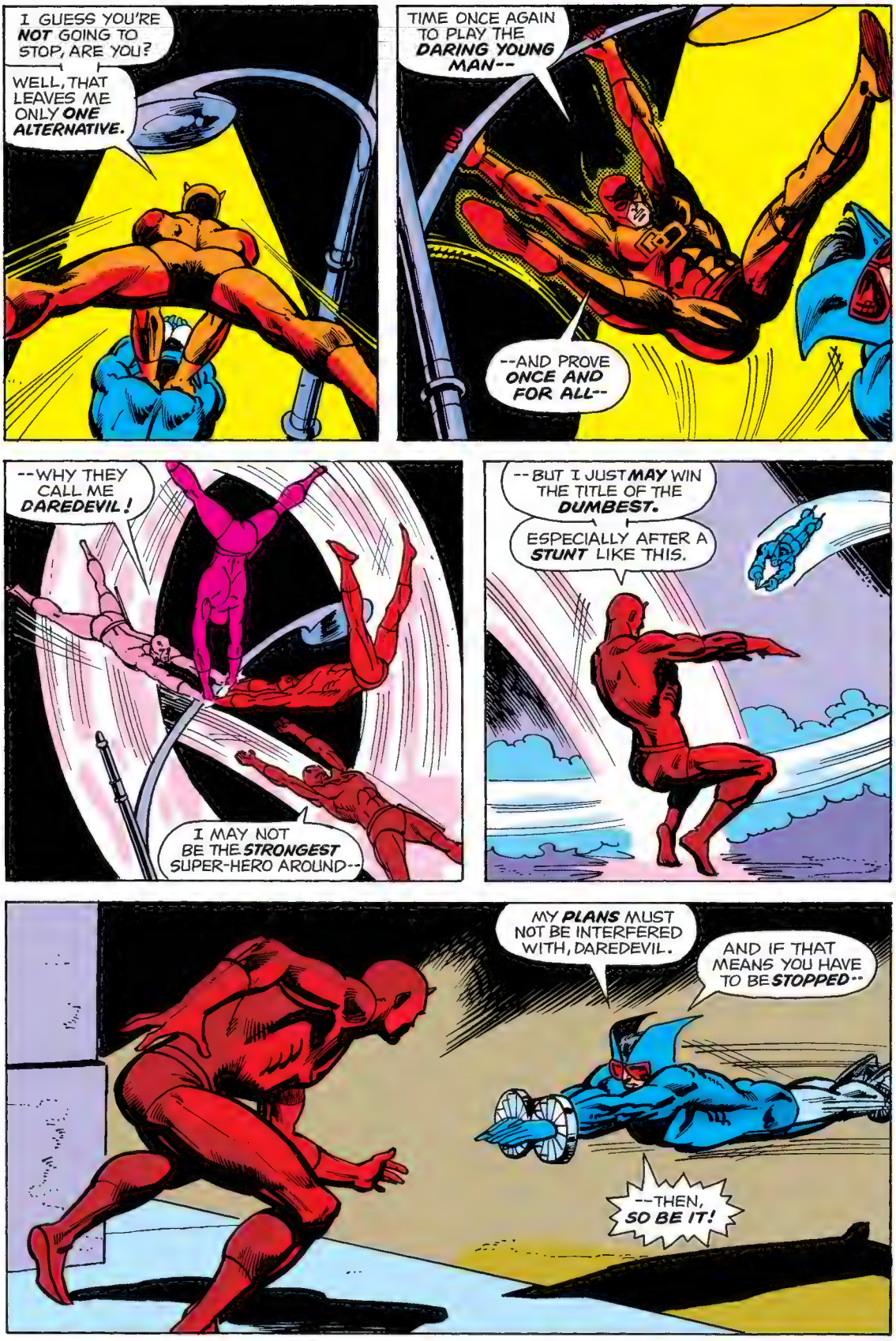

I KNOW YOU'RE SHOPPING AROUND FOR A NEW JOB, MATT, BUT I NEED SOMEONE TO WORK WITH ME FOR A WHILE--
--TO MAKE SURE MY MANAGER BRADY KEEPS THINGS RUNNING SMOOTHLY. INTERESTED?
LET ME THINK ON IT OVERNIGHT, FOGGY. I'LL LET YOU KNOW TOMORROW.
HATED TO GIVE FOGGY THE BUM'S RUSH, BUT I REALLY NEED SOME SLEEP.
THESE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE BEEN SHEER TORTURE FOR DAREDEVIL--*
AND I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE MUCH MORE.
*DD'S BATTLE WITH THE COPPERHEAD. LAST ISSUE. --MARV.

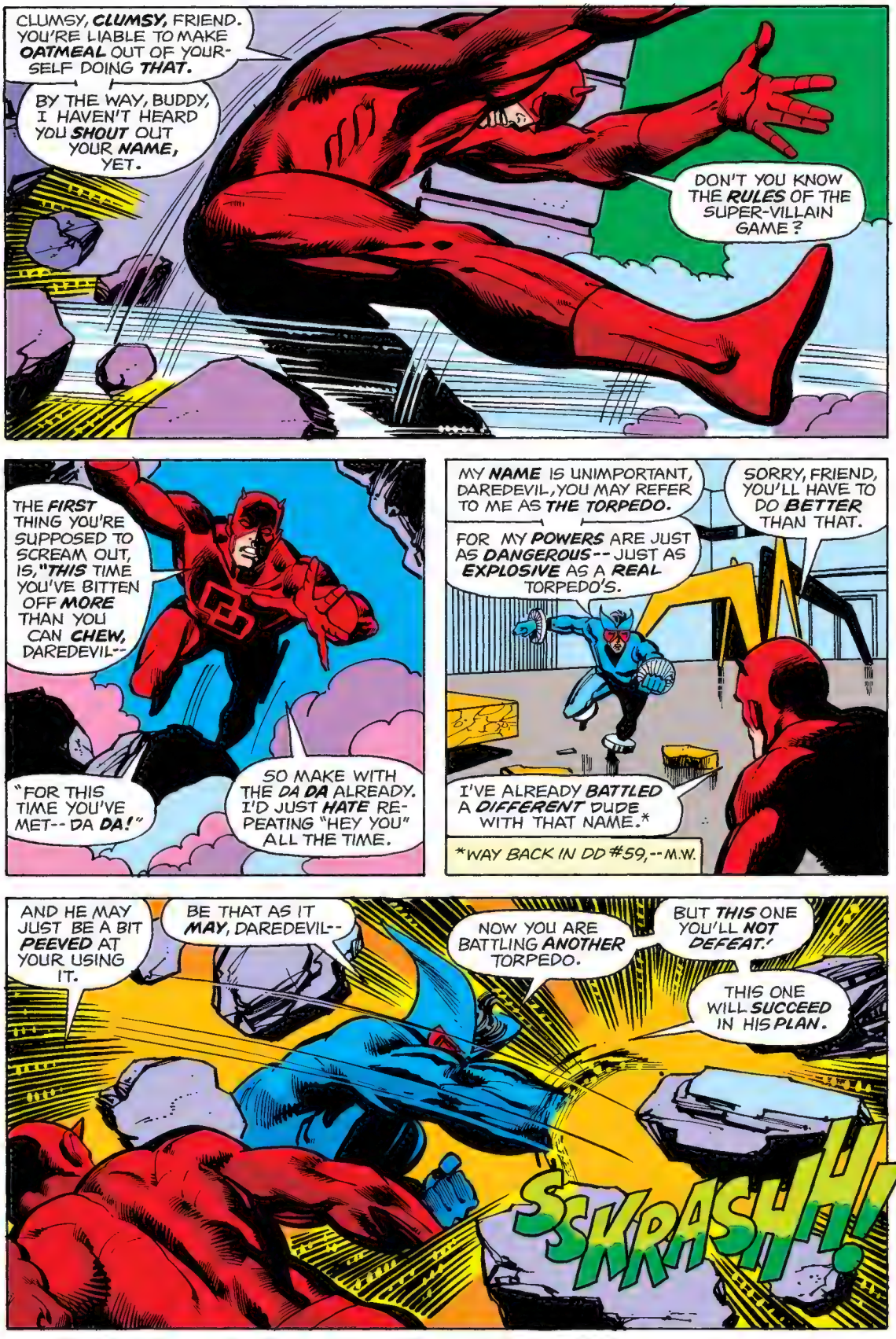

THAT'S RIGHT, WORLD, EVEN SUPER-HEROES GET TIRED--JUST LIKE REAL PEOPLE. AH, WELL--
HOLD IT! SOMETHING ON THE RADIO--
...NEWS BREAK JUS... HANDED ME. THE WASHINGTON RESERVE BANK HAS JUST BEEN BROKEN INTO IN A MANNER POLICE CALL "BIZARRE."
12 24
ALARM
AM
OFF VOL
A HOLE WAS BLOWN NOT ONLY THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE BANK, BUT THROUGH ITS TEN-INCH STEEL VAULT AS WELL.
DESPITE THIS, NO MONEY WAS REPORTED STOLEN, AND ONLY A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX WAS FOUND TO BE TAMPERED WITH.
WHAT WAS TAKEN IS NOT KNOWN, BUT POLICE SAY THAT VALUABLE JEWELRY AND NEGOTIABLE BONDS WERE LEFT UNTOUCHED. POLICE ARE BAFFLED AS TO THE REASON FOR THE BREAK IN.
AND THEY'RE GOING TO STAY THAT WAY FOR A WHILE--
--I THINK THIS IS ONE CASE THIS WORLD-FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTER IS STAYING OUT OF--AT LEAST FOR TONIGHT.

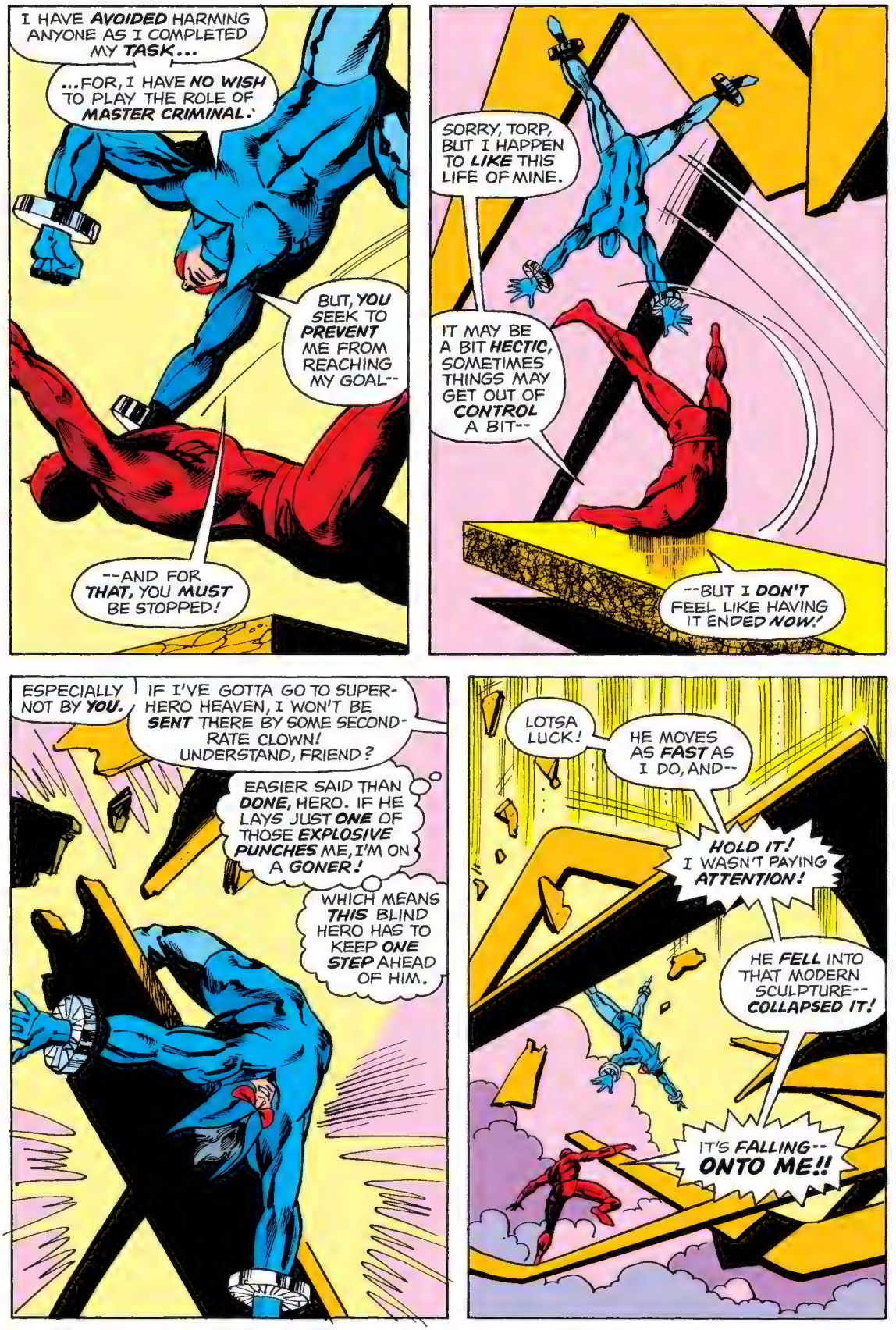
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, DD, BUT--
VROOMM!
SID, LOOK! SOMETHIN' COMIN' AT US!
IT'S A GUY! A HUMAN BULLET!
SCATTER! HE'S NOT TURNING!
KRAM MM!
WHAT THE BLASTED--? THE FOURTH OF JULY'S OVER--
--AND I'LL BE HANGED IF THAT EXPLOSION WAS CAUSED BY SOME SOUPED-UP FIRE-CRACKERS!
THERE'S POLICE-MEN DOWN THERE-- FIRING AT SOMEONE...
...SOMEONE FLYING! USING ROTARY JETS OF SOME SORT.
OKAY, HERO. I GUESS THAT'S IT FOR TONIGHT'S BEAUTY REST.
NORMAL CRIME THE POLICE CAN HANDLE--
--BUT TO BORROW SOMEONE OR ANOTHER'S CLICHE, "THIS IS A J--"
WAITAMINNIT! SOMEONE INSIDE MY APARTMENT.
FRANKY--?


A GIRL!
I SHOULD HOPE SO, HANDSOME. I DON'T THINK I CAN BE MISTAKEN FOR--
OH! YOUR GLASSES. I DIDN'T REALIZE--
NO OFFENSE, MISS. BUT I WOULD LIKE A COUPLE OF ANSWERS.
NAMELY, JUST WHO ARE YOU, AND HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE!
THE NAME'S HEATHER, HANDSOME, AND FRANKLY, MY BOY-FRIEND, OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY EX-BOYFRIEND, USED TO LIVE HERE.
AND I USED THE SPARE KEY HE GAVE ME.
FRANKY SAID HE WAS MOVING OUT OF HERE A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT WHEN I SAW THE LIGHT BLINK ON, WELL...
YOU NATURALLY JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION, RIGHT?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I JUST HAPPENED TO BRUSH AGAINST THE LIGHTS.
AS FOR YOUR FRANKY, WELL, I MOVED IN HERE A FEW WEEKS BACK.
SO YOU HAVE HANDSOME, SO YOU HAVE.
ACTUALLY, I'M ECSTATIC!
FRANKY WAS BECOMING SORT OF A CREEP.
AND I KINDA THINK YOU'RE CUTE.
LOOK, I GOTTA RUN NOW, AND I'M SORRY I BARGED IN. REALLY.
FORGIVE ME, HANDSOME?
I THINK I CAN FIND IT IN MY HEART--
SOMEHOW I KNEW YOU WOULD.
WELL, HEATHER'S GONE AND SHE FORGOT TO RETURN THE KEY.
WELL, I DOUBT IF SHE'LL BE BACK, AND BESIDES I CAN ALWAYS HAVE THE LOCK CHANGED.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I WON'T!
GOOD EVENING, OFFICERS. WHAT'S KEEPING YOU VALIANT MEN-IN-BLUE UP SO LATE--?
BESIDES THAT RATHER NOISY EXPLOSION I JUST HEARD, THAT IS.
DAREDEVIL--?
SOME CLOWN-- IN A COSTUME-- CAME SMASHING THROUGH HERE--
--AND ALMOST US, IF WE HADN'T JUMPED AWAY IN TIME.

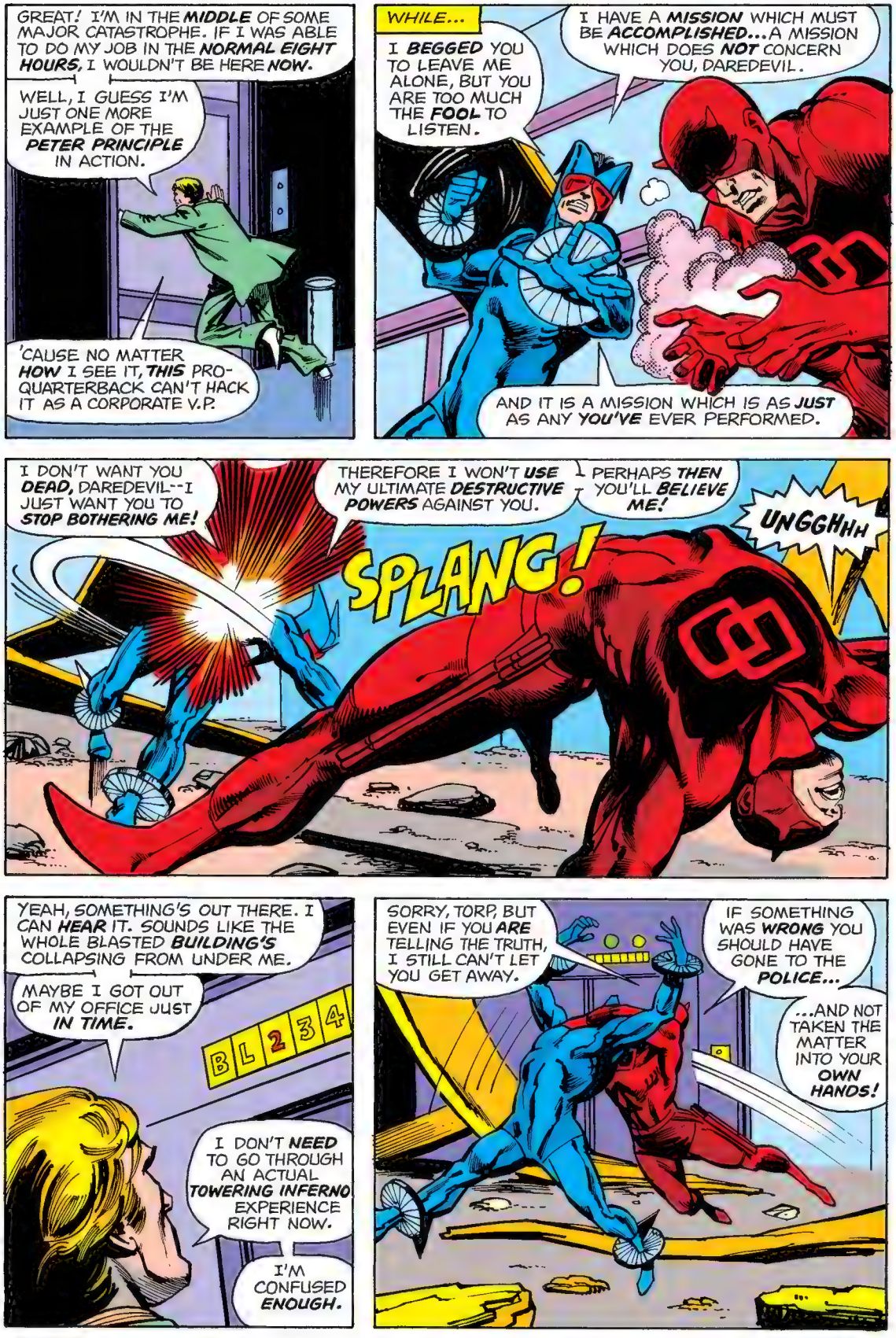

NO GORY DETAILS, PLEASE. I'VE GOT A WEAK STOMACH FOR SUCH STUFF.
BUT TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL TAKE ON YOUR PLAY-MATE--
--IF YOU CAN FIX THIS PARKING TICKET I...
OH, NEVER MIND, I'LL TAKE THE TICKET... AND YOUR SPARRING PARTNER.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS PAYING FOR A NEW PATROL CAR.
I HEAR THOSE JETS AGAIN. HE'S CIRCLING BACK.
BETTER PUT A MOVE ON.
HE'S BELOW ME, AND MOVING FAST.
I'D BETTER TIME THIS PERFECTLY, OR HE WON'T HAVE DAREDEVIL TO KICK AROUND ANY MORE.
SONUVAGUN! I MADE IT!
HIYA, TWINKLETOES, CATCH THE LATEST NEWS REPORTS?
THEY'VE PUT A BAN ON LOW-FLYING AIRCRAFT.
AND I KNOW A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULDN'T WANT TO GET A TICKET!
DAREDEVIL?!?
NO! IT MUSTN'T BE! I CAN'T BE STOPPED! NOT NOW!
WHY NOT, BUBBIE? RUSHING TO A FIRE?
OKAY, FRIEND, TIME TO SLOW DOWN AND MAKE NICE-NICE--
--BEFORE YOU GET ME ANGRY!
KRASH
OH, WOW!
LOOK, JUMPY--I'M NOT LETTING YOU GO NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO--
SO STOP WITH THE BUCKING BRONCO ROUTINE AND--


I GUESS YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP, ARE YOU?
WELL, THAT LEAVES ME ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE.
TIME ONCE AGAIN TO PLAY THE DARING YOUNG MAN--
--AND PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL--
--WHY THEY CALL ME DAREDEVIL!
I MAY NOT BE THE STRONGEST SUPER-HERO AROUND--
--BUT I JUST MAY WIN THE TITLE OF THE DUMBEST.
ESPECIALLY AFTER A STUNT LIKE THIS.
MY PLANS MUST NOT BE INTERFERED WITH, DAREDEVIL.
AND IF THAT MEANS YOU HAVE TO BE STOPPED--
--THEN, SO BE IT!


CLUMSY, CLUMSY, FRIEND. YOU'RE LIABLE TO MAKE OATMEAL OUT OF YOURSELF DOING THAT.
BY THE WAY, BUDDY, I HAVEN'T HEARD YOU SHOUT OUT YOUR NAME, YET.
DON'T YOU KNOW THE RULES OF THE SUPER-VILLAIN GAME?
THE FIRST THING YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SCREAM OUT, IS, "THIS TIME YOU'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, DAREDEVIL--
"FOR THIS TIME YOU'VE MET-- DA DA!"
SO MAKE WITH THE DA DA ALREADY. I'D JUST HATE REPEATING "HEY YOU" ALL THE TIME.
MY NAME IS UNIMPORTANT, DAREDEVIL, YOU MAY REFER TO ME AS THE TORPEDO.
FOR MY POWERS ARE JUST AS DANGEROUS-- JUST AS EXPLOSIVE AS A REAL TORPEDO'S.
SORRY, FRIEND, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.
I'VE ALREADY BATTLED A DIFFERENT DUDE WITH THAT NAME.*
*WAY BACK IN DD #59,--M.W.
AND HE MAY JUST BE A BIT PEEVED AT YOUR USING IT.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, DAREDEVIL--
NOW YOU ARE BATTLING ANOTHER TORPEDO.
BUT THIS ONE YOU'LL NOT DEFEAT!
THIS ONE WILL SUCCEED IN HIS PLAN.
SSKRASH!

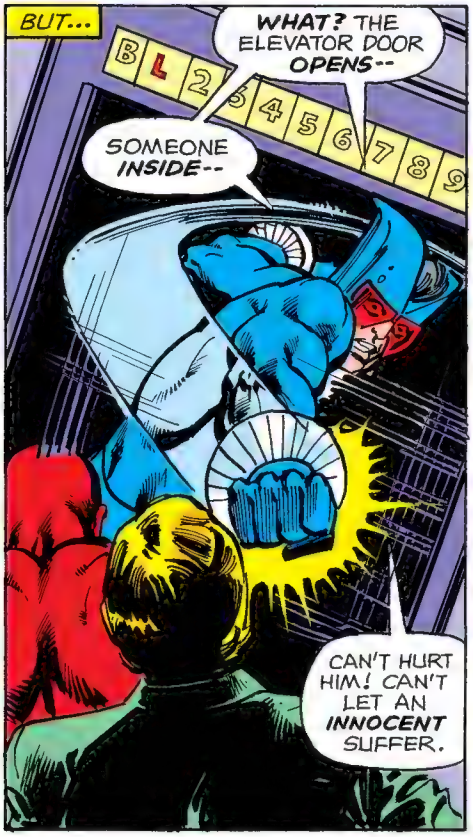

I HAVE AVOIDED HARMING ANYONE AS I COMPLETED MY TASK...
...FOR, I HAVE NO WISH TO PLAY THE ROLE OF MASTER CRIMINAL.
BUT, YOU SEEK TO PREVENT ME FROM REACHING MY GOAL--
--AND FOR THAT, YOU MUST BE STOPPED!
SORRY, TORP, BUT I HAPPEN TO LIKE THIS LIFE OF MINE.
IT MAY BE A BIT HECTIC, SOMETIMES THINGS MAY GET OUT OF CONTROL A BIT--
--BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE HAVING IT ENDED NOW!
ESPECIALLY NOT BY YOU.
IF I'VE GOTTA GO TO SUPER-HERO HEAVEN, I WON'T BE SENT THERE BY SOME SECOND-RATE CLOWN! UNDERSTAND, FRIEND?
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, HERO. IF HE LAYS JUST ONE OF THOSE EXPLOSIVE PUNCHES ME, I'M ON A GONER!
WHICH MEANS THIS BLIND HERO HAS TO KEEP ONE STEP AHEAD OF HIM.
LOTSA LUCK!
HE MOVES AS FAST AS I DO, AND--
HOLD IT! I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION!
HE FELL INTO THAT MODERN SCULPTURE-- COLLAPSED IT!
IT'S FALLING-- ONTO ME!!

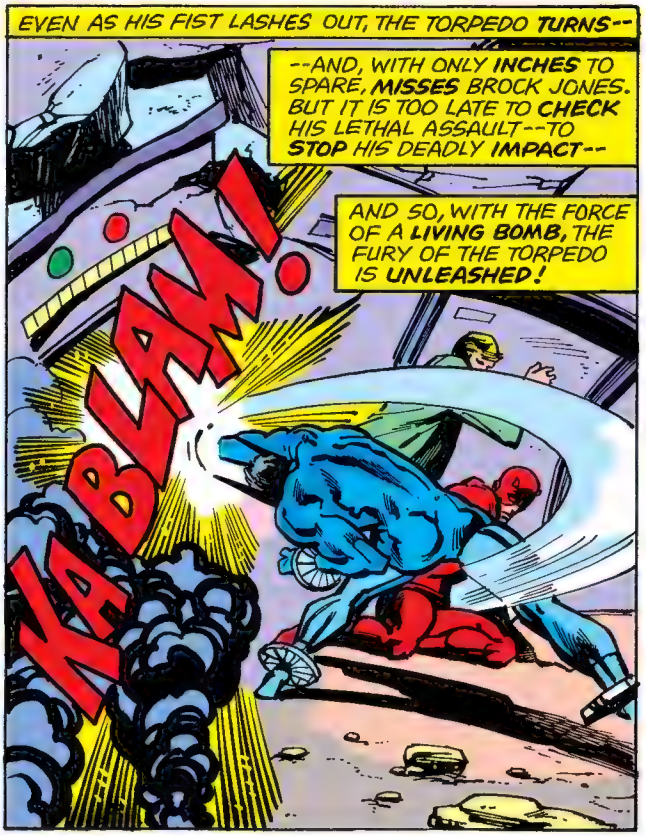
MOVE FAST, HERO, OR YOU'LL BE FLATTER THAN A WALLET BEFORE PAYDAY!
JUST HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE--
--TO SAVE MYSELF AND STOP OUR LITTLE POWER-FISTED FRIEND.
IF I CAN GRAB HIS HANDS--PREVENT HIM FROM USING HIS POWERS--
GOT 'EM! HE'S HELPLESS NOW--FOR AS LONG AS I CAN HOLD ON.
YOU GLOAT TOO SOON, DAREDEVIL.
YOU THINK MY POWERS ARE SOLELY IN MY HANDS.
BUT EVEN AS YOU GRASP MY WRISTS, I CAN STILL HAVE THE TURBO ENGINES HEAT UP--
GETTING HOT-- BEGINNING TO BURN...
--UNTIL YOU CAN STAND THE PAIN NO MORE!
CAN'T HOLD ON...TOO HOT! TOO BLASTED HOT!
MY HANDS!
ABOVE THE BATTLE, IN AN OFFICE ON THE SIXTY-SEVENTH FLOOR OF THIS SELF-SAME MIDTOWN MANHATTAN BUILDING...
...BROCK JONES WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT, COMPLETING REPORTS WHICH ARE DUE THE VERY NEXT DAY.
UNFORTUNATELY, HE'LL MISS THAT DEADLINE--
WHAT IN THE NAME OF LOVE?
BUILDING'S SHAKING--LIKE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EARTHQUAKE.
BETTER CHECK IT OUT. WHO KNOWS WHERE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN IS.
BESIDES, HE MAY NEED HELP IF WHATEVER HIT US IS AS DANGEROUS AS IT SEEMS TO BE.

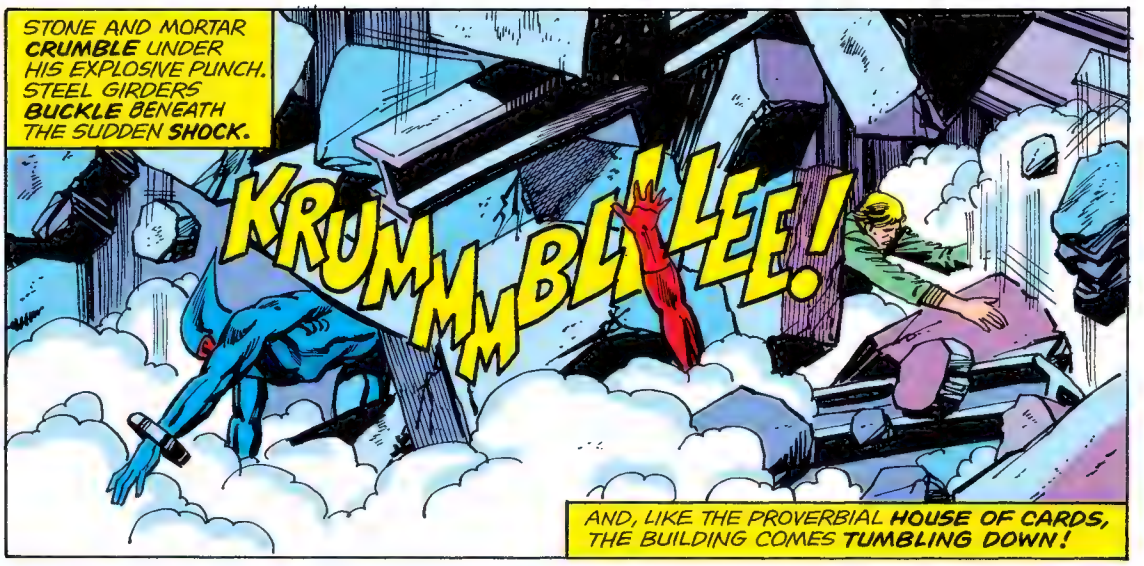

GREAT! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME MAJOR CATASTROPHE. IF I WAS ABLE TO DO MY JOB IN THE NORMAL EIGHT HOURS, I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW.
WELL, I GUESS I'M JUST ONE MORE EXAMPLE OF THE PETER PRINCIPLE IN ACTION.
'CAUSE NO MATTER HOW I SEE IT, THIS PRO-QUARTERBACK CAN'T HACK IT AS A CORPORATE V.P.
WHILE...
I BEGGED YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE, BUT YOU ARE TOO MUCH THE FOOL TO LISTEN.
I HAVE A MISSION WHICH MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED...A MISSION WHICH DOES NOT CONCERN YOU, DAREDEVIL.
AND IT IS A MISSION WHICH IS AS JUST AS ANY YOU'VE EVER PERFORMED.
I DON'T WANT YOU DEAD, DAREDEVIL--I JUST WANT YOU TO STOP BOTHERING ME!
THEREFORE I WON'T USE MY ULTIMATE DESTRUCTIVE POWERS AGAINST YOU.
PERHAPS THEN YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!
SPLANG!
UNGGHHH
YEAH, SOMETHING'S OUT THERE. I CAN HEAR IT. SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE BLASTED BUILDING'S COLLAPSING FROM UNDER ME.
MAYBE I GOT OUT OF MY OFFICE JUST IN TIME.
BL 2 3 4
I DON'T NEED TO GO THROUGH AN ACTUAL TOWERING INFERNO EXPERIENCE RIGHT NOW.
I'M CONFUSED ENOUGH.
SORRY, TORP, BUT EVEN IF YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH, I STILL CAN'T LET YOU GET AWAY.
IF SOMETHING WAS WRONG YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE...
...AND NOT TAKEN THE MATTER INTO YOUR OWN HANDS!

AS YOU DO, DARDEVIL--?
WHO APPOINTED YOU GUARDIAN OF THE LAW?
YOU ACT OUT OF YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE--
--AS I ACT FROM MINE!

BUT IT SEEMS THAT YOU WILL NOT LET ME ALONE--THAT I MUST DO AWAY WITH YOU.
I REGRET WHAT I MUST DO, DAREDEVIL, BUT YOU'VE GIVEN ME NO CHOICE.
TOO WEAK...TOO TIRED TO MOVE.
HE'S GOT ME!

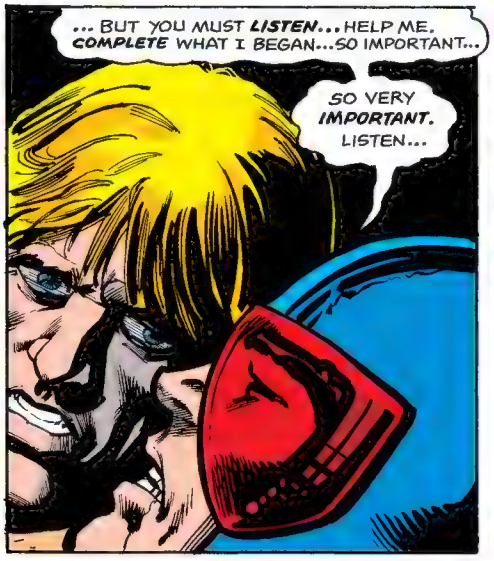

BUT...
WHAT? THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS--
B L 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
SOMEONE INSIDE--
CAN'T HURT HIM! CAN'T LET AN INNOCENT SUFFER.

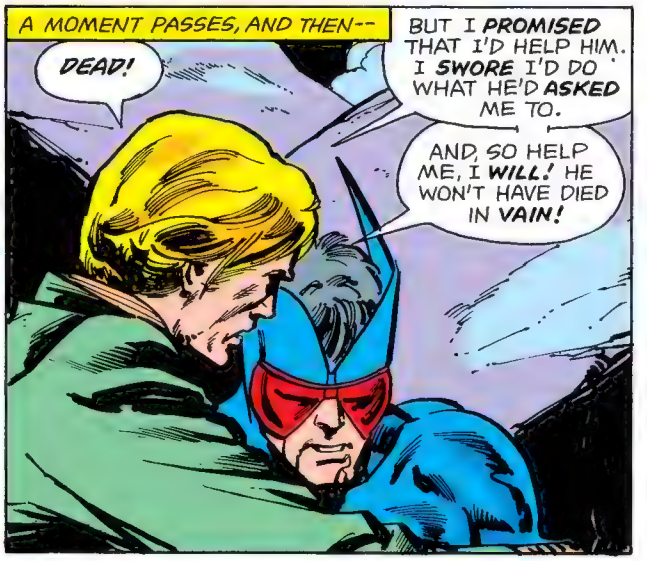

EVEN AS HIS FIST LASHES OUT, THE TORPEDO TURNS--
--AND, WITH ONLY INCHES TO SPARE, MISSES BROCK JONES. BUT IT IS TOO LATE TO CHECK HIS LETHAL ASSAULT--TO STOP HIS DEADLY IMPACT--
AND SO, WITH THE FORCE OF A LIVING BOMB, THE FURY OF THE TORPEDO IS UNLEASHED!
KABLAM!

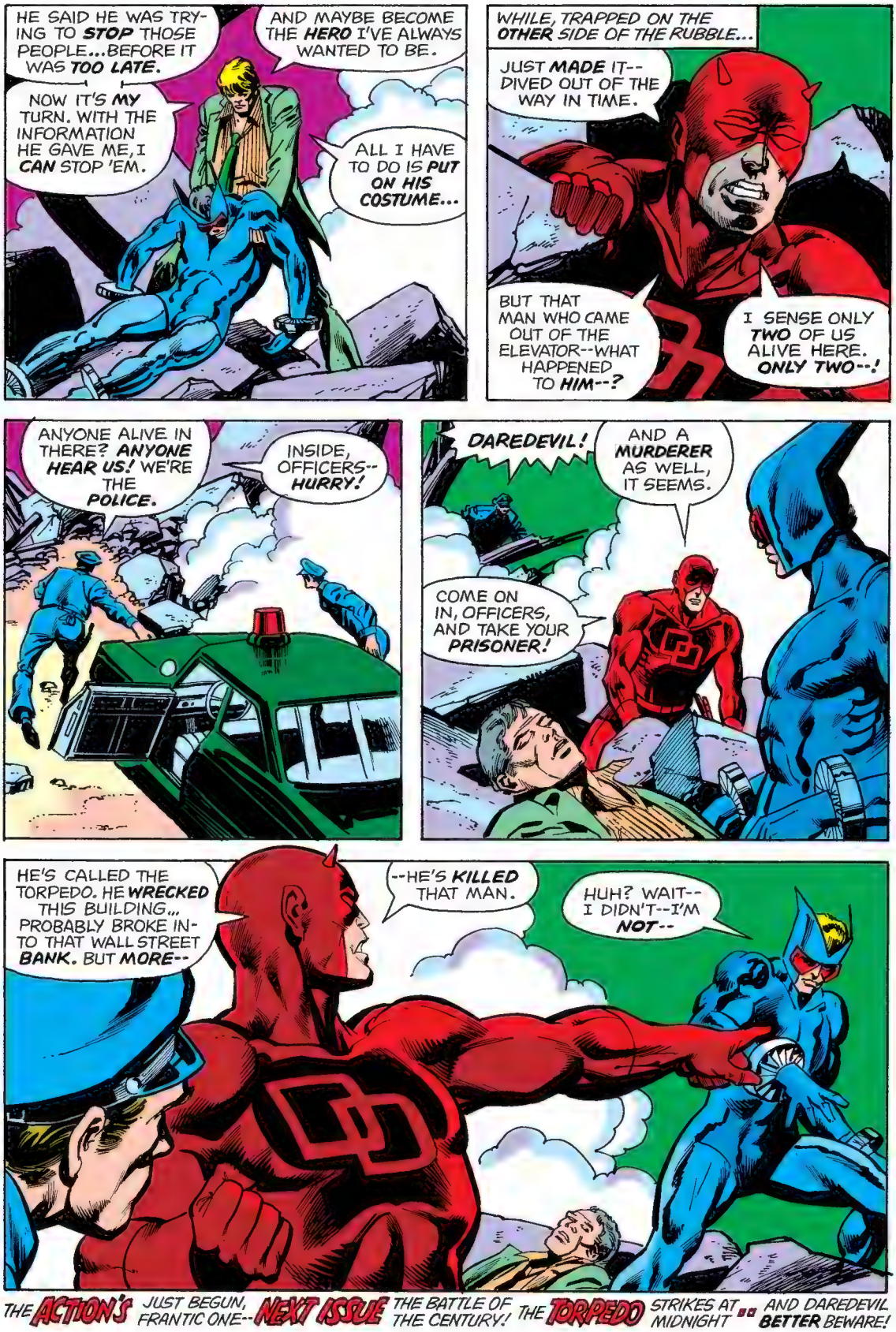

STONE AND MORTAR CRUMBLE UNDER HIS EXPLOSIVE PUNCH. STEEL GIRDERS BUCKLE BENEATH THE SUDDEN SHOCK.
KRUMMMBLLEE!
AND, LIKE THE PROVERBIAL HOUSE OF CARDS, THE BUILDING COMES TUMBLING DOWN!

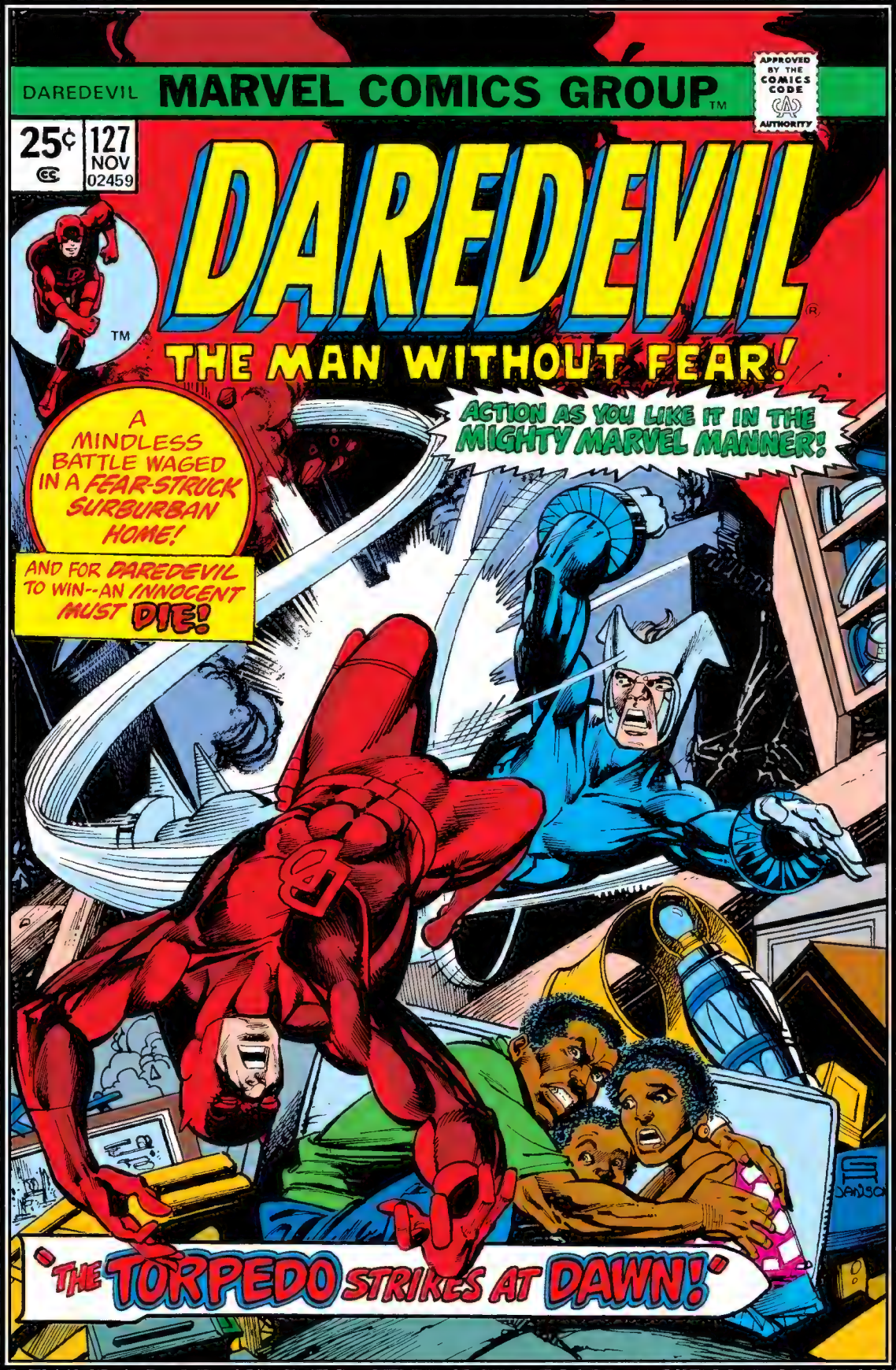
FOR MINUTES, ALL LIES QUIET. THEN BROCK JONES STIRS, AND SHAKES OFF THE PAIN LANCING THROUGH HIS LEGS. HE RISES, AND HE HEARS...
SOMEONE...MY CHEST...ON FIRE ...HELP ME...
...HELP ME...
HUH? THAT GUY-- TRAPPED.

HANG ON, MISTER, I'LL PULL THOSE STONES OFF A' YOU.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I PROMISE YA THAT.
NO... IT'S TOO LATE. MY CHEST IS CRUSHED.


... BUT YOU MUST LISTEN... HELP ME. COMPLETE WHAT I BEGAN...SO IMPORTANT...
SO VERY IMPORTANT. LISTEN...


A MOMENT PASSES, AND THEN--
DEAD!
BUT I PROMISED THAT I'D HELP HIM. I SWORE I'D DO WHAT HE'D ASKED ME TO.
AND, SO HELP ME, I WILL! HE WON'T HAVE DIED IN VAIN!


HE SAID HE WAS TRYING TO STOP THOSE PEOPLE...BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.
AND MAYBE BECOME THE HERO I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE.
NOW IT'S MY TURN. WITH THE INFORMATION HE GAVE ME, I CAN STOP 'EM.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUT ON HIS COSTUME...
WHILE, TRAPPED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RUBBLE...
JUST MADE IT--DIVED OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME.
BUT THAT MAN WHO CAME OUT OF THE ELEVATOR--WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM--?
I SENSE ONLY TWO OF US ALIVE HERE. ONLY TWO--!
ANYONE ALIVE IN THERE? ANYONE HEAR US! WE'RE THE POLICE.
INSIDE, OFFICERS--HURRY!
DAREDEVIL!
AND A MURDERER AS WELL, IT SEEMS.
COME ON IN, OFFICERS, AND TAKE YOUR PRISONER!
HE'S CALLED THE TORPEDO. HE WRECKED THIS BUILDING... PROBABLY BROKE INTO THAT WALL STREET BANK. BUT MORE--
--HE'S KILLED THAT MAN.
HUH? WAIT--I DIDN'T--I'M NOT--
THE ACTION'S JUST BEGUN, FRANTIC ONE--NEXT ISSUE THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY! THE TORPEDO STRIKES AT MIDNIGHT .. AND DAREDEVIL BETTER BEWARE!


DAREDEVIL
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25¢
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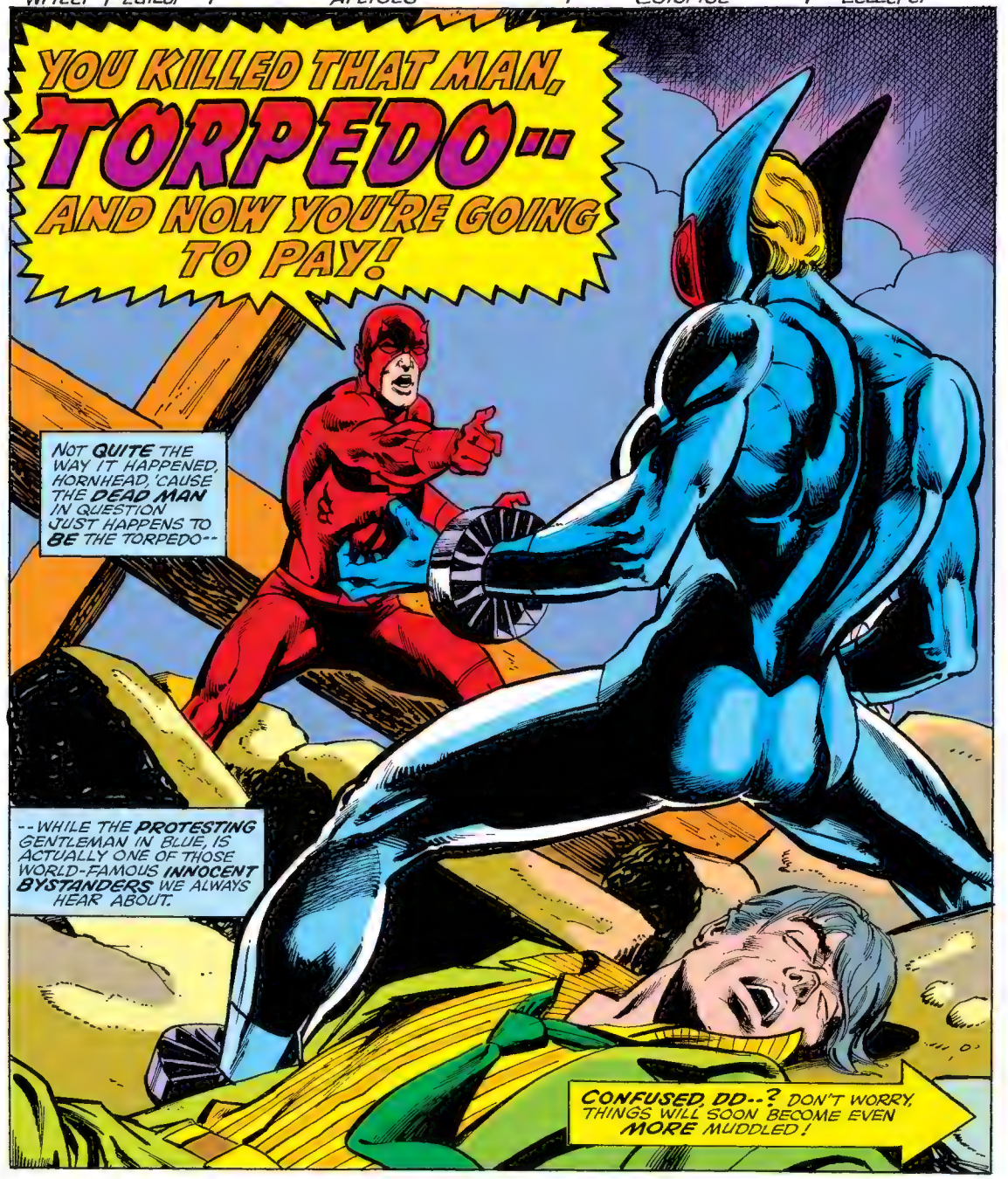
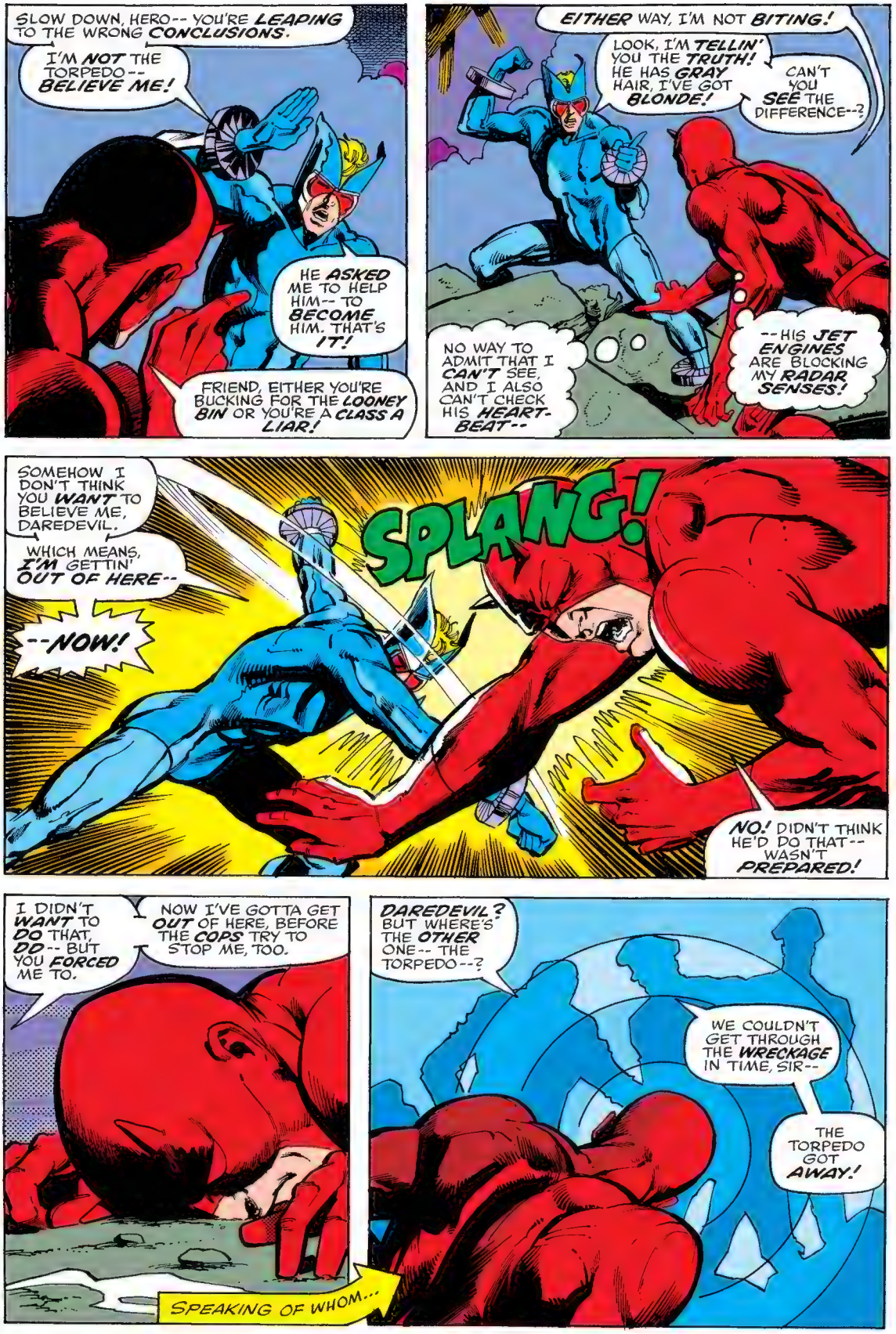
NOV
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
ACTION AS YOU LIKE IT IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!
A MINDLESS BATTLE WAGED IN A FEAR-STRUCK SUBURBAN HOME!
AND FOR DAREDEVIL TO WIN--AN INNOCENT MUST DIE!
"THE TORPEDO STRIKES AT DAWN!"

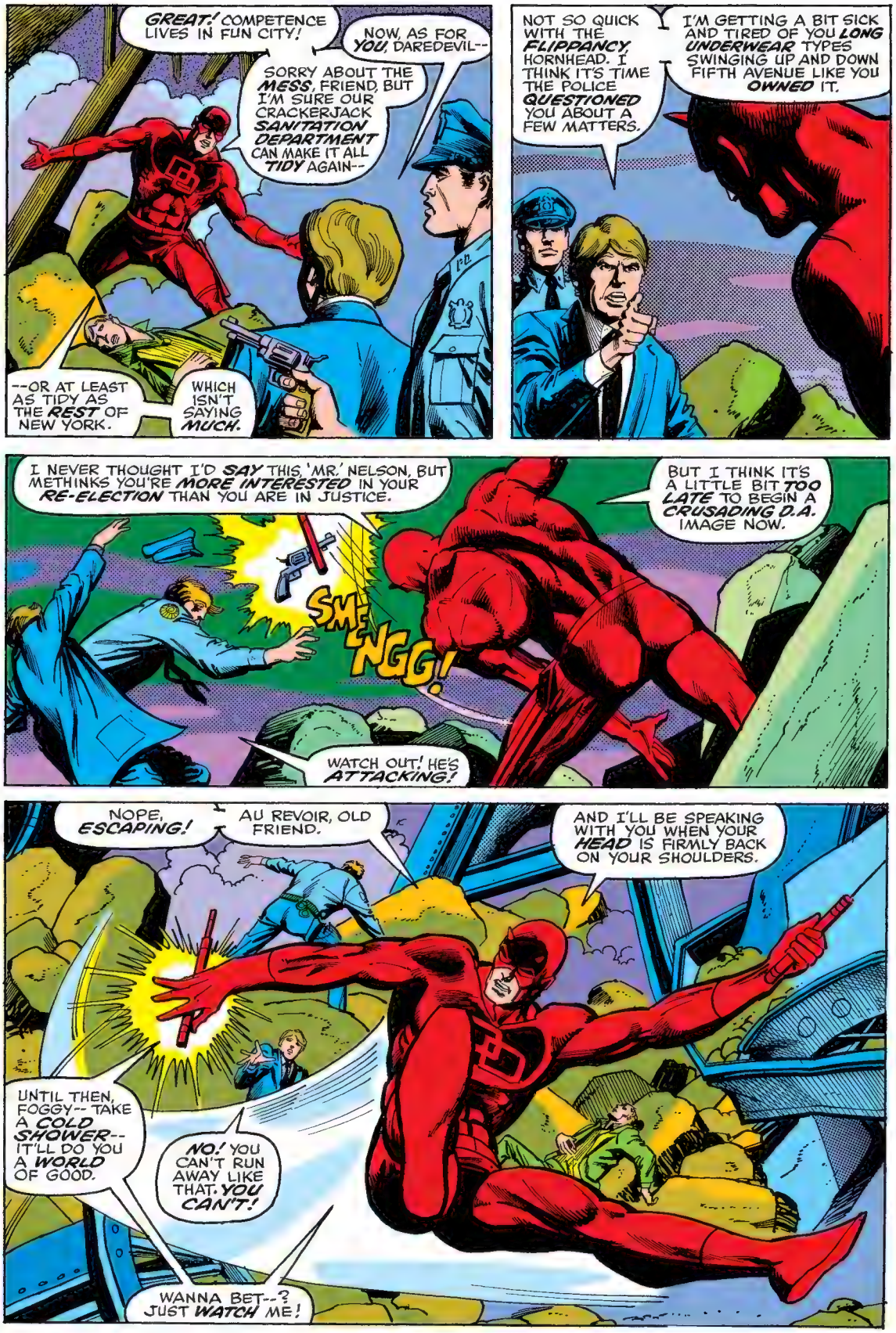
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

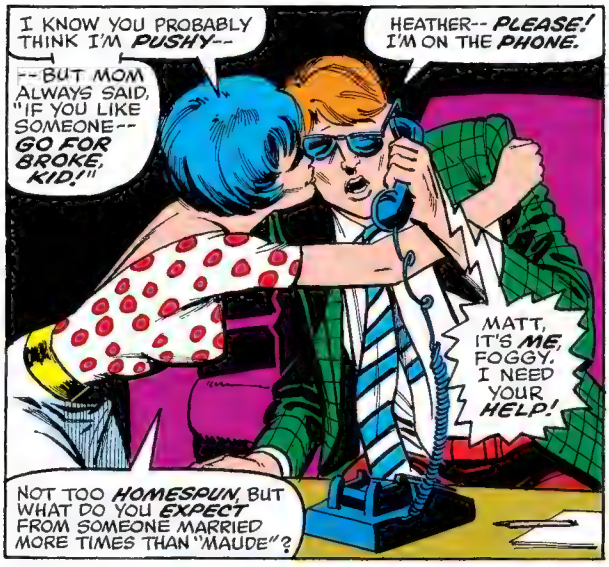
MARV WOLFMAN / Writer / Editor | BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON / Artists | PETRA GOLDBERG / Colorist | JOE ROSEN / Letterer


YOU KILLED THAT MAN, TORPEDO--
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
NOT QUITE THE WAY IT HAPPENED, HORNHEAD, 'CAUSE THE DEAD MAN IN QUESTION JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE TORPEDO--
--WHILE THE PROTESTING GENTLEMAN IN BLUE, IS ACTUALLY ONE OF THOSE WORLD-FAMOUS INNOCENT BYSTANDERS WE ALWAYS HEAR ABOUT.
CONFUSED, DD--? DON'T WORRY, THINGS WILL SOON BECOME EVEN MORE MUDDLED!


SLOW DOWN, HERO-- YOU'RE LEAPING TO THE WRONG CONCLUSIONS.
I'M NOT THE TORPEDO-- BELIEVE ME!
HE ASKED ME TO HELP HIM-- TO BECOME HIM. THAT'S IT!
FRIEND, EITHER YOU'RE BUCKING FOR THE LOONEY BIN OR YOU'RE A CLASS A LIAR!
EITHER WAY, I'M NOT BITING!
LOOK, I'M TELLIN' YOU THE TRUTH! HE HAS GRAY HAIR, I'VE GOT BLONDE!
CAN'T YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE--?
NO WAY TO ADMIT THAT I CAN'T SEE, AND I ALSO CAN'T CHECK HIS HEART-BEAT--
--HIS JET ENGINES ARE BLOCKING MY RADAR SENSES!
SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO BELIEVE ME, DAREDEVIL.
WHICH MEANS, I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE--
--NOW!
SPLANG!
NO! DIDN'T THINK HE'D DO THAT-- WASN'T PREPARED!
I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THAT, DD-- BUT YOU FORCED ME TO.
NOW I'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE THE COPS TRY TO STOP ME, TOO.
SPEAKING OF WHOM...
DAREDEVIL? BUT WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE-- THE TORPEDO--?
WE COULDN'T GET THROUGH THE WRECKAGE IN TIME, SIR--
THE TORPEDO GOT AWAY!

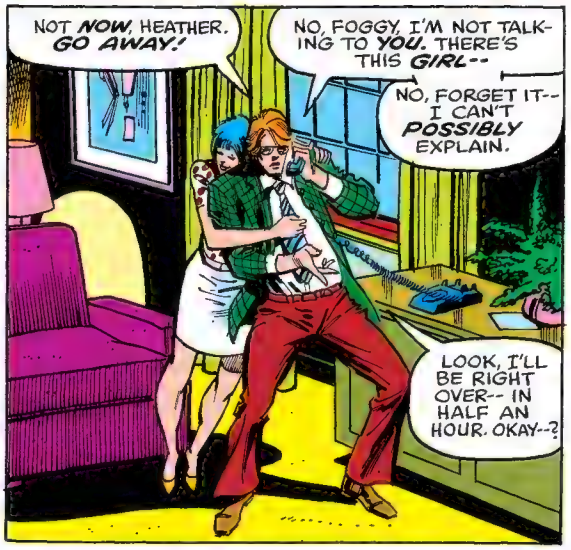

GREAT! COMPETENCE LIVES IN FUN CITY!
NOW, AS FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL--
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS, FRIEND, BUT I'M SURE OUR CRACKERJACK SANITATION DEPARTMENT CAN MAKE IT ALL TIDY AGAIN--
--OR AT LEAST AS TIDY AS THE REST OF NEW YORK.
WHICH ISN'T SAYING MUCH.
NOT SO QUICK WITH THE FLIPPANCY, HORNHEAD. I THINK IT'S TIME THE POLICE QUESTIONED YOU ABOUT A FEW MATTERS.
I'M GETTING A BIT SICK AND TIRED OF YOU LONG UNDERWEAR TYPES SWINGING UP AND DOWN FIFTH AVENUE LIKE YOU OWNED IT.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, 'MR.' NELSON, BUT METHINKS YOU'RE MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR RE-ELECTION THAN YOU ARE IN JUSTICE.
SM-NGG!
BUT I THINK IT'S A LITTLE BIT TOO LATE TO BEGIN A CRUSADING D.A. IMAGE NOW.
WATCH OUT! HE'S ATTACKING!
NOPE, ESCAPING!
AU REVOIR, OLD FRIEND.
AND I'LL BE SPEAKING WITH YOU WHEN YOUR HEAD IS FIRMLY BACK ON YOUR SHOULDERS.
UNTIL THEN, FOGGY-- TAKE A COLD SHOWER-- IT'LL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD.
NO! YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY LIKE THAT. YOU CAN'T!
WANNA BET--? JUST WATCH ME!

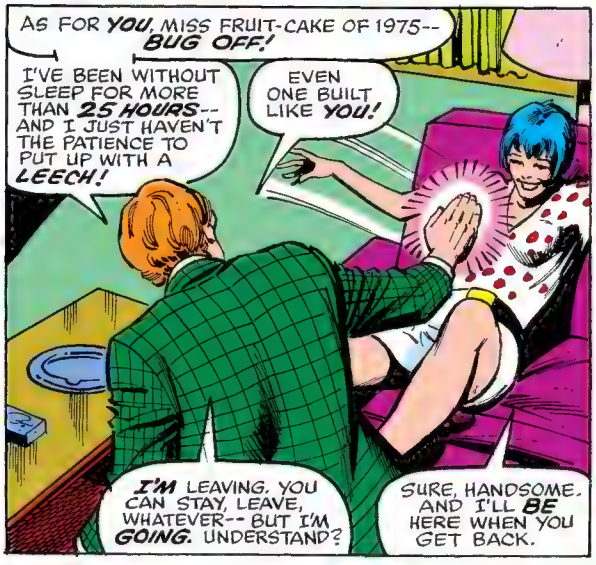
POLITICS IS GETTING TO FOGGY. IN A WAY, I ALMOST HOPE HE FINDS HIMSELF OUT OF IT.
I THINK HE'S IN SLIGHTLY OVER HIS HEAD.
I KNOW HE'S NOT A 'TOUGH GUY' BY NATURE, AND THIS JOB FORCES HIM TO BECOME ONE!
AND, I CAN TELL IT'S TRYING ON HIS NERVES.
MAYBE I CAN SPEAK TO HIM AS MATT. ESPECIALLY IF I TAKE HIS JOB OFFER AS HIS SPECIAL CONSULTANT.
I MAY JUST BE WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDE--
HOLD IT!
SOMEONE'S IN THE LIVING-ROOM!
IT'S THAT GIRL, HEATHER--THE ONE WHOSE BOY-FRIEND OWNED THIS BROWNSTONE BEFORE ME.
--WELL, HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO CAN BRING THE FUN BACK TO FUN CITY.
BUT WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE NOW? WELL, ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT--
WHO'S HERE--? I HEAR THE TELEVISION SET--!
OH, HI, MATT. HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE WITHOUT MY SEEING YOU. I THOUGHT--
OOOOPS FORGOT AGAIN. IT'S HEATHER. REMEMBER, HANDSOME?
HOW CAN I FORGET?
VOTE FOR NELSON, AND LEARN WHY HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM FOGGY!
I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU THE WONDERFUL NEWS, HANDSOME. REMEMBER MY BOYFRIEND, FREDDY--?
WELL, I JUST FOUND OUT HE'S MARRIED! ISN'T THAT GREAT?
NOW I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM.
HMMMM. SAY, YOU'RE NOT MARRIED, ARE YOU?
NELSON FOR ICT ATTORNEY
ER, NO--I'M NOT.
GOING WITH SOMEONE?
BBRINGG! RINGG!
NOT REALLY.
THEN IN THE WORDS OF SOMEONE I FORGET--"KISS ME, YOU FOOL!"


I KNOW YOU PROBABLY THINK I'M PUSHY--
--BUT MOM ALWAYS SAID, "IF YOU LIKE SOMEONE-- GO FOR BROKE, KID!"
HEATHER-- PLEASE! I'M ON THE PHONE.
MATT, IT'S ME, FOGGY. I NEED YOUR HELP!
NOT TOO HOMESPUN, BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM SOMEONE MARRIED MORE TIMES THAN "MAUDE"?

MY CAMPAIGN'S FALLING TO PIECES, MATT, AND SO AM I!
I DON'T KNOW WHOM TO TRUST ANYMORE. I MEAN, THEY JUST RAN THAT PIE-THROWING COMMERCIAL AGAIN.
I NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO, MATT.

PLEASE, TAKE THAT JOB. YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND, THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST.
I'M EVEN SUSPICIOUS ABOUT MY OWN MANAGER, BRADY.
PLEASE SAY "YES," MATT. YOU'VE GOT TO!

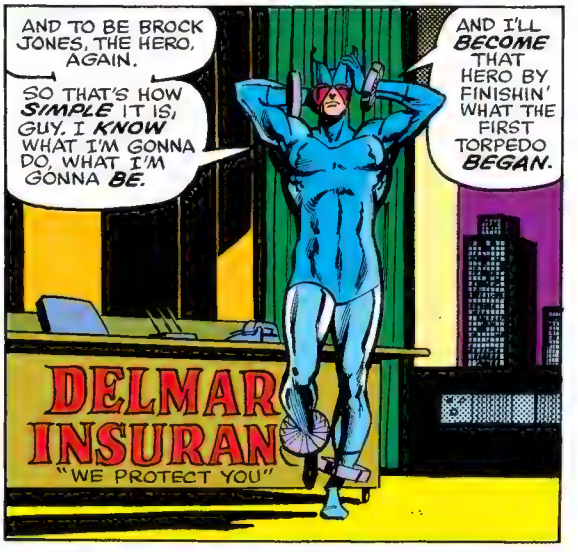

NOT NOW, HEATHER. GO AWAY!
NO, FOGGY, I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU. THERE'S THIS GIRL--
NO, FORGET IT-- I CAN'T POSSIBLY EXPLAIN.
LOOK, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER-- IN HALF AN HOUR. OKAY--?

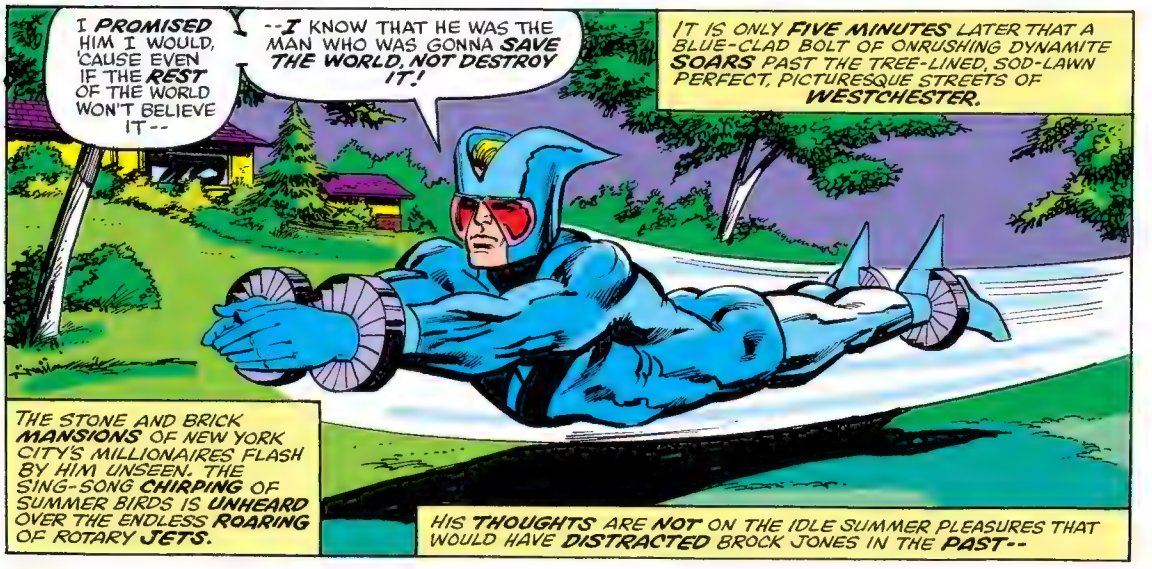

AS FOR YOU, MISS FRUIT-CAKE OF 1975-- BUG OFF!
I'VE BEEN WITHOUT SLEEP FOR MORE THAN 25 HOURS-- AND I JUST HAVEN'T THE PATIENCE TO PUT UP WITH A LEECH!
EVEN ONE BUILT LIKE YOU!
I'M LEAVING. YOU CAN STAY, LEAVE, WHATEVER-- BUT I'M GOING. UNDERSTAND?
SURE, HANDSOME. AND I'LL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK.

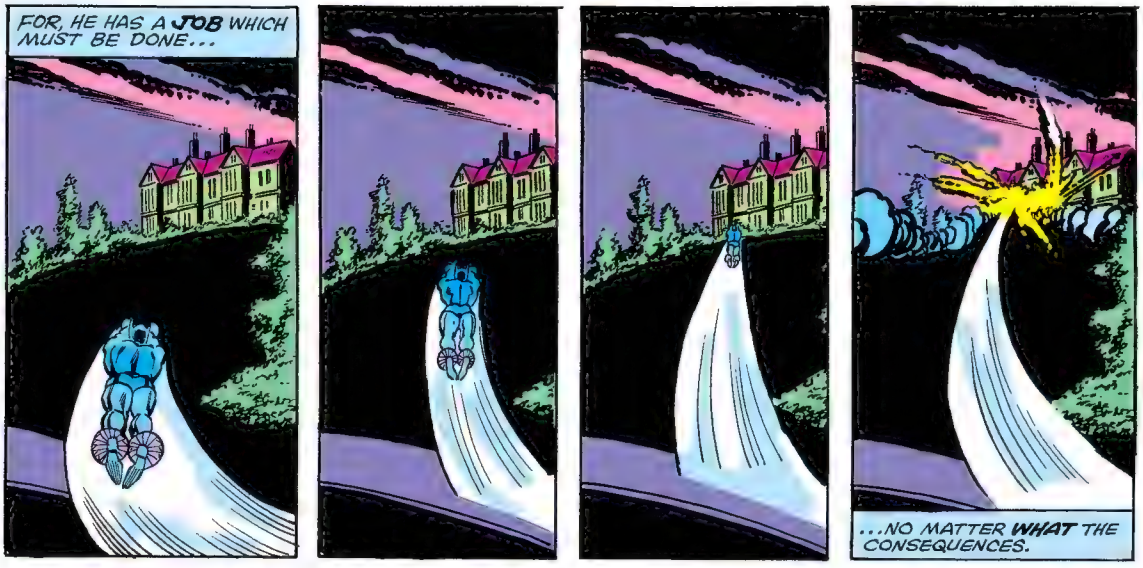
WHILE MATT MURDOCK GOES TO THE HELP OF ONE NEW YORKER FACED WITH PROBLEMS...
...ANOTHER CITIZEN OF MANHATTAN PONDERS HIS TROUBLES ALONE.
I JUST DON'T GET IT! I TRIED TO HELP, AND NOW I'M WANTED FOR MURDER.

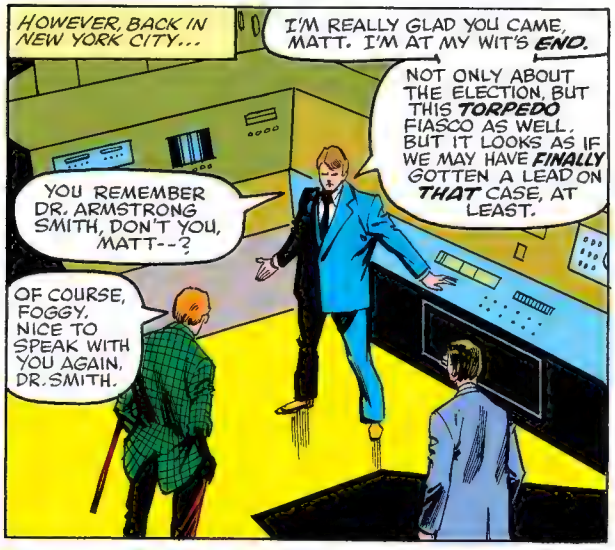
I KNOW I CAN BE SAFE IF I WANT TO BE, 'CAUSE I CAN SHUCK THIS TIN-PLATED UNION-SUIT ANY TIME I WANT TO.
AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER, 'CAUSE NO ONE KNOWS I'M INVOLVED.
BUT, I CAN'T-- I CAN'T!
I DUG PLAYING THE HERO AGAIN, AND I DON'T WANT TO GIVE IT UP.
HECK, DAREDEVIL WOULDN'T IF HE WERE GIVEN THE CHOICE. I KNOW HE WOULDN'T.

WHEN I RACED DOWN THE FOOTBALL FIELD, I WAS SOMEONE. I RAN FASTER, MOVED BETTER, SCORED MORE TOUCHDOWNS THAN ANYONE.
BUT I OPTED FOR THIS FINANCIALLY-SECURE SHELL I'M IN, AND MAN-- I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO BUST FREE.


AND TO BE BROCK JONES, THE HERO, AGAIN.
SO THAT'S HOW SIMPLE IT IS, GUY. I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO, WHAT I'M GONNA BE.
AND I'LL BECOME THAT HERO BY, FINISHIN' WHAT THE FIRST TORPEDO BEGAN.
DELMAR INSURAN
"WE PROTECT YOU"


I PROMISED HIM I WOULD, 'CAUSE EVEN IF THE REST OF THE WORLD WON'T BELIEVE IT--
--I KNOW THAT HE WAS THE MAN WHO WAS GONNA SAVE THE WORLD, NOT DESTROY IT!
IT IS ONLY FIVE MINUTES LATER THAT A BLUE-CLAD BOLT OF ONRUSHING DYNAMITE SOARS PAST THE TREE-LINED, SOD-LAWN PERFECT, PICTURESQUE STREETS OF WESTCHESTER.
THE STONE AND BRICK MANSIONS OF NEW YORK CITY'S MILLIONAIRES FLASH BY HIM UNSEEN. THE SING-SONG CHIRPING OF SUMMER BIRDS IS UNHEARD OVER THE ENDLESS ROARING OF ROTARY JETS.
HIS THOUGHTS ARE NOT ON THE IDLE SUMMER PLEASURES THAT WOULD HAVE DISTRACTED BROCK JONES IN THE PAST--

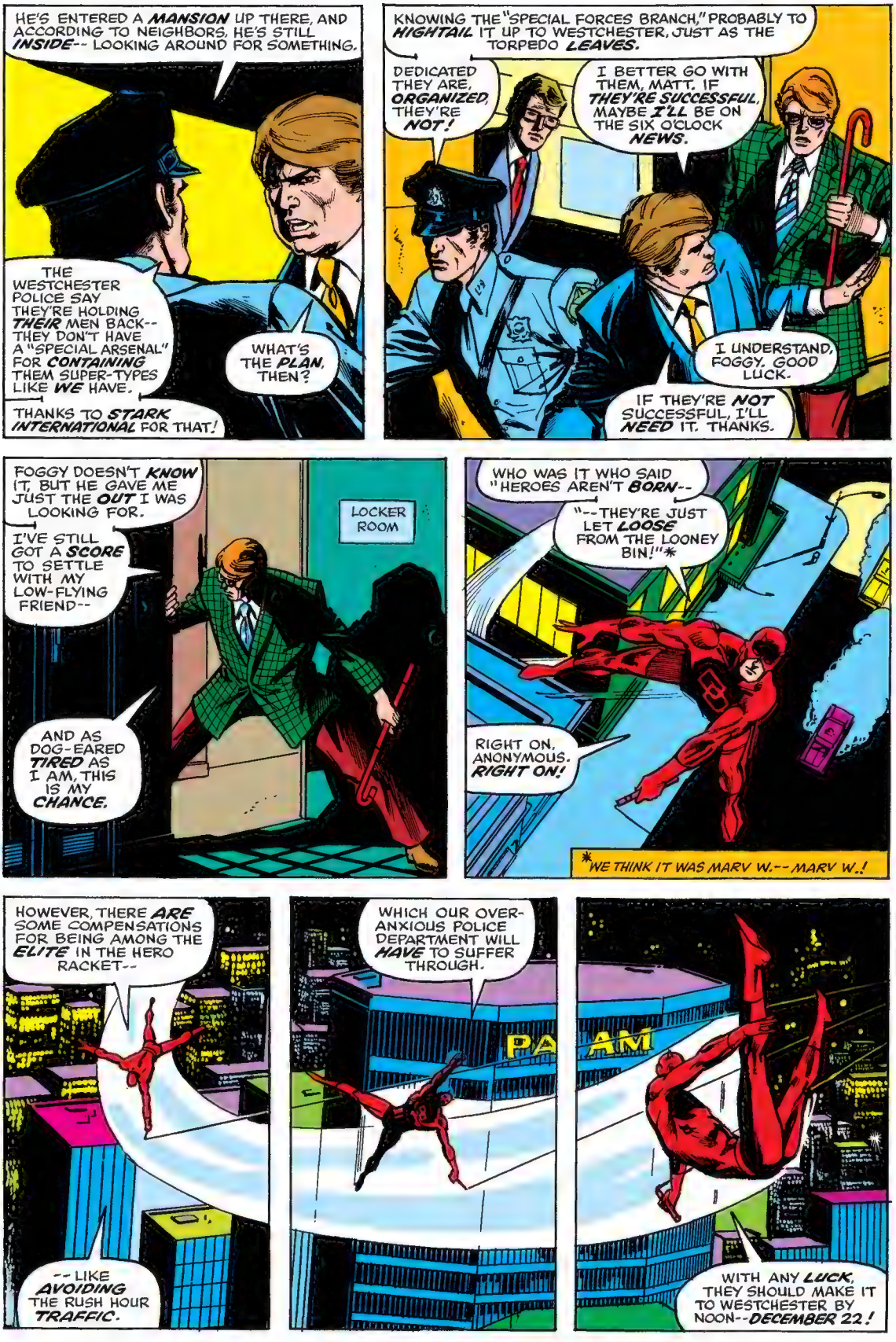

FOR, HE HAS A JOB WHICH MUST BE DONE...
...NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES.

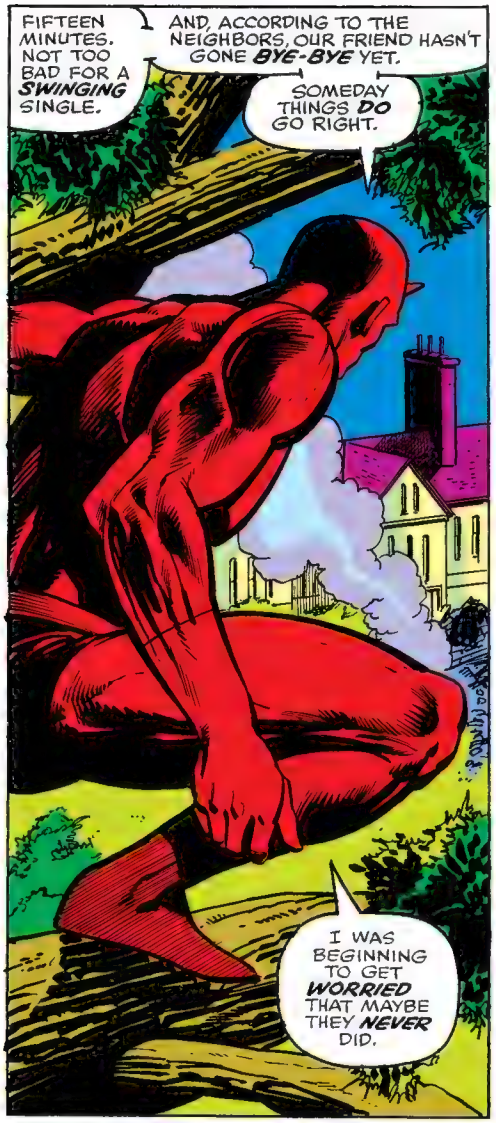

HOWEVER, BACK IN NEW YORK CITY...
I'M REALLY GLAD YOU CAME, MATT. I'M AT MY WIT'S END.
NOT ONLY ABOUT THE ELECTION, BUT THIS TORPEDO FIASCO AS WELL, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF WE MAY HAVE FINALLY GOTTEN A LEAD ON THAT CASE, AT LEAST.
YOU REMEMBER DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH, DON'T YOU, MATT--?
OF COURSE, FOGGY. NICE TO SPEAK WITH YOU AGAIN, DR. SMITH.

MATT, WE RAN SOME QUESTIONS THROUGH DR. SMITH'S COMPUTER, AND IT'S TOLD US A FEW RATHER INTERESTING FACTS.
LIKE THE MAN THE TORPEDO ALLEGEDLY KILLED WAS A WELL-KNOWN SCIENTIST RECENTLY FROM THE SOVIET UNION.
AND, CO-INCIDENTALLY ENOUGH, HE WAS THE BROTHER OF THE MAN WHOSE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX WAS BROKEN INTO. INTERESTING, EH?
THAT'S LIKE ASKING IF THE HULK IS GREEN. OF COURSE I'M FASCINATED. GO ON.

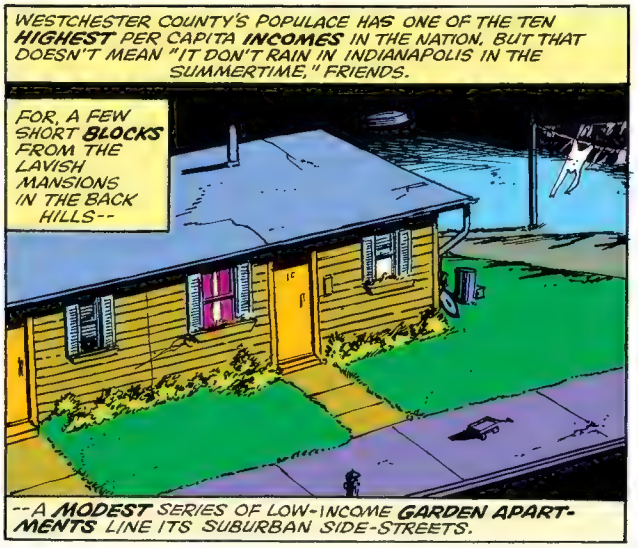
NOT MUCH ELSE, MATT. THE COMPUTER STILL ISN'T FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY YET.
THAT IS RIGHT, MR. MURDOCK. MY COLLEAGUE, DR. BRADLEY BOLTON, IS WORKING ON THE FINAL MEMORY CIRCUITS AT THIS TIME.
HEY, JUST WAIT ONE SLIPPERY SECOND-- WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HAVE THEY BOMBED HEADQUARTERS AGAIN? WHERE'S EVERYONE RUSHING OFF TO?
OH, IT'S YOU, SIR. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD--?
THE TORPEDO'S STRUCK AGAIN, IN WEST-CHESTER, AND THEY'RE ASKING THE CITY FOR HELP!


HE'S ENTERED A MANSION UP THERE, AND ACCORDING TO NEIGHBORS, HE'S STILL INSIDE-- LOOKING AROUND FOR SOMETHING.
THE WESTCHESTER POLICE SAY THEY'RE HOLDING THEIR MEN BACK-- THEY DON'T HAVE A "SPECIAL ARSENAL" FOR CONTAINING THEM SUPER-TYPES LIKE WE HAVE.
WHAT'S THE PLAN, THEN?
THANKS TO STARK INTERNATIONAL FOR THAT!
KNOWING THE "SPECIAL FORCES BRANCH," PROBABLY TO HIGHTAIL IT UP TO WESTCHESTER, JUST AS THE TORPEDO LEAVES.
DEDICATED THEY ARE, ORGANIZED, THEY'RE NOT!
I BETTER GO WITH THEM, MATT. IF THEY'RE SUCCESSFUL, MAYBE I'LL BE ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS.
I UNDERSTAND, FOGGY. GOOD LUCK.
IF THEY'RE NOT SUCCESSFUL, I'LL NEED IT. THANKS.
FOGGY DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE GAVE ME JUST THE OUT I WAS LOOKING FOR.
I'VE STILL GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH MY LOW-FLYING FRIEND--
LOCKER ROOM
AND AS DOG-EARED TIRED AS I AM, THIS IS MY CHANCE.
WHO WAS IT WHO SAID "HEROES AREN'T BORN--
"--THEY'RE JUST LET LOOSE FROM THE LOONEY BIN!"*
RIGHT ON, ANONYMOUS. RIGHT ON!
*WE THINK IT WAS MARV W.--MARV W.!
HOWEVER, THERE ARE SOME COMPENSATIONS FOR BEING AMONG THE ELITE IN THE HERO RACKET--
--LIKE AVOIDING THE RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC.
WHICH OUR OVER-ANXIOUS POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH.
WITH ANY LUCK, THEY SHOULD MAKE IT TO WESTCHESTER BY NOON--DECEMBER 22!


FIFTEEN MINUTES. NOT TOO BAD FOR A SWINGING SINGLE.
AND, ACCORDING TO THE NEIGHBORS, OUR FRIEND HASN'T GONE BYE-BYE YET.
SOMEDAY THINGS DO GO RIGHT.
I WAS BEGINNING TO GET WORRIED THAT MAYBE THEY NEVER DID.

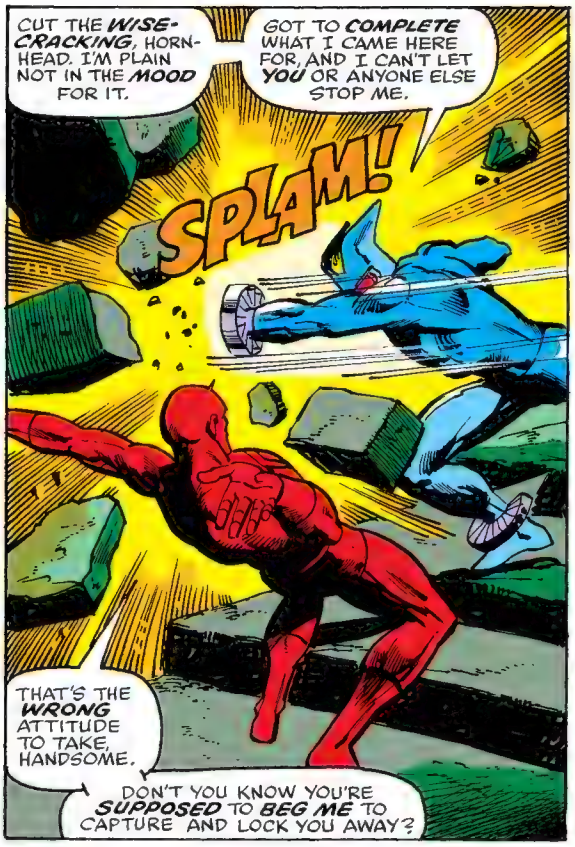
I GUESS IT'S TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THE DAYS THAT ARE LOUSY.
OH WELL, I COULD'VE BEEN IN ALUMINUM SIDING LIKE MY MOTHER ALWAYS WANTED.
NINE TO FIVE, NO PROBLEMS, NO RIPPED RED UNDERWEAR.
AND PROBABLY AS DULL AS AN INSURANCE SALESMAN'S PITCH!


WESTCHESTER COUNTY'S POPULACE HAS ONE OF THE TEN HIGHEST PER CAPITA INCOMES IN THE NATION, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN "IT DON'T RAIN IN INDIANAPOLIS IN THE SUMMERTIME," FRIENDS.
FOR, A FEW SHORT BLOCKS FROM THE LAVISH MANSIONS IN THE BACK HILLS--
--A MODEST SERIES OF LOW-INCOME GARDEN APARTMENTS LINE ITS SUBURBAN SIDE-STREETS.

AND, INSIDE ONE APARTMENT--
DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, HONEY, BUT I'M GETTIN' SICK OF "CANNON."
UNBELIEVABLE DUDE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN--?
I DON'T KNOW, FRANKY. HE'S KINDA CUTE--IN A FAT SORT OF WAY.

SWIFT! I GO FOR CHER, AND YOU DIG CANNON. MAKES ME WONDER IF I MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE, LITTLE LADY.
HEY, HONEY, WANT SOMETHING TO DRINK? I'M FAMISHED!
JUST WATER, FRANKY. OKAY?
SORRY, LOVE. WE'RE CLEAN OUT OF THAT. HOW ABOUT SOME H2O INSTEAD?

END OF THAT QUIET PATTER FOR NOW, FIGHT-FANS, AND LET'S MOVE BACK TO WHERE THE ACTION'S GONNA BE AT.
YEAH, HE'S BEEN THROUGH HERE-- AND BACK.
BY THE LOOK OF THINGS, HE MOST DEFINITELY IS SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.
AND HOPEFULLY I'LL FIND HIM BEFORE HE FINDS WHATEVER HE'S LOOKING FOR.
NO PROBLEM IN LOCATING HIM EITHER--
JUST FOLLOW THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD...
...OF DESTRUCTION!
BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING NAGGING AT ME, NAMELY A COUPLE OF WHY'S AND WHEREFORES.
FOR INSTANCE, MAYBE THAT WASN'T THE REAL TORPEDO BACK AT THAT OFFICE BUILDING.
THEN WHO--? BLAST!
IT'S LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE WITH HALF THE PIECES MISSING.
HOLD IT!
HEARTBEAT AHEAD OF ME--
GROWING LOUDER... EXCITED--
COMING AT ME!
WHAT--?
YOU COULDN'T HAVE DUCKED! HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?
I DIDN'T MOVE... ALMOST DIDN'T BREATHE ONCE I SAW YOU ENTER.
SPLAM!
THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND FOR YOU TO GUESS, CHUCKLE-HEAD!
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, I'M NOT THE KINDA GUY WHO "STALKS AND TALKS!"
THINGS LIKE THAT COULD RUIN A HERO'S REPUTATION!

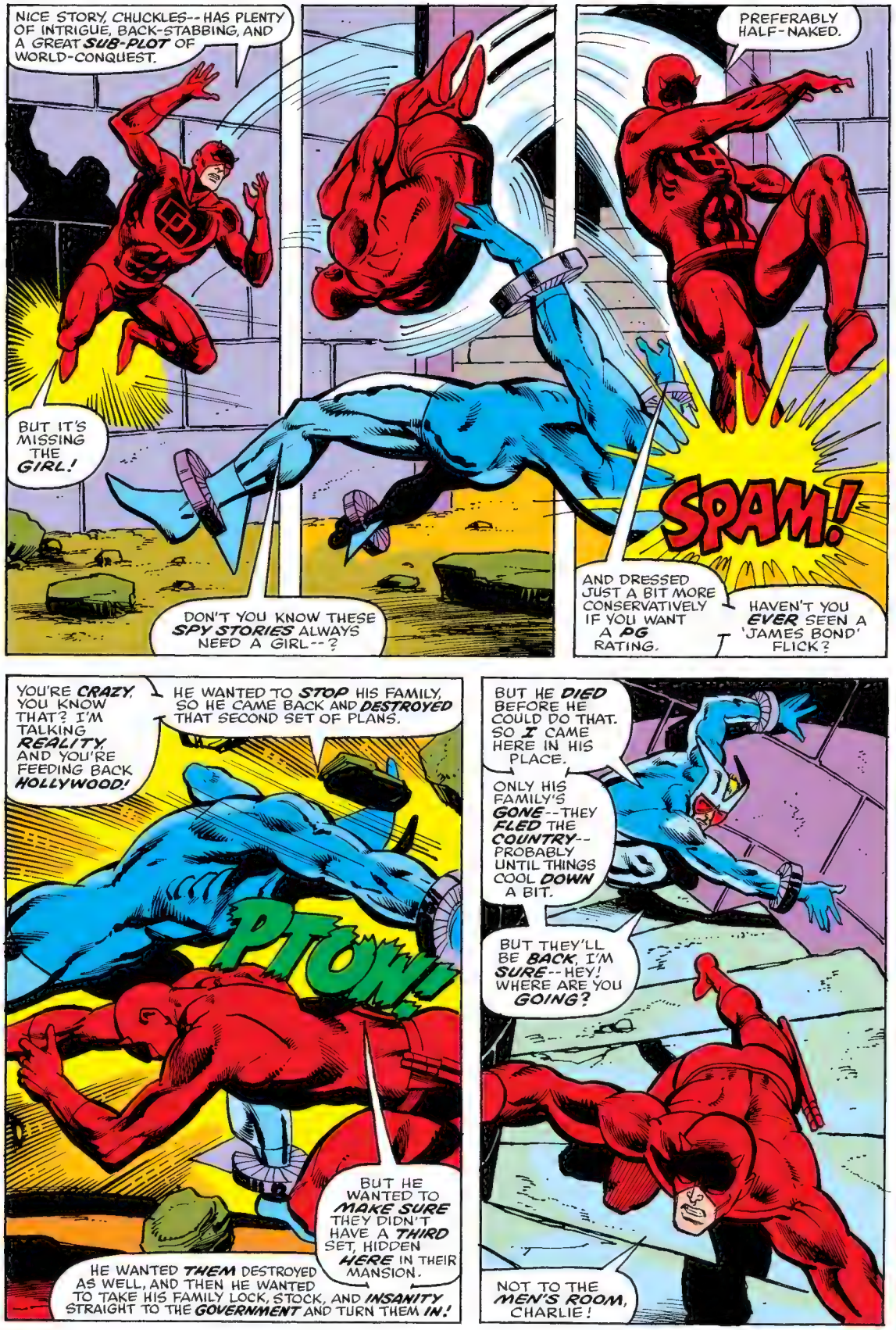

CUT THE WISE-CRACKING, HORN-HEAD. I'M PLAIN NOT IN THE MOOD FOR IT.
GOT TO COMPLETE WHAT I CAME HERE FOR, AND I CAN'T LET YOU OR ANYONE ELSE STOP ME.
SPLAM!
THAT'S THE WRONG ATTITUDE TO TAKE, HANDSOME.
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BEG ME TO CAPTURE AND LOCK YOU AWAY?

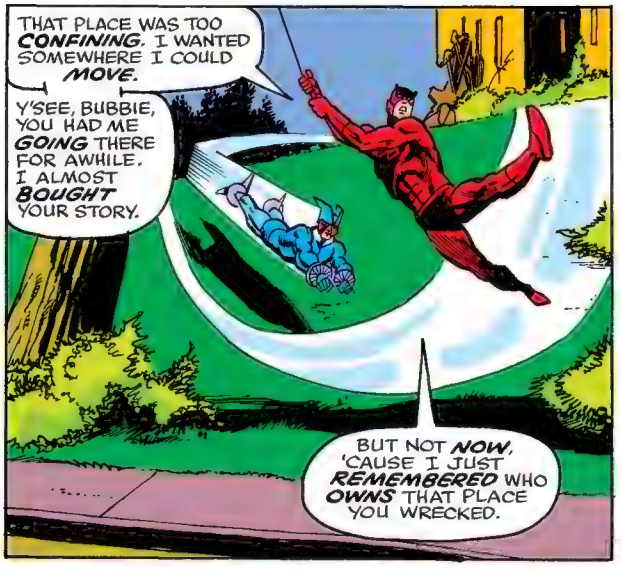
WOW, TALK ABOUT FOUL-UPS!
TELL YOU WHAT, TORP-- GIVE UP, COME WITH ME DOWNTOWN, AND WE'LL FORGET YOUR INCREDIBLE FAUX PAS.
AFTER ALL, I CAN FORGIVE YOU FOR NOT KNOWING THE BASIC RULES OF VILLAINY--
--CONSIDERING YOU'RE SO NEW TO IT, DEAL?

I TOLD YOU TO STOP WITH THE JOKES, MISTER, AND I MEANT IT. THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS. SOME-THING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!
SO TELL ME, FRIEND-- WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS--?
I MAY WANT TO BUY IN, COMPRENDE?

YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND, DO YOU, DAREDEVIL--? OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU-- SEE WHAT GOOD IT DOES.
BUT I'M NOT GONNA STOP FIGHTING, 'CAUSE, FRANKLY, I DON'T TRUST YOU.
SUITS ME, McDUFF. TALK ON!

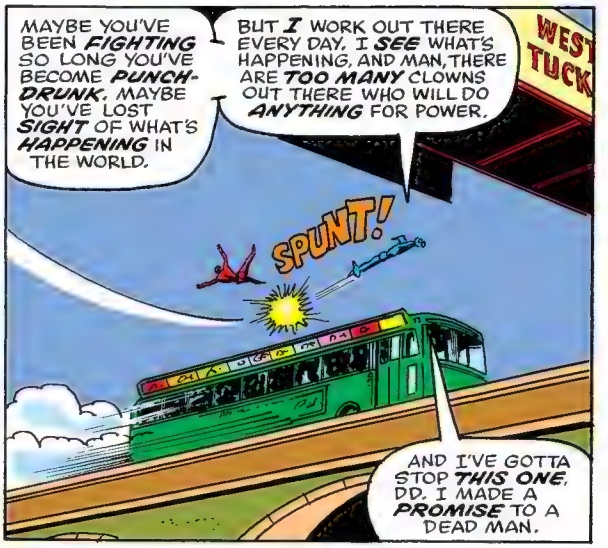
I TOLD YOU I'M NOT THE SAME GUY YOU FOUGHT BEFORE.
FACT IS, I NEVER MET HIM BEFORE HE DIED.
BUT HE GAVE ME PAPERS... PAPERS WHICH PROVED HIS STORY WAS TRUE--
AND THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
SPLAMM!
HE WAS A SCIENTIST-- TRAPPED BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...
GET YOUR STORY STRAIGHT, FRIEND, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE REPEATING IT TO THE D.A.
AND, IF I KNOW FRANKLIN NELSON, HE'LL GO OVER YOUR TALE WITH A MICRO-SCOPE--
SCAM!
--AND STILL NOT BE CONVINCED!
I DON'T CARE IF HE BELIEVES ME OR NOT, BUT I'M TELLING THE TRUTH.
THE ORIGINAL TORPEDO'S FAMILY PROMISED TO BUY HIS WAY OUT FROM YUGOSLAVIA IF HE'D DESIGN A SPECIAL SUIT FOR THEM--
A SUIT CREATED FOR THE SUPER-SOLDIER OF THE FUTURE.
A SUIT WHICH WOULD MAKE IRON MAN'S ARMOR LOOK LIKE A THIRD GRADE TINKERTOY SET!
HE WAS DESPERATE TO LEAVE HIS COUNTRY, SO HE AGREED TO THEIR DEMANDS. BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED HERE, WHEN HE FINALLY MET HIS FAMILY, HE KNEW THEY WERE ALL INSANE.
BUT HE WAS POWERLESS TO STOP THEM, SO HE DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED THIS UNIFORM--
--AND USED IT TO ESCAPE BEFORE THEY COULD FORCE HIM TO BUILD MORE.
ONLY HE KNEW THEY HAD HIS SECOND SET OF PLANS-- WHICH THEY PLACED IN THE BANK--
THE BANK WHICH THEY OWNED...WHICH THEY CONTROLLED!


NICE STORY, CHUCKLES-- HAS PLENTY OF INTRIGUE, BACK-STABBING, AND A GREAT SUB-PLOT OF WORLD-CONQUEST.
BUT IT'S MISSING THE GIRL!
DON'T YOU KNOW THESE SPY STORIES ALWAYS NEED A GIRL--?
PREFERABLY HALF-NAKED.
SPAM!
AND DRESSED JUST A BIT MORE CONSERVATIVELY IF YOU WANT A PG RATING.
HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A 'JAMES BOND' FLICK?
YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU KNOW THAT? I'M TALKING REALITY, AND YOU'RE FEEDING BACK HOLLYWOOD!
HE WANTED TO STOP HIS FAMILY, SO HE CAME BACK AND DESTROYED THAT SECOND SET OF PLANS.
PTOW!
BUT HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE THEY DIDN'T HAVE A THIRD SET, HIDDEN HERE IN THEIR MANSION.
HE WANTED THEM DESTROYED AS WELL, AND THEN HE WANTED TO TAKE HIS FAMILY LOCK, STOCK, AND INSANITY STRAIGHT TO THE GOVERNMENT AND TURN THEM IN!
BUT HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD DO THAT. SO I CAME HERE IN HIS PLACE.
ONLY HIS FAMILY'S GONE--THEY FLED THE COUNTRY--PROBABLY UNTIL THINGS COOL DOWN A BIT.
BUT THEY'LL BE BACK, I'M SURE--HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NOT TO THE MEN'S ROOM, CHARLIE!


THAT PLACE WAS TOO CONFINING. I WANTED SOMEWHERE I COULD MOVE.
Y'SEE, BUBBIE, YOU HAD ME GOING THERE FOR AWHILE. I ALMOST BOUGHT YOUR STORY.
BUT NOT NOW, 'CAUSE I JUST REMEMBERED WHO OWNS THAT PLACE YOU WRECKED.

AND THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH HE CAN BE TIED UP WITH SOMETHING AS SCREWY AS YOUR WORLD-CONQUEST SCHEME.
SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR REALITY AND WATCH IT BE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!

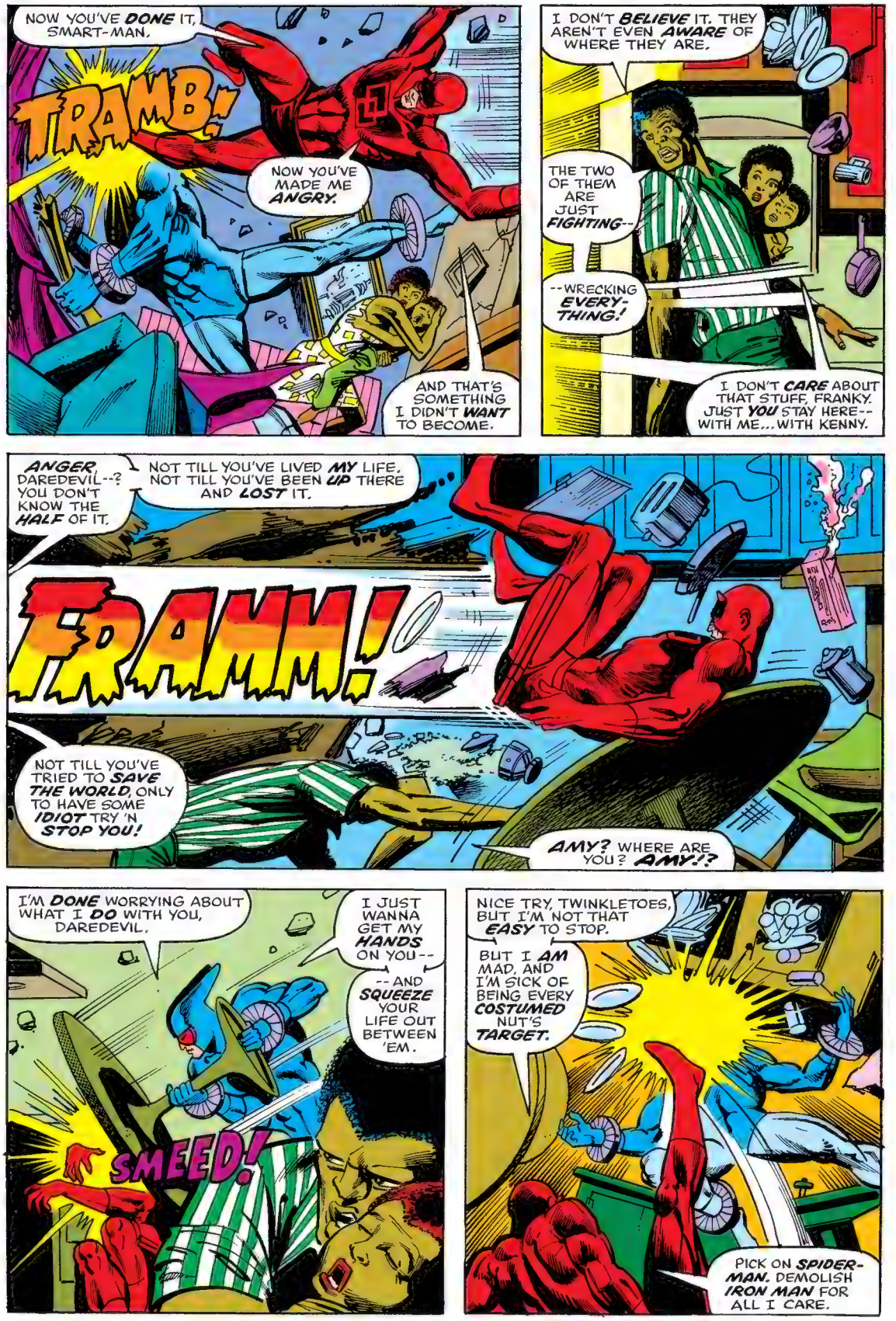
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE IT AS A HERO THIS LONG, DAREDEVIL--
--'CAUSE EVERYTHING I SAID WAS THE TRUTH.
BUT MAYBE YOU'RE JUST TOO THICK-HEADED TO BELIEVE ANYTHING ANYMORE.


MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING SO LONG YOU'VE BECOME PUNCH-DRUNK. MAYBE YOU'VE LOST SIGHT OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE WORLD.
BUT I WORK OUT THERE EVERY DAY. I SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING, AND MAN, THERE ARE TOO MANY CLOWNS OUT THERE WHO WILL DO ANYTHING FOR POWER.
SPUNT!
AND I'VE GOTTA STOP THIS ONE, DD. I MADE A PROMISE TO A DEAD MAN.

HE TALKS A GOOD CAUSE HAVE TO ADMIT THAT. BUT, MAYBE HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH. MAYBE I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT...
CAN'T KNOW FOR SURE, BUT I'LL NEVER LEARN THE ANSWER IF I DON'T SAVE MYSELF IN TIME.
GO TO IT, BILLY-BOY. EARN YOUR KEEP!

HELLO AGAIN, HERO-- I'M BACK FOR ROUND TWO... AND THIS TIME READY TO LISTEN.
JUST IN CASE YOU ARE SPEAKING THE TRUTH.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, DAREDEVIL. EVERY MOMENT I WASTE NOW IS LOST FOREVER.
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIS FAMILY-- AND FAST!

UH UH, SMILEY-- THAT ISN'T PART OF THE DEAL! WE TALK, OR WE FINISH OUR FIGHT.
'CAUSE FOR JUST A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT I JUST MAY HAVE BEEN OVER-REACTING-- LETTING MY TEMPER GET THE BEST OF ME.
PTOM!
WHEN I'M TIRED-- WHEN I'VE BEEN FIGHTING ALMOST NON-STOP FOR DAYS, I GET THAT WAY!
BUT, IF YOU'RE NOT READY TO TALK--
--I'VE GOT TO STOP YOU 'TIL YOU ARE!
ALL RIGHT, HORNHEAD-- YOU ASKED FOR IT.
NO, BUDDY-BOY-- YOU ASKED FOR IT.
SLAM!
AMY-- LOOK! I DON'T BELIEVE IT. BUT HE'S OUT THERE.
IT'S DAREDEVIL-- FIGHTING LIKE ON WALTER CRONKITE-- ONLY IN OUR FRONT YARD.
GET AWAY, FRANK. THEY'RE BOTH CRAZY-- I FEEL SOMETHING AWFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.
WOMEN'S INTUITION? I THOUGHT THAT WENT OUT WITH LIBERATION!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, DAREDEVIL? FOR A WHILE I ENVIED YOU, BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT ALL TOGETHER.
10
BUT YOU DON'T, MAN. YOU'RE AN A-ONE JERK WHO PROBABLY COULDN'T SEE THE TRUTH UNLESS HIS HEAD WAS HANDED TO HIM.
--THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE!
AND, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT--
SKOOM!
FRANK!


NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, SMART-MAN.
TRAMB!
NOW YOU'VE MADE ME ANGRY.
AND THAT'S SOMETHING I DIDN'T WANT TO BECOME.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. THEY AREN'T EVEN AWARE OF WHERE THEY ARE.
THE TWO OF THEM ARE JUST FIGHTING--
--WRECKING EVERY-THING!
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF, FRANKY. JUST YOU STAY HERE--WITH ME...WITH KENNY.
ANGER, DAREDEVIL--? YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.
NOT TILL YOU'VE LIVED MY LIFE, NOT TILL YOU'VE BEEN UP THERE AND LOST IT.
FRAMM!
NOT TILL YOU'VE TRIED TO SAVE THE WORLD, ONLY TO HAVE SOME IDIOT TRY 'N STOP YOU!
AMY? WHERE ARE YOU? AMY!?
I'M DONE WORRYING ABOUT WHAT I DO WITH YOU, DAREDEVIL.
I JUST WANNA GET MY HANDS ON YOU--
--AND SQUEEZE YOUR LIFE OUT BETWEEN 'EM.
SMEED!
NICE TRY, TWINKLETOES, BUT I'M NOT THAT EASY TO STOP.
BUT I AM MAD, AND I'M SICK OF BEING EVERY COSTUMED NUT'S TARGET.
PICK ON SPIDER-MAN. DEMOLISH IRON MAN FOR ALL I CARE.

I DIDN'T GO AFTER YOU, DAREDEVIL. YOU PICKED ON ME!
I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING GOOD, BUT YOU CORRUPTED THAT!
KENNY!
TIGER
MOMMY? DADDY?!?
ENOUGH!
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE-- STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU STOP IT!
IT TAKES A MOMENT FOR THE ANGUISHED VOICE TO PIERCE THE ALMOST MINDLESS MADNESS WHICH HAS PREVAILED.
A MOMENT MORE FOR THE TWO FIGHTERS TO STEP BACK...
A MOMENT MORE FOR THEM TO FINALLY SEE WHAT THEY HAVE WROUGHT.
OH... MY... GOD...
THE TORPEDO PAUSES DEAD IN HIS TRACKS, AND DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, SUDDENLY STOPS AS WELL; FOR THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE DOES KNOW FEAR--
--AND WHAT HE FEARS--
--IS HIMSELF!

YOU'VE BOTH STOPPED. I ALMOST DON'T BELIEVE THAT.
I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, DAREDEVIL. I'D HEARD YOU WERE SOME SORT OF HERO WHO HELPED PEOPLE.
HELL! WHAT KIND OF HERO ARE YOU? WHAT KIND OF HERO?!?
I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.
EXCEPT-- I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY.
I DON'T NEED YOUR APOLOGIES. I WANT BOTH OF YOU OUT OF HERE.
NEXT TIME YOU MIGHT NOT STOP AT DESTROYING A HOUSE.
MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL TAKE MY BABY, MY HUSBAND, OR MAYBE ME.
THERE WON'T BE A "NEXT TIME," LADY.
I'VE HAD IT. I'M GIVING UP, GETTING OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.
THIS ISN'T THE WAY I EVER WANTED IT TO BE.
BELIEVE ME, LADY, THIS ISN'T THE WAY.
HERE, TAKE THIS. READ IT, DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH IT.
I DON'T CARE ANYMORE.
DAREDEVIL NUMBLY ACCEPTS THE PAPERS AND SILENTLY WATCHES AS THE MAN HE KNOWS AS THE TORPEDO LIFTS INTO THE AIR AND VANISHES.
DAREDEVIL CONTINUES TO WATCH FOR A VERY LONG TIME...
...A VERY LONG TIME.
NEXT: RETURN OF--THE DEATH-STALKER!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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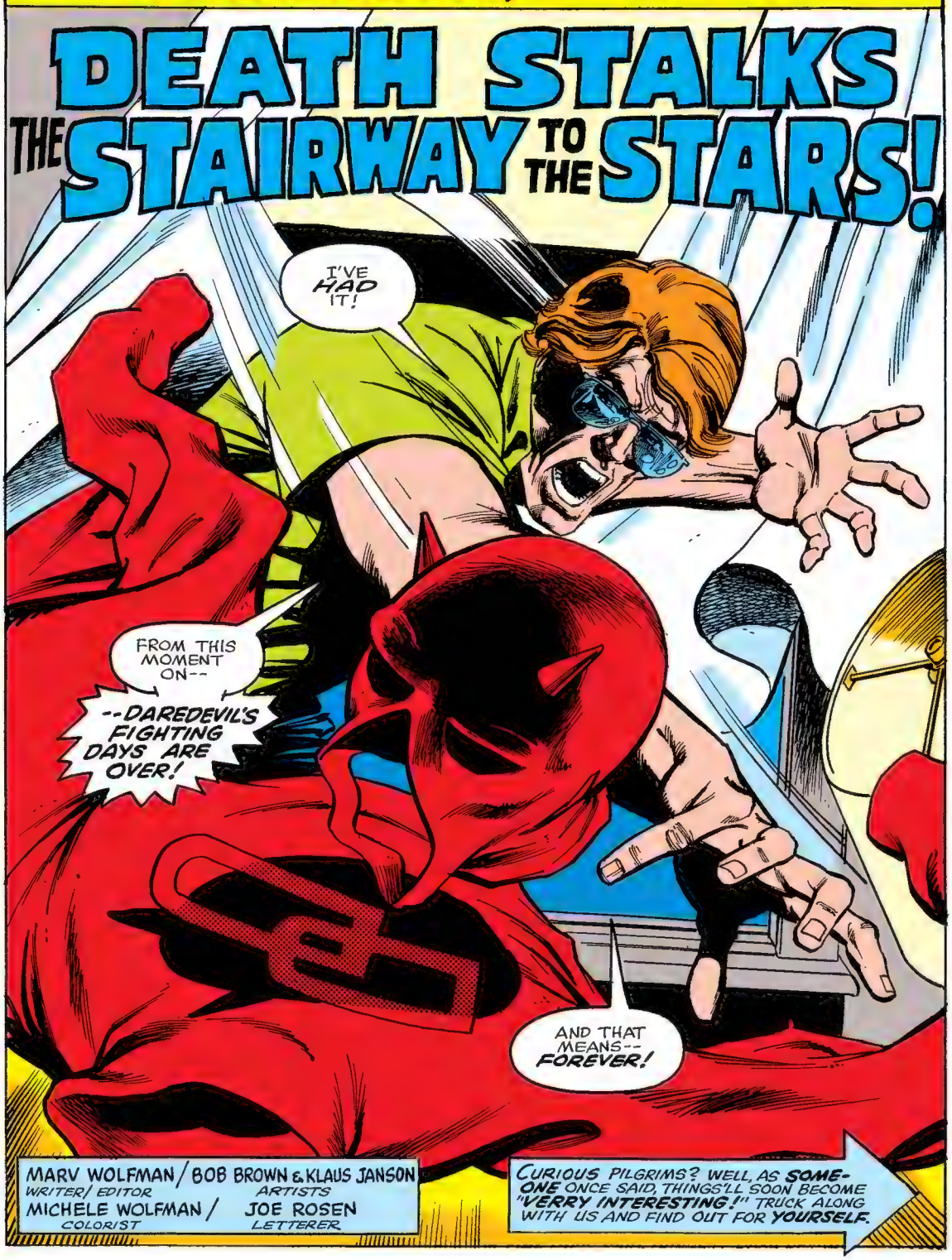
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
INTRODUCING THE MOST STARTLING CHARACTER IN THE ANNALS OF MARVELDOM!
THEY CALL ME DEATH-STALKER, HERO--
--AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY!
STAIRWAY TO SLAUGHTER!

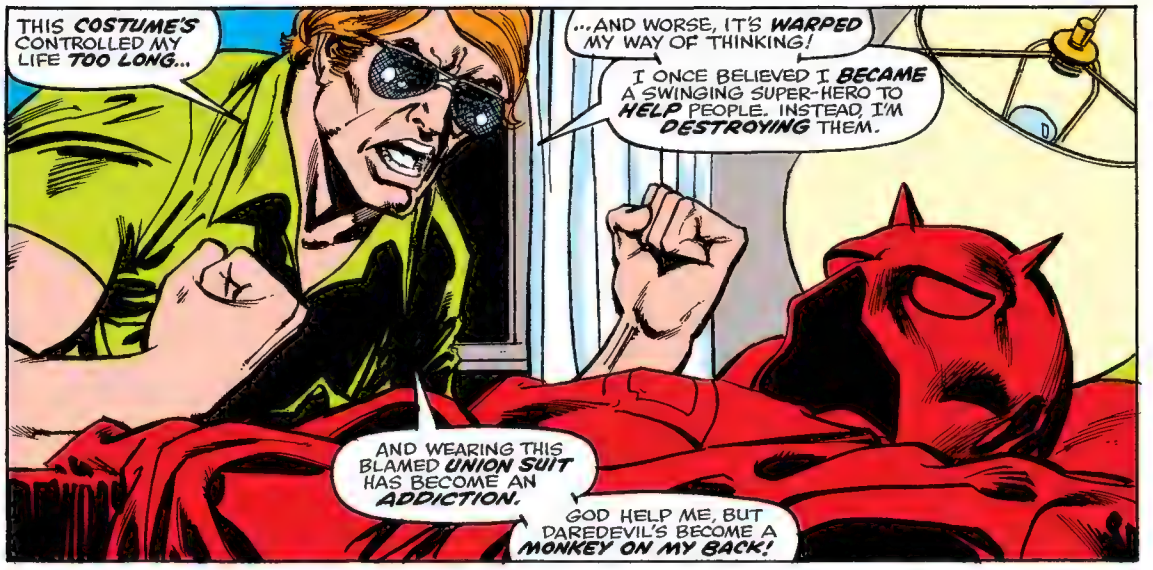
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

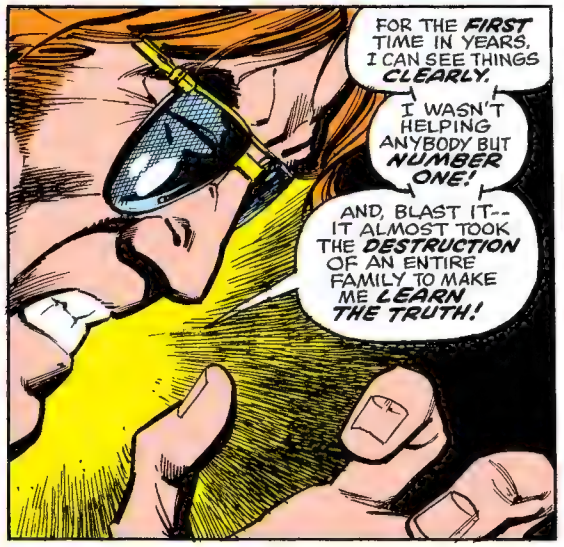
DEATH STALKS THE STAIRWAY TO THE STARS!

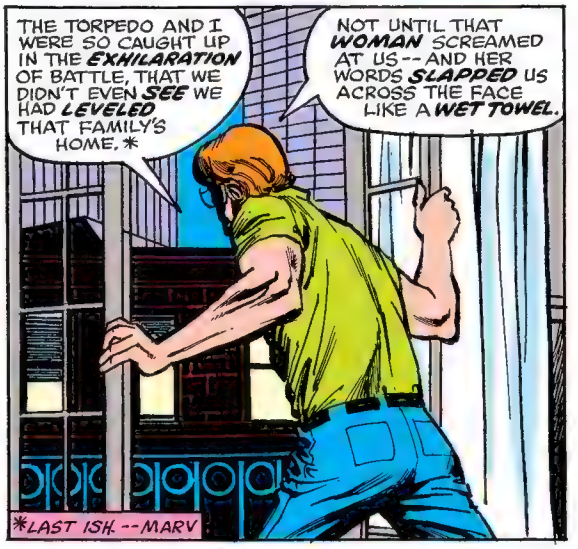


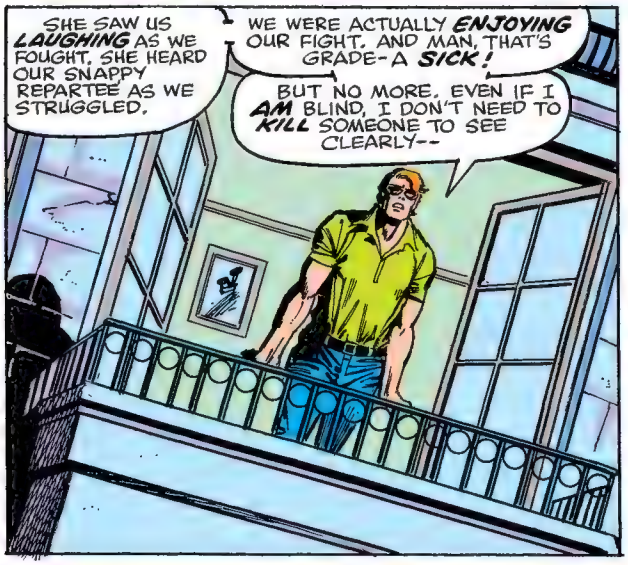
MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / EDITOR
BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON / ARTISTS
MICHELE WOLFMAN / COLORIST
JOE ROSEN / LETTERER

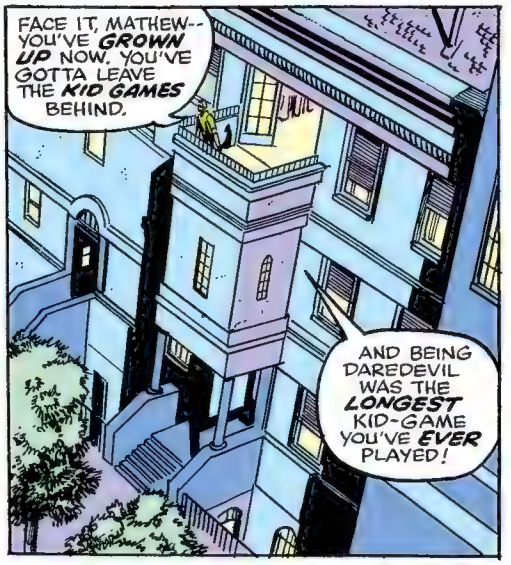
CURIOUS PILGRIMS? WELL, AS **SOMEONE** ONCE SAID, THINGS'LL SOON BECOME **"VERRY INTERESTING!"** TRUCK ALONG WITH US AND FIND OUT FOR **YOURSELF.**


THIS COSTUME'S CONTROLLED MY LIFE TOO LONG...
AND WEARING THIS BLAMED UNION SUIT HAS BECOME AN ADDICTION.
...AND WORSE, IT'S WARPED MY WAY OF THINKING!
I ONCE BELIEVED I BECAME A SWINGING SUPER-HERO TO HELP PEOPLE. INSTEAD, I'M DESTROYING THEM.
GOD HELP ME, BUT DAREDEVIL'S BECOME A MONKEY ON MY BACK!


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I CAN SEE THINGS CLEARLY.
I WASN'T HELPING ANYBODY BUT NUMBER ONE!
AND, BLAST IT-- IT ALMOST TOOK THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY TO MAKE ME LEARN THE TRUTH!


THE TORPEDO AND I WERE SO CAUGHT UP IN THE EXHILARATION OF BATTLE, THAT WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE WE HAD LEVELED THAT FAMILY'S HOME. *
NOT UNTIL THAT WOMAN SCREAMED AT US -- AND HER WORDS SLAPPED US ACROSS THE FACE LIKE A WET TOWEL.
*LAST ISH. --MARV


SHE SAW US LAUGHING AS WE FOUGHT. SHE HEARD OUR SNAPPY REPARTEE AS WE STRUGGLED.
WE WERE ACTUALLY ENJOYING OUR FIGHT. AND MAN, THAT'S GRADE-A SICK!
BUT NO MORE. EVEN IF I AM BLIND, I DON'T NEED TO KILL SOMEONE TO SEE CLEARLY--


FACE IT, MATHEW-- YOU'VE GROWN UP NOW. YOU'VE GOTTA LEAVE THE KID GAMES BEHIND.
AND BEING DAREDEVIL WAS THE LONGEST KID-GAME YOU'VE EVER PLAYED!

LET US **PAUSE** FOR A MOMENT WHILE MATT'S ANGER FADES INTO A QUIET **BROODING**, TO SHOW YOU THE **FIRST X-RAY** VIEW OF OUR BLIND ATTORNEY'S BRAND-NEW BROWNSTONE. BE SURE TO **SAVE** THIS CROSS-SECTION FOR **LATER** REFERENCE. THERE JUST **MAY** BE A TEST.

AND PERSONALLY SPEAKING I KINDA THINK BOB B. **OUTDID** HIMSELF HERE. WHATCHUSAY HERO? -- MARV.

NOW, BACK TO OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED DRAMA...

MY MIND'S **MADE UP.** IT'S TIME FOR DAREDEVIL TO **DIE**--

--AND FOR MATT MURDOCK TO **LIVE!**

RING!

EH--? THE PHONE?

MATT? FOGGY! I **NEED** YOU OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY. BLAKE TOWER JUST CALLED--

--AND HE WANTS TO TALK OVER THE UPCOMING **ELECTION** FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY TONIGHT!

CAN YOU HELP ME OUT, MATT? I MAY NEED YOU TO **RESTRAIN** ME FROM **BELTING** HIM.

AND **THAT**, MR. D.A., WOULD BE KIND OF **BAD** FOR THE IMAGE, EH?

SURE, BUDDY-- I WANTED TO GET **OUT** OF THESE DREARY SURROUNDINGS, ANYWAY.

BE RIGHT THERE.

MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE...

MATT? **MATT--?**

I WAS JUST COMIN' TO **SEE** YOU.

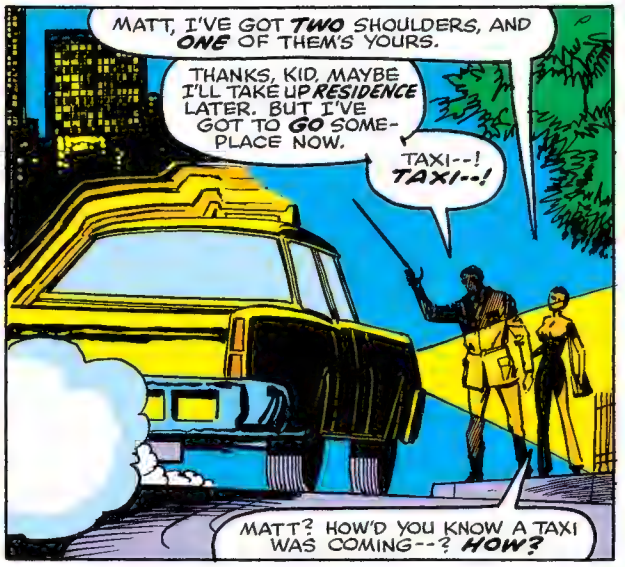
HEATHER?

YOU **REMEMBERED**, HANDSOME. SCORE ONE FOR THE **REDHEAD!**

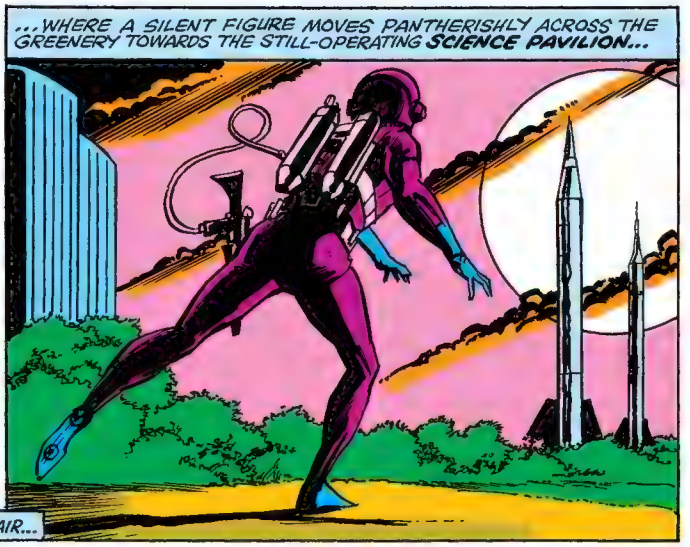
I JUST **COULDN'T** KEEP AWAY FROM YOU, GORGEOUS. HAD TO--

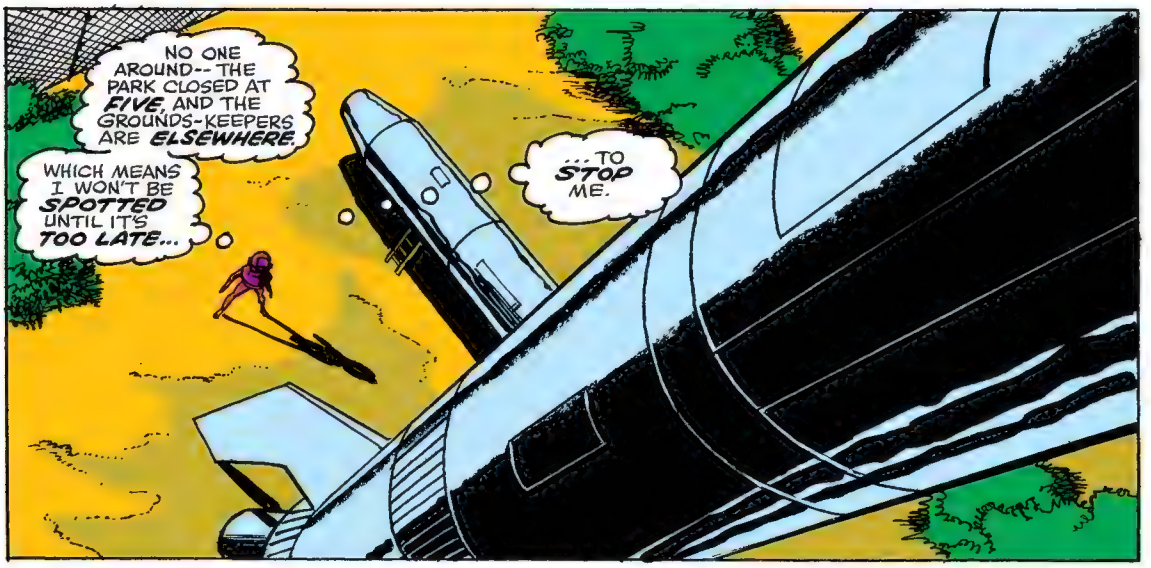
LAY OFF, HEATHER. I'M **NOT** IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR SCATTER-BRAINED BEHAVIOR RIGHT NOW.

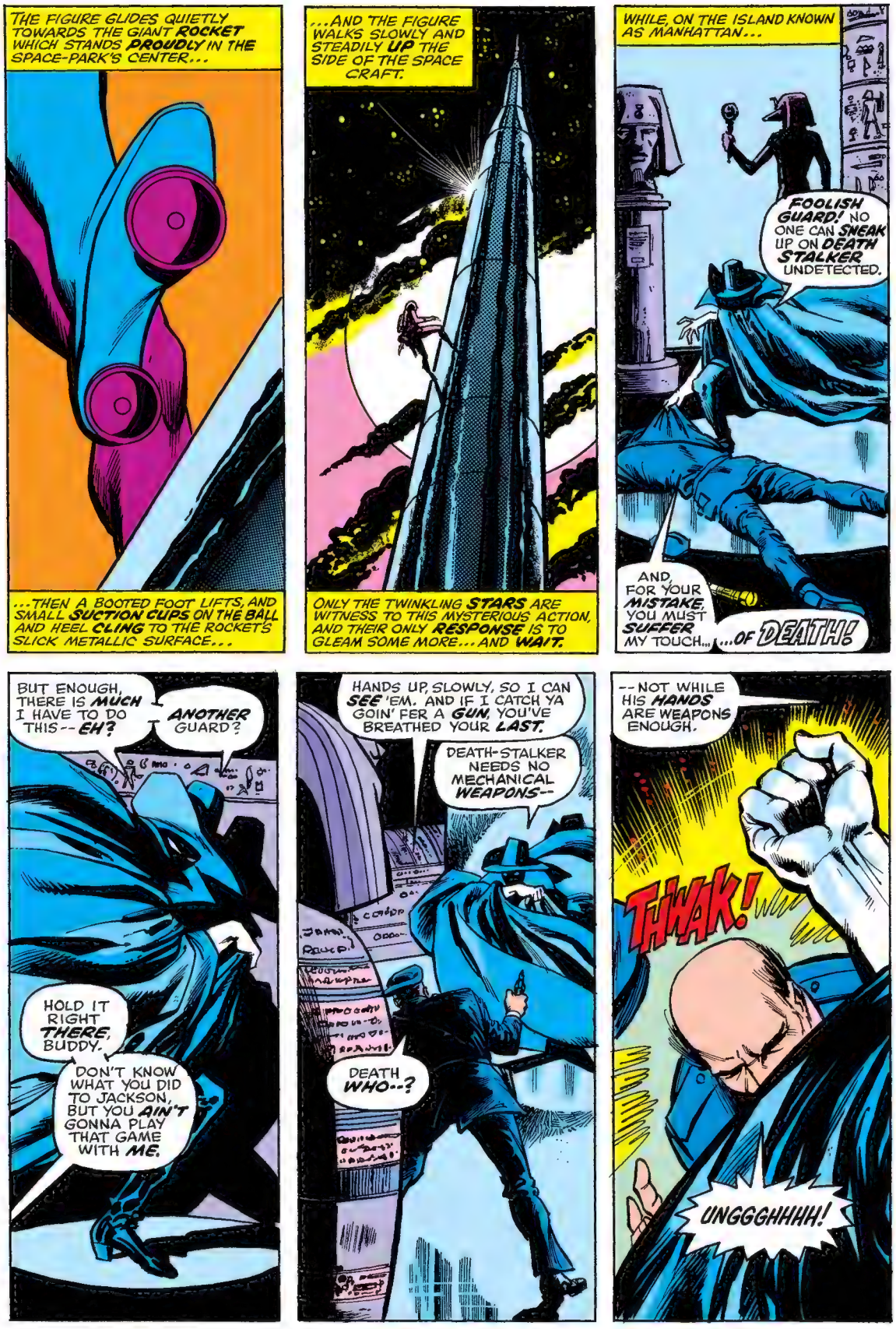
OH WOW! TALK ABOUT SHOOTING STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP!
IF SOMETHING'S BUGGING YOU, I CAN DIG THAT MISS SUNSHINE IS THE WRONG FACE FOR ME.
BUT I CAN BE STRAIGHT AND SOLID WHEN I HAVE TO BE.


MATT, I'VE GOT TWO SHOULDERS, AND ONE OF THEM'S YOURS.
THANKS, KID. MAYBE I'LL TAKE UP RESIDENCE LATER. BUT I'VE GOT TO GO SOME-PLACE NOW.
TAXI--! TAXI--!
MATT? HOW'D YOU KNOW A TAXI WAS COMING--? HOW?

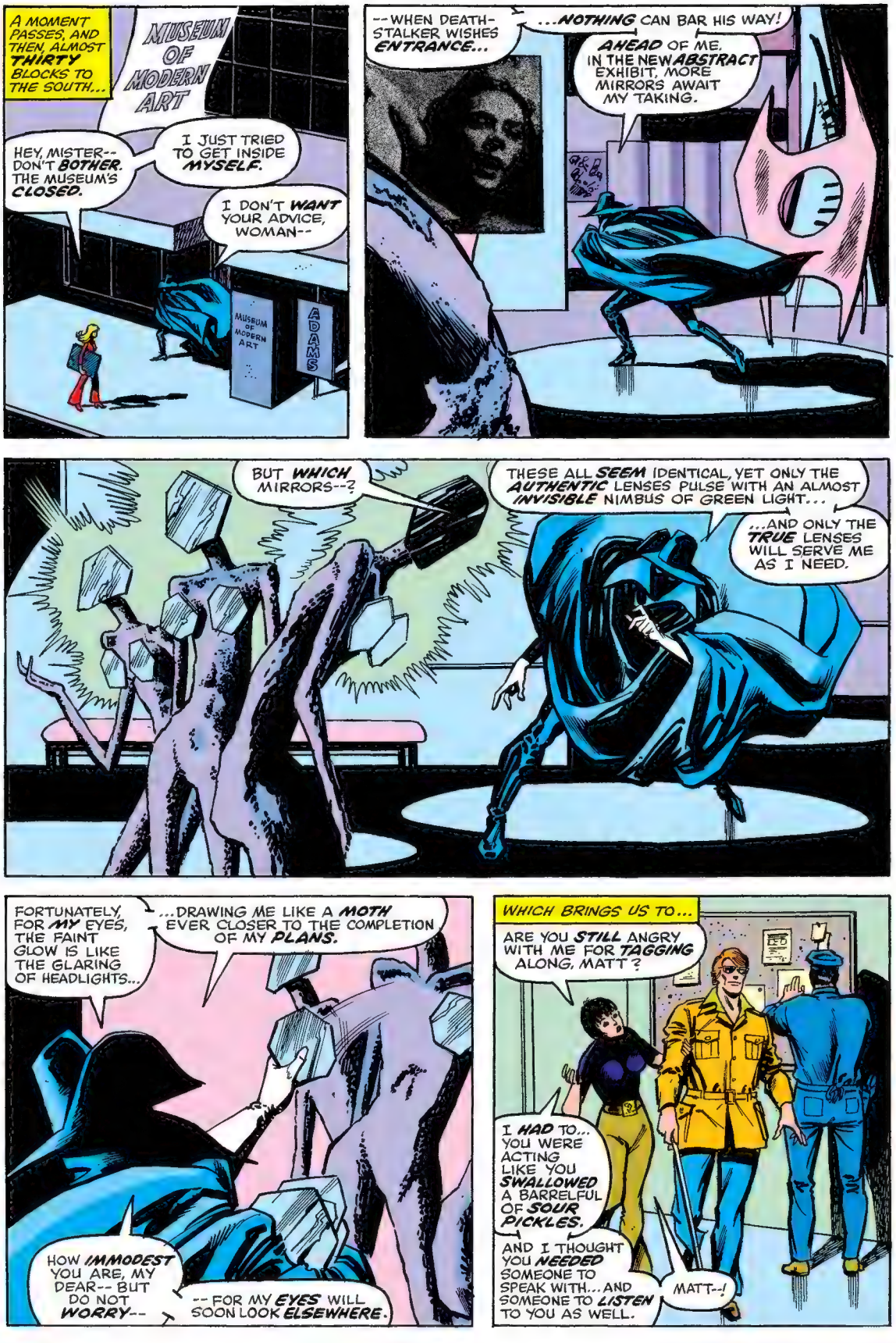
BEFORE THE QUESTION RECEIVES A DELIBERATELY MISLEADING ANSWER...
...LET US CHANGE OUR SCENE TO FLUSHING MEADOW PARK, HOME OF THE 1964-5 WORLD'S FAIR...

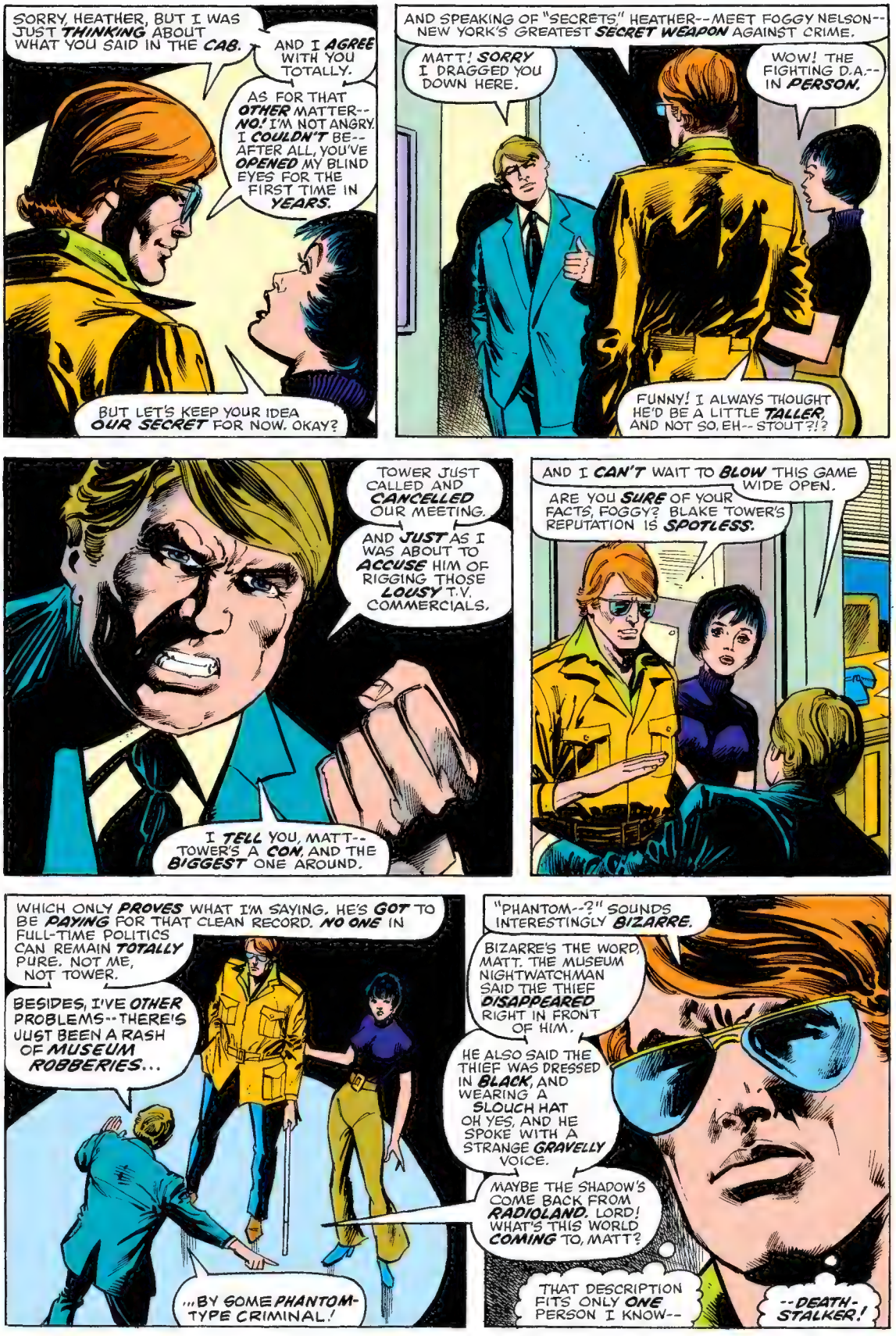

...WHERE A SILENT FIGURE MOVES PANTHERISHLY ACROSS THE GREENERY TOWARDS THE STILL-OPERATING SCIENCE PAVILION...

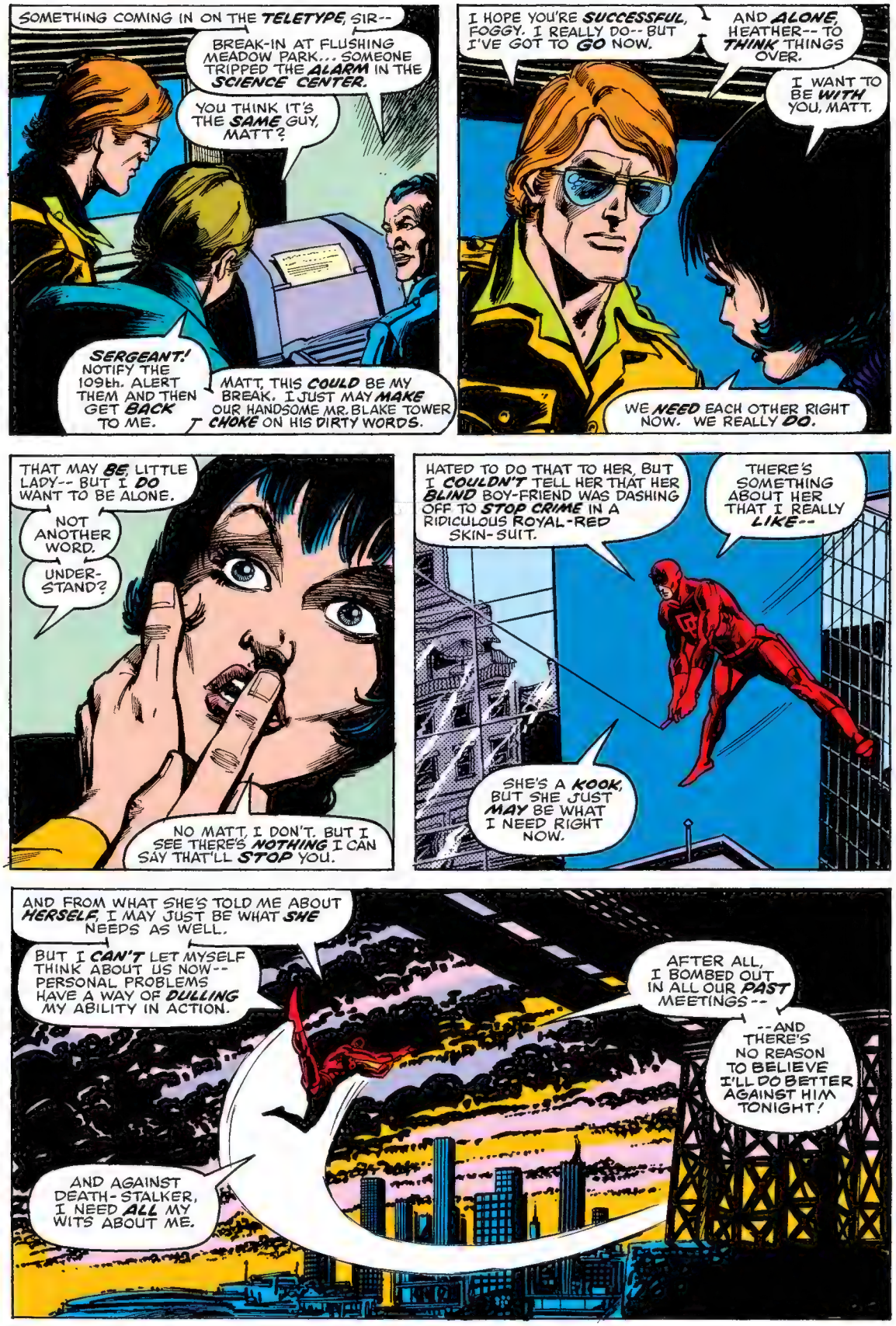

NO ONE AROUND-- THE PARK CLOSED AT FIVE, AND THE GROUNDS-KEEPERS ARE ELSEWHERE.
WHICH MEANS I WON'T BE SPOTTED UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE...
...TO STOP ME.

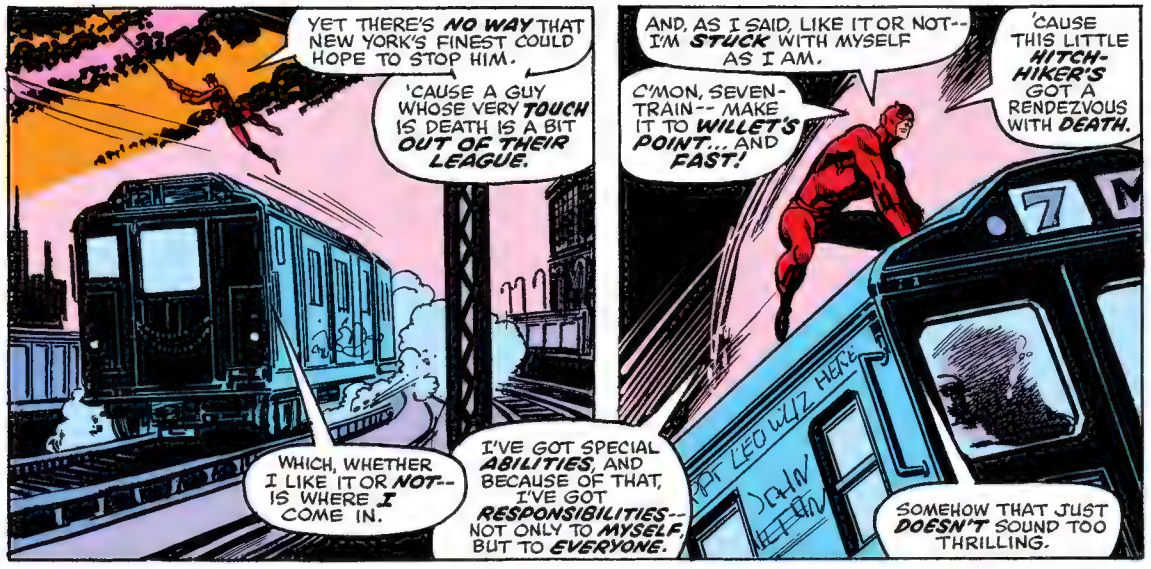

THE FIGURE GLIDES QUIETLY TOWARDS THE GIANT ROCKET WHICH STANDS PROUDLY IN THE SPACE-PARK'S CENTER...
...THEN A BOOTED FOOT LIFTS, AND SMALL SUCTION CUPS ON THE BALL AND HEEL CLING TO THE ROCKET'S SLICK METALLIC SURFACE...
...AND THE FIGURE WALKS SLOWLY AND STEADILY UP THE SIDE OF THE SPACE CRAFT.
ONLY THE TWINKLING STARS ARE WITNESS TO THIS MYSTERIOUS ACTION, AND THEIR ONLY RESPONSE IS TO GLEAM SOME MORE... AND WAIT.
WHILE, ON THE ISLAND KNOWN AS MANHATTAN...
FOOLISH GUARD! NO ONE CAN SNEAK UP ON DEATH STALKER UNDETECTED.
AND, FOR YOUR MISTAKE, YOU MUST SUFFER MY TOUCH...
...OF DEATH!
BUT ENOUGH, THERE IS MUCH I HAVE TO DO THIS-- EH?
ANOTHER GUARD?
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUDDY.
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO JACKSON, BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA PLAY THAT GAME WITH ME.
HANDS UP, SLOWLY, SO I CAN SEE 'EM. AND IF I CATCH YA GOIN' FER A GUN, YOU'VE BREATHED YOUR LAST.
DEATH-STALKER NEEDS NO MECHANICAL WEAPONS--
DEATH WHO--?
--NOT WHILE HIS HANDS ARE WEAPONS ENOUGH.
THWAK!
UNGGGHHHH!

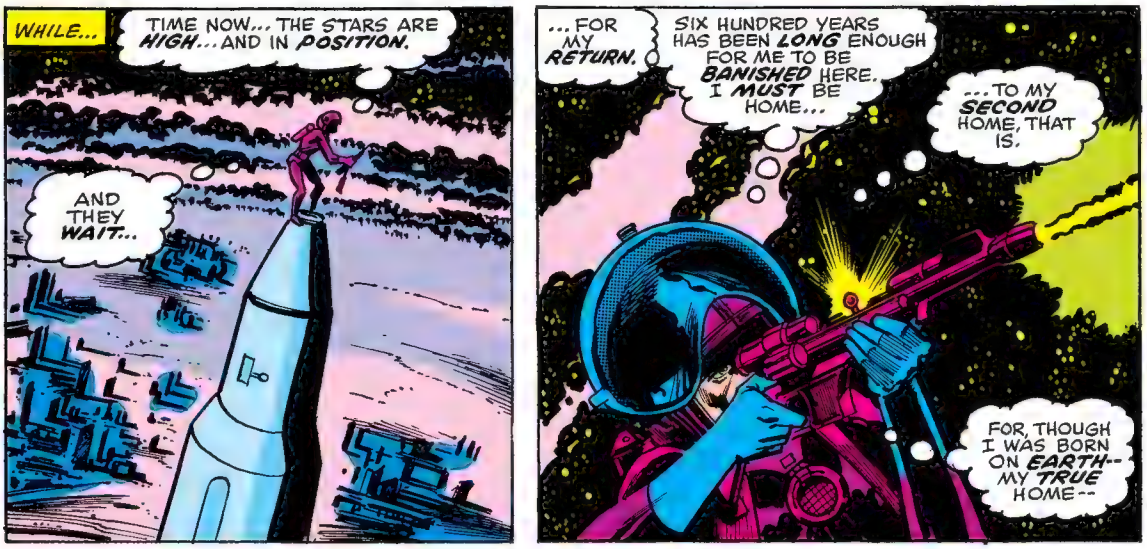
I MUST THANK THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM FOR THEIR CURRENT PUBLICITY OF THEIR NEWLY ACQUIRED ITEMS.
OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE FAILED TO NOTE THAT WHAT I WISHED WAS HERE.
AH, AND HERE IT IS.
KRRASSHH!
HA! HA!
HA!
HA!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER, 'CAUSE I WANNA REPAY YOU FOR THAT CLOUT YOU GAVE ME.
OBVIOUSLY NOT A STRONG ENOUGH ONE, FOOL; YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE.
BLAM!
THAT'S IT, WEIRDO-- I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES NOW.
HUNH? HE'S GONE!
BUT WHERE-- HOW?!?
MY WORK IS DONE IN THE EGYPTIAN WING-- NOW IT IS THE ROMAN ROOM WHICH FASCINATES ME.
ESPECIALLY THAT MIRROR.
AND THAT WHICH FASCINATES DEATH STALKER--
-- MUST BE POSSESSED BY HIM!
HA! HA! HA!

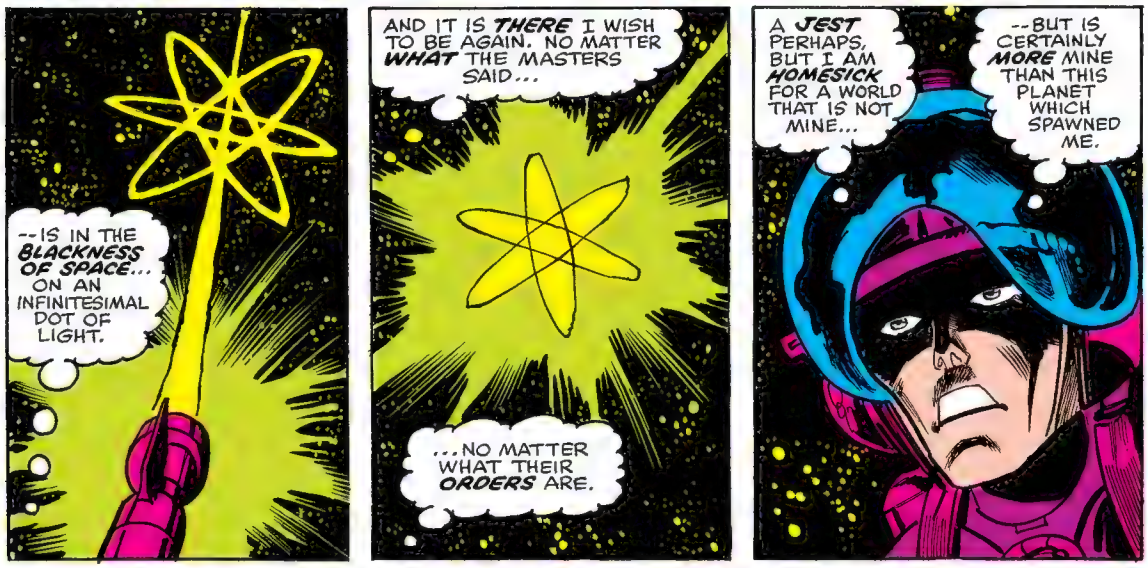

A MOMENT PASSES, AND THEN, ALMOST THIRTY BLOCKS TO THE SOUTH...
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
HEY, MISTER-- DON'T BOTHER. THE MUSEUM'S CLOSED.
I JUST TRIED TO GET INSIDE MYSELF.
I DON'T WANT YOUR ADVICE, WOMAN--
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
ADAMS
--WHEN DEATH-STALKER WISHES ENTRANCE...
...NOTHING CAN BAR HIS WAY!
AHEAD OF ME, IN THE NEW ABSTRACT EXHIBIT, MORE MIRRORS AWAIT MY TAKING.
BUT WHICH MIRRORS--?
THESE ALL SEEM IDENTICAL, YET ONLY THE AUTHENTIC LENSES PULSE WITH AN ALMOST INVISIBLE NIMBUS OF GREEN LIGHT...
...AND ONLY THE TRUE LENSES WILL SERVE ME AS I NEED.
FORTUNATELY FOR MY EYES, THE FAINT GLOW IS LIKE THE GLARING OF HEADLIGHTS...
...DRAWING ME LIKE A MOTH EVER CLOSER TO THE COMPLETION OF MY PLANS.
HOW IMMODEST YOU ARE, MY DEAR-- BUT DO NOT WORRY--
--FOR MY EYES WILL SOON LOOK ELSEWHERE.
WHICH BRINGS US TO...
ARE YOU STILL ANGRY WITH ME FOR TAGGING ALONG, MATT?
I HAD TO... YOU WERE ACTING LIKE YOU SWALLOWED A BARRELFUL OF SOUR PICKLES.
AND I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED SOMEONE TO SPEAK WITH... AND SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO YOU AS WELL.
MATT--!

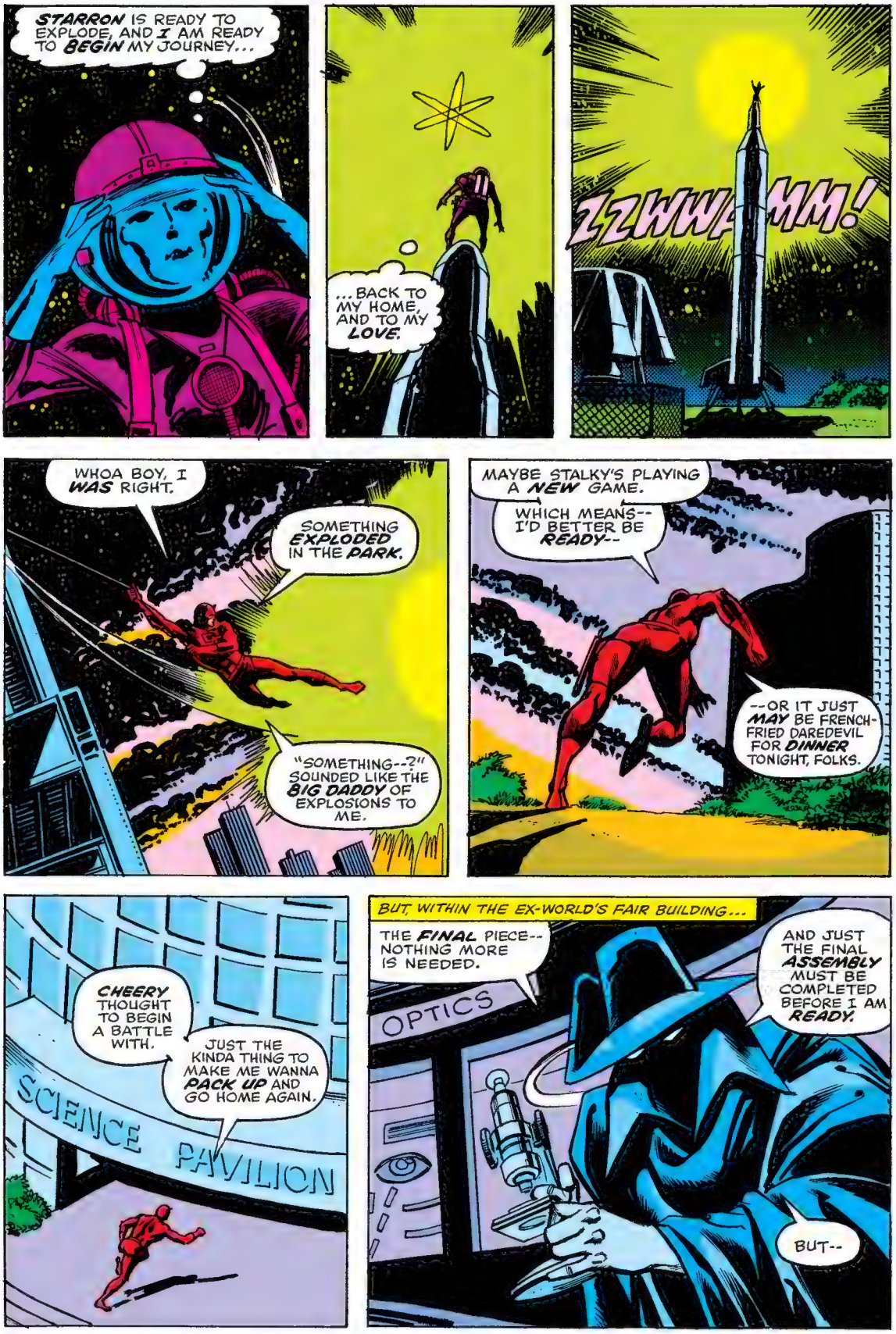

SORRY, HEATHER, BUT I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID IN THE CAB.
AND I AGREE WITH YOU TOTALLY.
AS FOR THAT OTHER MATTER-- NO! I'M NOT ANGRY. I COULDN'T BE-- AFTER ALL, YOU'VE OPENED MY BLIND EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS.
BUT LET'S KEEP YOUR IDEA OUR SECRET FOR NOW, OKAY?
AND SPEAKING OF "SECRETS," HEATHER--MEET FOGGY NELSON-- NEW YORK'S GREATEST SECRET WEAPON AGAINST CRIME.
MATT! SORRY I DRAGGED YOU DOWN HERE.
WOW! THE FIGHTING D.A.-- IN PERSON.
FUNNY! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE'D BE A LITTLE TALLER, AND NOT SO, EH-- STOUT?!?
TOWER JUST CALLED AND CANCELLED OUR MEETING.
AND JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO ACCUSE HIM OF RIGGING THOSE LOUSY T.V. COMMERCIALS.
I TELL YOU, MATT-- TOWER'S A CON, AND THE BIGGEST ONE AROUND.
AND I CAN'T WAIT TO BLOW THIS GAME WIDE OPEN.
ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR FACTS, FOGGY? BLAKE TOWER'S REPUTATION IS SPOTLESS.
WHICH ONLY PROVES WHAT I'M SAYING. HE'S GOT TO BE PAYING FOR THAT CLEAN RECORD. NO ONE IN FULL-TIME POLITICS CAN REMAIN TOTALLY PURE. NOT ME, NOT TOWER.
BESIDES, I'VE OTHER PROBLEMS-- THERE'S JUST BEEN A RASH OF MUSEUM ROBBERIES...
...BY SOME PHANTOM-TYPE CRIMINAL!
"PHANTOM--?" SOUNDS INTERESTINGLY BIZARRE.
BIZARRE'S THE WORD, MATT. THE MUSEUM NIGHTWATCHMAN SAID THE THIEF DISAPPEARED RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.
HE ALSO SAID THE THIEF WAS DRESSED IN BLACK, AND WEARING A SLOUCH HAT OH YES, AND HE SPOKE WITH A STRANGE GRAVELLY VOICE.
MAYBE THE SHADOW'S COME BACK FROM RADIOLAND, LORD! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO, MATT?
THAT DESCRIPTION FITS ONLY ONE PERSON I KNOW--
--DEATH-STALKER!

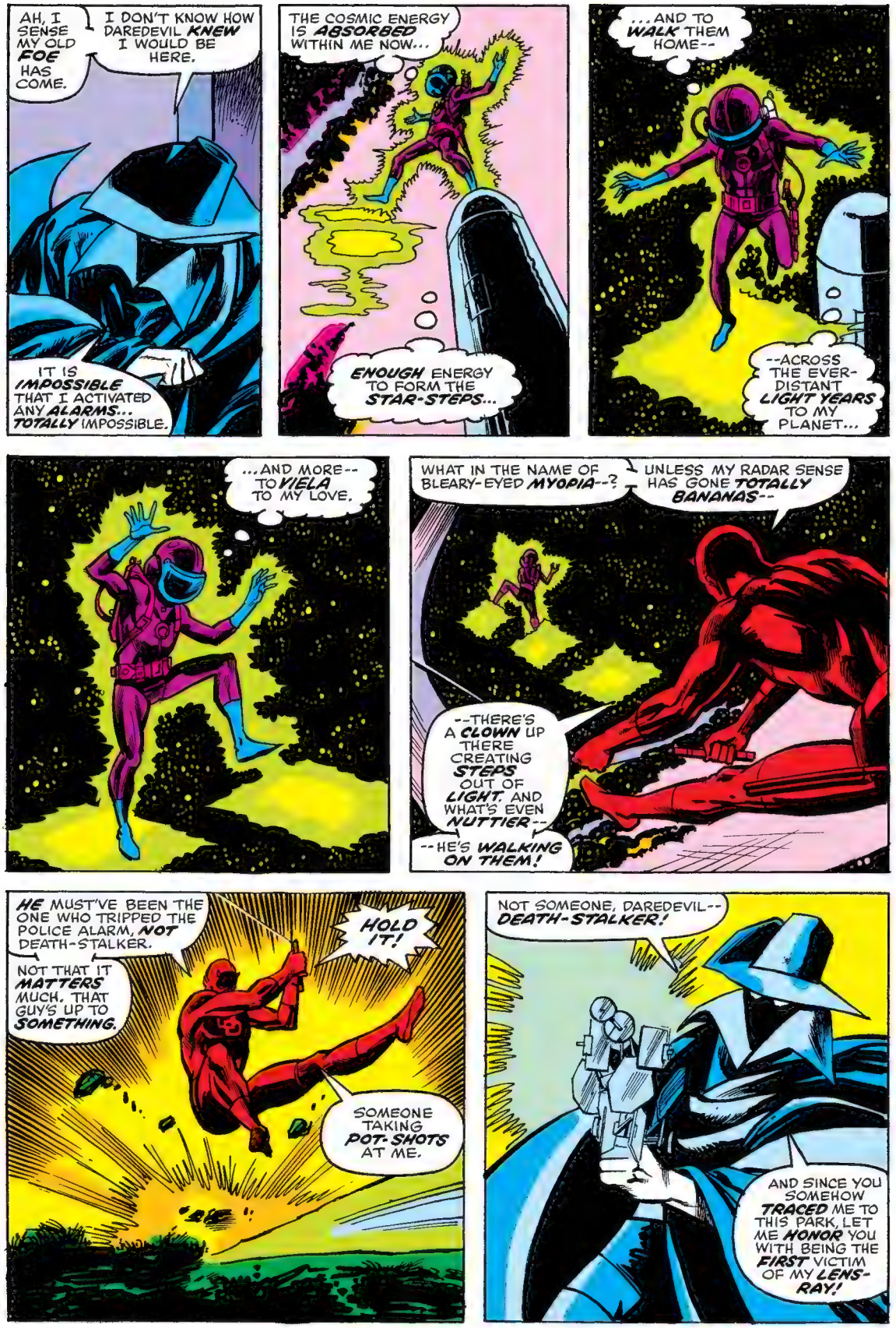

SOMETHING COMING IN ON THE TELETYPE, SIR--
BREAK-IN AT FLUSHING MEADOW PARK... SOMEONE TRIPPED THE ALARM IN THE SCIENCE CENTER.
YOU THINK IT'S THE SAME GUY, MATT?
SERGEANT! NOTIFY THE 109th. ALERT THEM AND THEN GET BACK TO ME.
MATT, THIS COULD BE MY BREAK. I JUST MAY MAKE OUR HANDSOME MR. BLAKE TOWER CHOKE ON HIS DIRTY WORDS.
I HOPE YOU'RE SUCCESSFUL, FOGGY. I REALLY DO-- BUT I'VE GOT TO GO NOW.
AND ALONE, HEATHER-- TO THINK THINGS OVER.
I WANT TO BE WITH YOU, MATT.
WE NEED EACH OTHER RIGHT NOW. WE REALLY DO.
THAT MAY BE, LITTLE LADY-- BUT I DO WANT TO BE ALONE.
NOT ANOTHER WORD.
UNDER-STAND?
NO MATT, I DON'T. BUT I SEE THERE'S NOTHING I CAN SAY THAT'LL STOP YOU.
HATED TO DO THAT TO HER, BUT I COULDN'T TELL HER THAT HER BLIND BOY-FRIEND WAS DASHING OFF TO STOP CRIME IN A RIDICULOUS ROYAL-RED SKIN-SUIT.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT I REALLY LIKE--
SHE'S A KOOK, BUT SHE JUST MAY BE WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW.
AND FROM WHAT SHE'S TOLD ME ABOUT HERSELF, I MAY JUST BE WHAT SHE NEEDS AS WELL.
BUT I CAN'T LET MYSELF THINK ABOUT US NOW-- PERSONAL PROBLEMS HAVE A WAY OF DULLING MY ABILITY IN ACTION.
AFTER ALL, I BOMBED OUT IN ALL OUR PAST MEETINGS--
--AND THERE'S NO REASON TO BELIEVE I'LL DO BETTER AGAINST HIM TONIGHT!
AND AGAINST DEATH-STALKER, I NEED ALL MY WITS ABOUT ME.


YET THERE'S NO WAY THAT NEW YORK'S FINEST COULD HOPE TO STOP HIM.
'CAUSE A GUY WHOSE VERY TOUCH IS DEATH IS A BIT OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE.
WHICH, WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT-- IS WHERE I COME IN.
I'VE GOT SPECIAL ABILITIES, AND BECAUSE OF THAT, I'VE GOT RESPONSIBILITIES-- NOT ONLY TO MYSELF, BUT TO EVERYONE.
AND, AS I SAID, LIKE IT OR NOT-- I'M STUCK WITH MYSELF AS I AM.
C'MON, SEVEN-TRAIN-- MAKE IT TO WILLET'S POINT... AND FAST!
'CAUSE THIS LITTLE HITCH-HIKER'S GOT A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH.
SOMEHOW THAT JUST DOESN'T SOUND TOO THRILLING.


WHILE...
TIME NOW... THE STARS ARE HIGH... AND IN POSITION.
AND THEY WAIT...
...FOR MY RETURN.
SIX HUNDRED YEARS HAS BEEN LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE BANISHED HERE. I MUST BE HOME...
...TO MY SECOND HOME, THAT IS.
FOR, THOUGH I WAS BORN ON EARTH-- MY TRUE HOME--

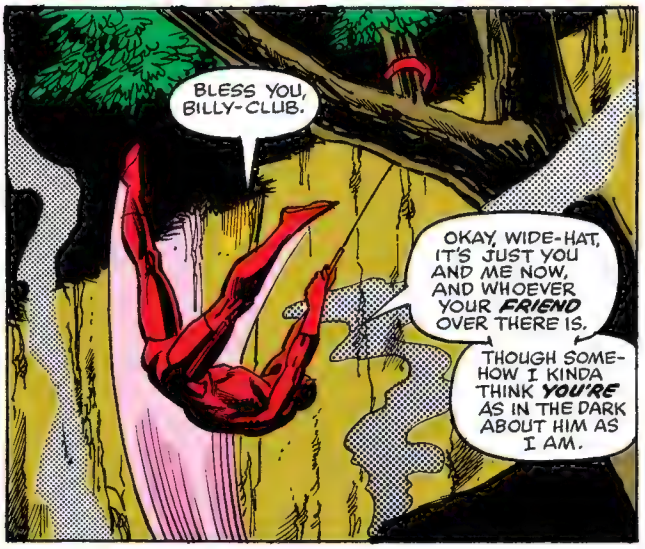

--IS IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE... ON AN INFINITESIMAL DOT OF LIGHT.
AND IT IS THERE I WISH TO BE AGAIN. NO MATTER WHAT THE MASTERS SAID...
...NO MATTER WHAT THEIR ORDERS ARE.
A JEST PERHAPS, BUT I AM HOMESICK FOR A WORLD THAT IS NOT MINE...
--BUT IS CERTAINLY MORE MINE THAN THIS PLANET WHICH SPAWNED ME.

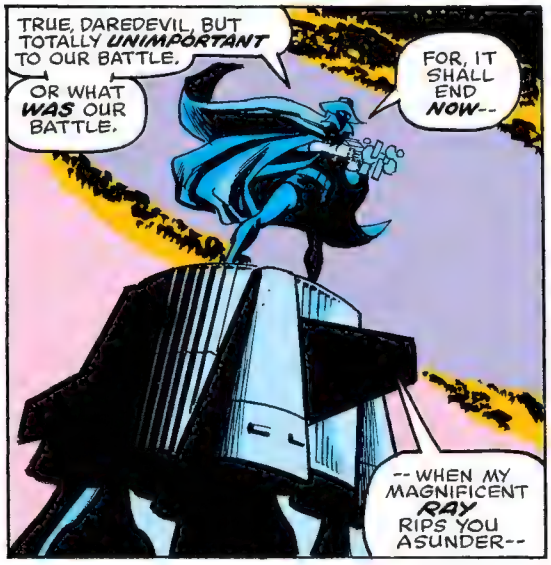

STARRON IS READY TO EXPLODE, AND I AM READY TO BEGIN MY JOURNEY...
...BACK TO MY HOME, AND TO MY LOVE.
ZZWWAMM!
WHOA BOY, I WAS RIGHT.
SOMETHING EXPLODED IN THE PARK.
"SOMETHING--?" SOUNDED LIKE THE BIG DADDY OF EXPLOSIONS TO ME.
MAYBE STALKY'S PLAYING A NEW GAME.
WHICH MEANS-- I'D BETTER BE READY--
--OR IT JUST MAY BE FRENCH-FRIED DAREDEVIL FOR DINNER TONIGHT, FOLKS.
CHEERY THOUGHT TO BEGIN A BATTLE WITH.
JUST THE KINDA THING TO MAKE ME WANNA PACK UP AND GO HOME AGAIN.
SCIENCE PAVILION
BUT, WITHIN THE EX-WORLD'S FAIR BUILDING...
THE FINAL PIECE-- NOTHING MORE IS NEEDED.
AND JUST THE FINAL ASSEMBLY MUST BE COMPLETED BEFORE I AM READY.
OPTICS
BUT--

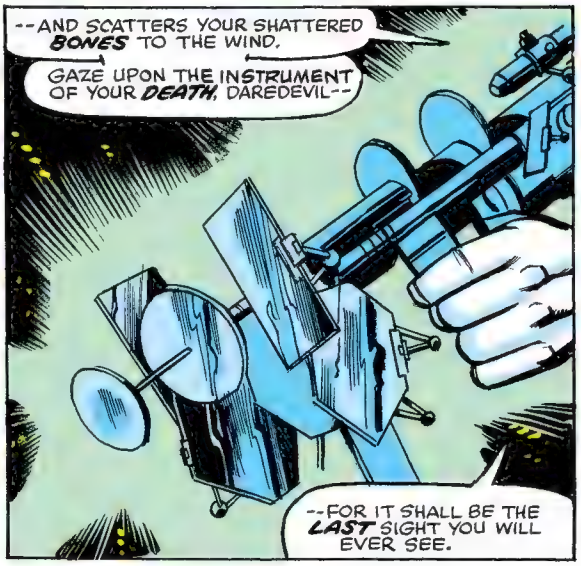

AH, I SENSE MY OLD FOE HAS COME.
I DON'T KNOW HOW DAREDEVIL KNEW I WOULD BE HERE.
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT I ACTIVATED ANY ALARMS... TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE.
THE COSMIC ENERGY IS ABSORBED WITHIN ME NOW...
ENOUGH ENERGY TO FORM THE STAR-STEPS...
...AND TO WALK THEM HOME--
--ACROSS THE EVER-DISTANT LIGHT YEARS TO MY PLANET...
...AND MORE-- TO VIELA TO MY LOVE.
WHAT IN THE NAME OF BLEARY-EYED MYOPIA--?
UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE HAS GONE TOTALLY BANANAS--
--THERE'S A CLOWN UP THERE CREATING STEPS OUT OF LIGHT. AND WHAT'S EVEN NUTTIER--
--HE'S WALKING ON THEM!
HE MUST'VE BEEN THE ONE WHO TRIPPED THE POLICE ALARM, NOT DEATH-STALKER.
NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH. THAT GUY'S UP TO SOMETHING.
HOLD IT!
SOMEONE TAKING POT-SHOTS AT ME.
NOT SOMEONE, DAREDEVIL-- DEATH-STALKER!
AND SINCE YOU SOMEHOW TRACED ME TO THIS PARK, LET ME HONOR YOU WITH BEING THE FIRST VICTIM OF MY LENS-RAY!

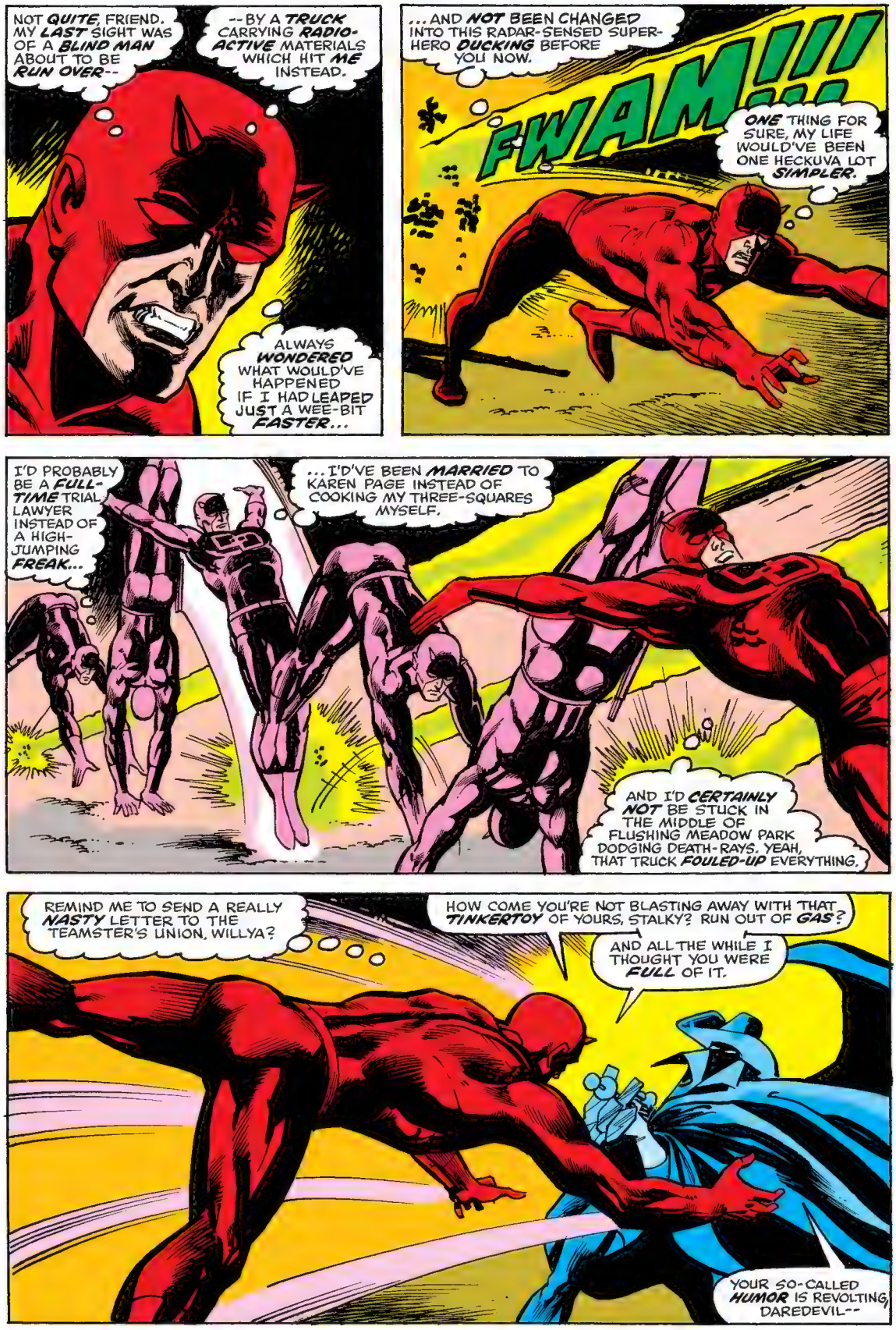
THESE LENSES WERE FORGED BY THE ATLANTEAN WIZARD, C'THUNDA MORE THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO...
...FORGED TO CREATE A WEAPON GREAT ENOUGH TO DESTROY THE ISLAND THE MAD-WIZARD HATED SO MUCH.
BUT THEY WERE STOLEN FROM HIM AND THEN LOST THROUGHOUT TIME...
FFWAAMM!
...UNTIL NOW, WHEN-- AT LONG LAST, THEY HAVE COME DOWN TO ME,
WHERE, BY MY HAND, THEY WILL CREATE THE ULTIMATE HAVOC THEY WERE DESIGNED FOR.

STALKY'S NOT TALKING THROUGH HIS CAPE-- ONE SMALL BLAST, AND HALF THE EARTH CAVED IN UNDER ME.
--PROVIDING I CAN STOP ME FROM MAKING A SCARLET PANCAKE OUT OF MYSELF FIRST.
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM--

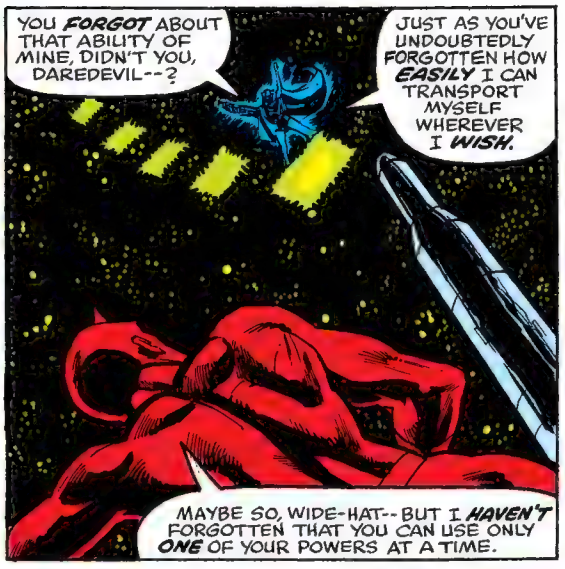

BLESS YOU, BILLY-CLUB.
OKAY, WIDE-HAT, IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, AND WHOEVER YOUR FRIEND OVER THERE IS.
THOUGH SOMEHOW I KINDA THINK YOU'RE AS IN THE DARK ABOUT HIM AS I AM.


TRUE, DAREDEVIL, BUT TOTALLY UNIMPORTANT TO OUR BATTLE.
OR WHAT WAS OUR BATTLE.
FOR, IT SHALL END NOW--
--WHEN MY MAGNIFICENT RAY RIPS YOU ASUNDER--


--AND SCATTERS YOUR SHATTERED BONES TO THE WIND.
GAZE UPON THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR DEATH, DAREDEVIL--
--FOR IT SHALL BE THE LAST SIGHT YOU WILL EVER SEE.

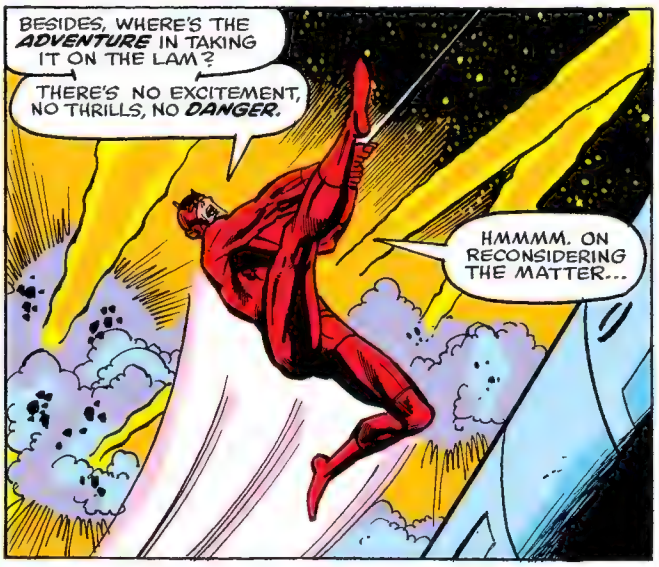

NOT QUITE, FRIEND. MY LAST SIGHT WAS OF A BLIND MAN ABOUT TO BE RUN OVER--
--BY A TRUCK CARRYING RADIO-ACTIVE MATERIALS WHICH HIT ME INSTEAD.
ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF I HAD LEAPED JUST A WEE-BIT FASTER...
...AND NOT BEEN CHANGED INTO THIS RADAR-SENSED SUPER-HERO DUCKING BEFORE YOU NOW.
FWAM!!!
ONE THING FOR SURE, MY LIFE WOULD'VE BEEN ONE HECKUVA LOT SIMPLER.
I'D PROBABLY BE A FULL-TIME TRIAL LAWYER INSTEAD OF A HIGH-JUMPING FREAK...
...I'D'VE BEEN MARRIED TO KAREN PAGE INSTEAD OF COOKING MY THREE-SQUARES MYSELF.
AND I'D CERTAINLY NOT BE STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF FLUSHING MEADOW PARK DODGING DEATH-RAYS. YEAH, THAT TRUCK FOULED-UP EVERYTHING.
REMIND ME TO SEND A REALLY NASTY LETTER TO THE TEAMSTER'S UNION, WILLYA?
HOW COME YOU'RE NOT BLASTING AWAY WITH THAT TINKERTOY OF YOURS, STALKY? RUN OUT OF GAS?
AND ALL THE WHILE I THOUGHT YOU WERE FULL OF IT.
YOUR SO-CALLED HUMOR IS REVOLTING, DAREDEVIL--

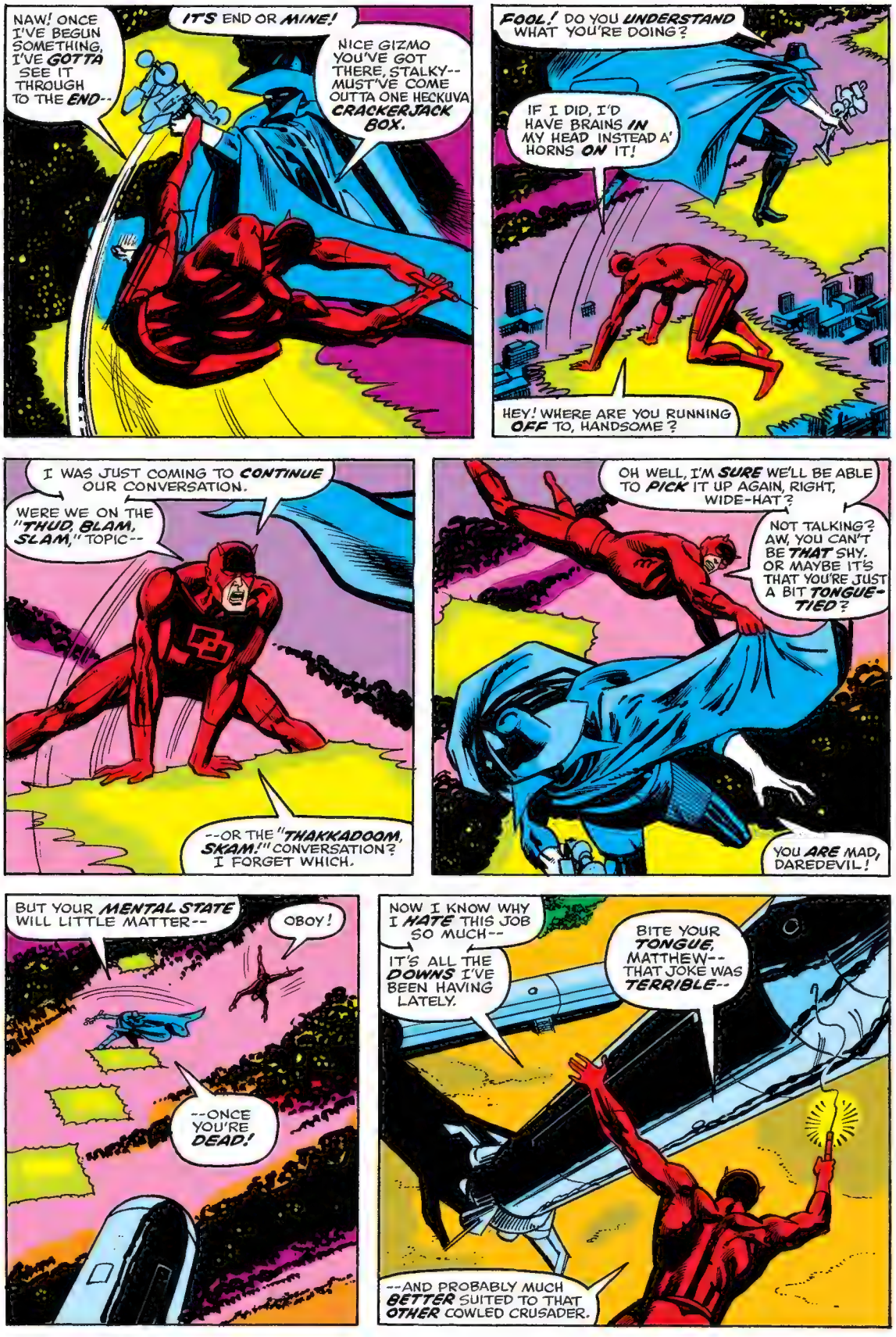
I WILL TO HAVE NO FURTHER PART OF IT!
WHAT?!?
HE'S PULLED THAT DISAPPEARING ACT OF HIS AGAIN.


YOU FORGOT ABOUT THAT ABILITY OF MINE, DIDN'T YOU, DAREDEVIL--?
JUST AS YOU'VE UNDOUBTEDLY FORGOTTEN HOW EASILY I CAN TRANSPORT MYSELF WHEREVER I WISH.
MAYBE SO, WIDE-HAT--BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT YOU CAN USE ONLY ONE OF YOUR POWERS AT A TIME.

THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL AVAIL YOU LITTLE, DAREDEVIL--
--FOR, FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT, I CAN EASILY SPOT YOU WHEREVER YOU TRY HIDING FROM ME--
--AND I CAN JUST AS EASILY BLAST YOU BEFORE YOU MOVE AN INCH!

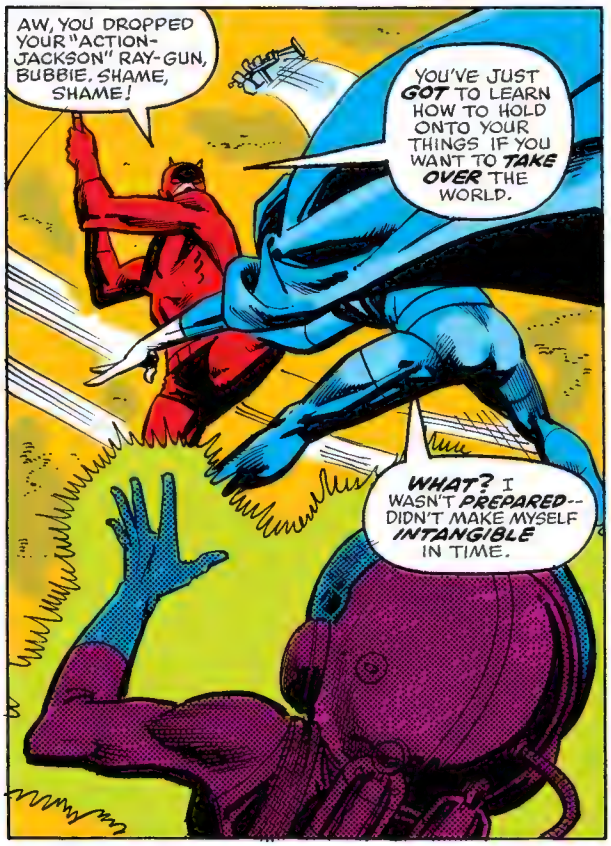
WHO'S TALKING ABOUT HIDING, HANDSOME?
THIS LITTLE MAN WITHOUT FEAR NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED HIGHTAILING IT OUT OF HERE.
THE SUPER-HERO TRADE-UNION WOULD NEVER LET ME HEAR THE END OF IT.


BESIDES, WHERE'S THE ADVENTURE IN TAKING IT ON THE LAM?
THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT, NO THRILLS, NO DANGER.
HMMMM. ON RECONSIDERING THE MATTER...


NAW! ONCE I'VE BEGUN SOMETHING, I'VE GOTTA SEE IT THROUGH TO THE END--
IT'S END OR MINE!
NICE GIZMO YOU'VE GOT THERE, STALKY-- MUST'VE COME OUTTA ONE HECKUVA CRACKERJACK BOX.
FOOL! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
IF I DID, I'D HAVE BRAINS IN MY HEAD INSTEAD A' HORNS ON IT!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING OFF TO, HANDSOME?
I WAS JUST COMING TO CONTINUE OUR CONVERSATION.
WERE WE ON THE "THUD, BLAM, SLAM," TOPIC--
--OR THE "THAKKADOOM, SKAM!" CONVERSATION? I FORGET WHICH.
OH WELL, I'M SURE WE'LL BE ABLE TO PICK IT UP AGAIN, RIGHT, WIDE-HAT?
NOT TALKING? AW, YOU CAN'T BE THAT SHY. OR MAYBE IT'S THAT YOU'RE JUST A BIT TONGUE-TIED?
YOU ARE MAD, DAREDEVIL!
BUT YOUR MENTAL STATE WILL LITTLE MATTER--
OBOY!
--ONCE YOU'RE DEAD!
NOW I KNOW WHY I HATE THIS JOB SO MUCH--
IT'S ALL THE DOWNS I'VE BEEN HAVING LATELY.
BITE YOUR TONGUE, MATTHEW-- THAT JOKE WAS TERRIBLE--
--AND PROBABLY MUCH BETTER SUITED TO THAT OTHER COWLED CRUSADER.

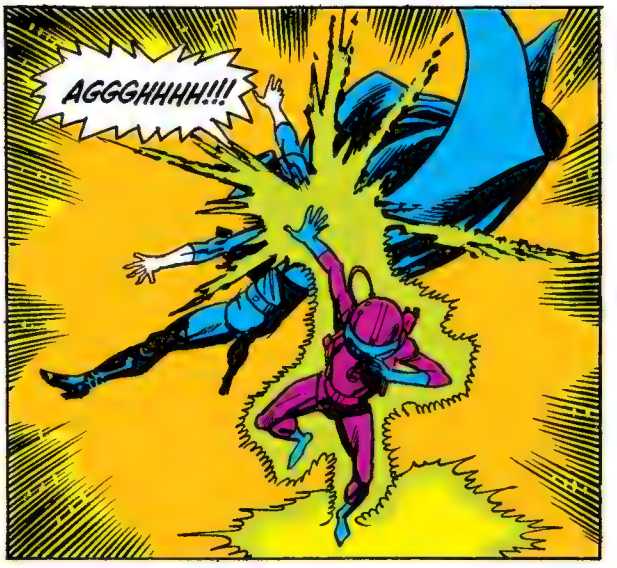
BUT WHERE HE'D BE A BLACK AND BLUE BLOTCH ON THE GROUND BY NOW--
--DAREDEVIL SWINGS ON!
HURRAY FOR THE GOOD GUYS!
BLAST YOU, DAREDEVIL! WHY DON'T YOU FALL?

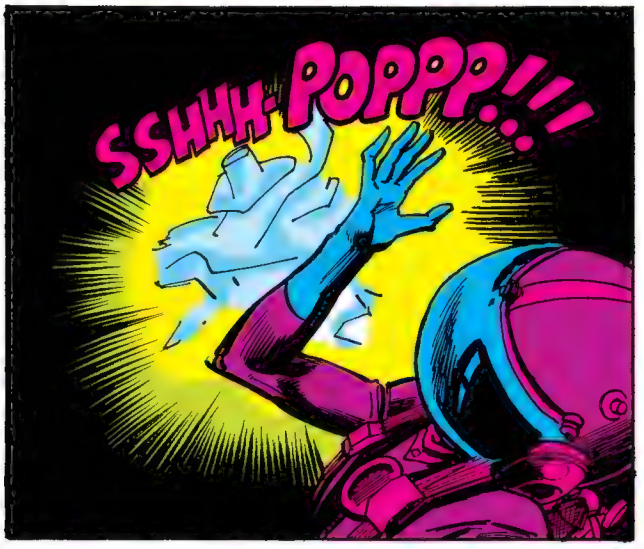
YOU OUGHTTA KNOW YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN, STALKY.
THWAK!
SHEESH! ANOTHER STINKER!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO AMERICA'S FAVORITE HORNHEAD?
SOUNDS LIKE I'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY "JOE MILLER JOKE BOOKS,"--
--WHILE WOODY ALLEN'S MORE MY SPEED.


AW, YOU DROPPED YOUR "ACTION-JACKSON" RAY-GUN, BUBBIE. SHAME, SHAME!
YOU'VE JUST GOT TO LEARN HOW TO HOLD ONTO YOUR THINGS IF YOU WANT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD.
WHAT? I WASN'T PREPARED-- DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF INTANGIBLE IN TIME.

THAT WAS THE IDEA, HANDSOME.
BUT IF YOU REALLY WANNA DECLARE A FOUL, I'LL BE GLAD TO LAY ANOTHER INTO YOU.
NOT THAT IT'LL CHANGE THE RESULTS!
SMMASSHH!

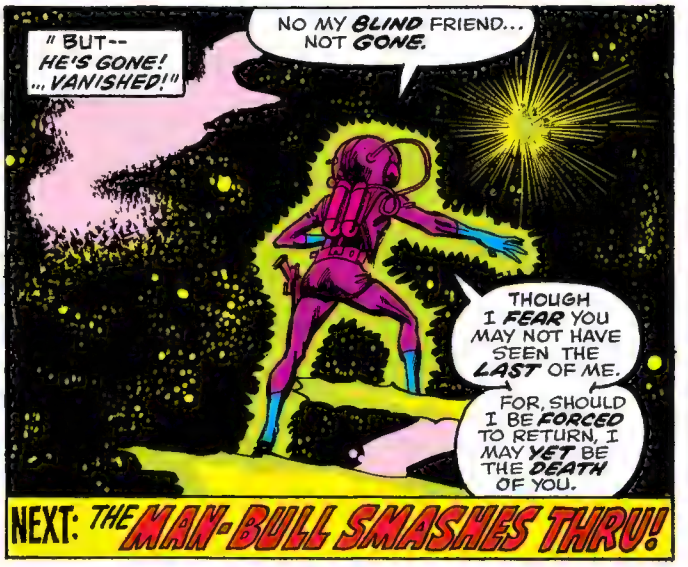
'CAUSE AS LONG AS I CAN KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR DEATH-GRIP--
--YOU CAN'T DO A WHOLE HECKUVA LOT TO STOP ME FROM STOPPING YOU.
YOU'VE TRIPPED ME--
--FORCING ME BACK!!


AGGGHHHH!!!


SSHHH-POPPP!!!

GONE! BUT I DON'T THINK HE TELEPORTED HIMSELF AWAY THIS TIME.
THAT SPACE-SUITED MYSTERY ON THE LIGHT-STEPS HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT.

AND SINCE MY RADAR-SENSE CAN'T SEEM TO SPOT STALKY ANYWHERE IN THIS PARK--
--I CAN CONCENTRATE ON FINDING OUT WHO THIS GUY IS.


" BUT-- HE'S GONE! ...VANISHED!"
NO MY BLIND FRIEND... NOT GONE.
THOUGH I FEAR YOU MAY NOT HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF ME.
FOR, SHOULD I BE FORCED TO RETURN, I MAY YET BE THE DEATH OF YOU.
NEXT: THE MAN-BULL SMASHES THRU!

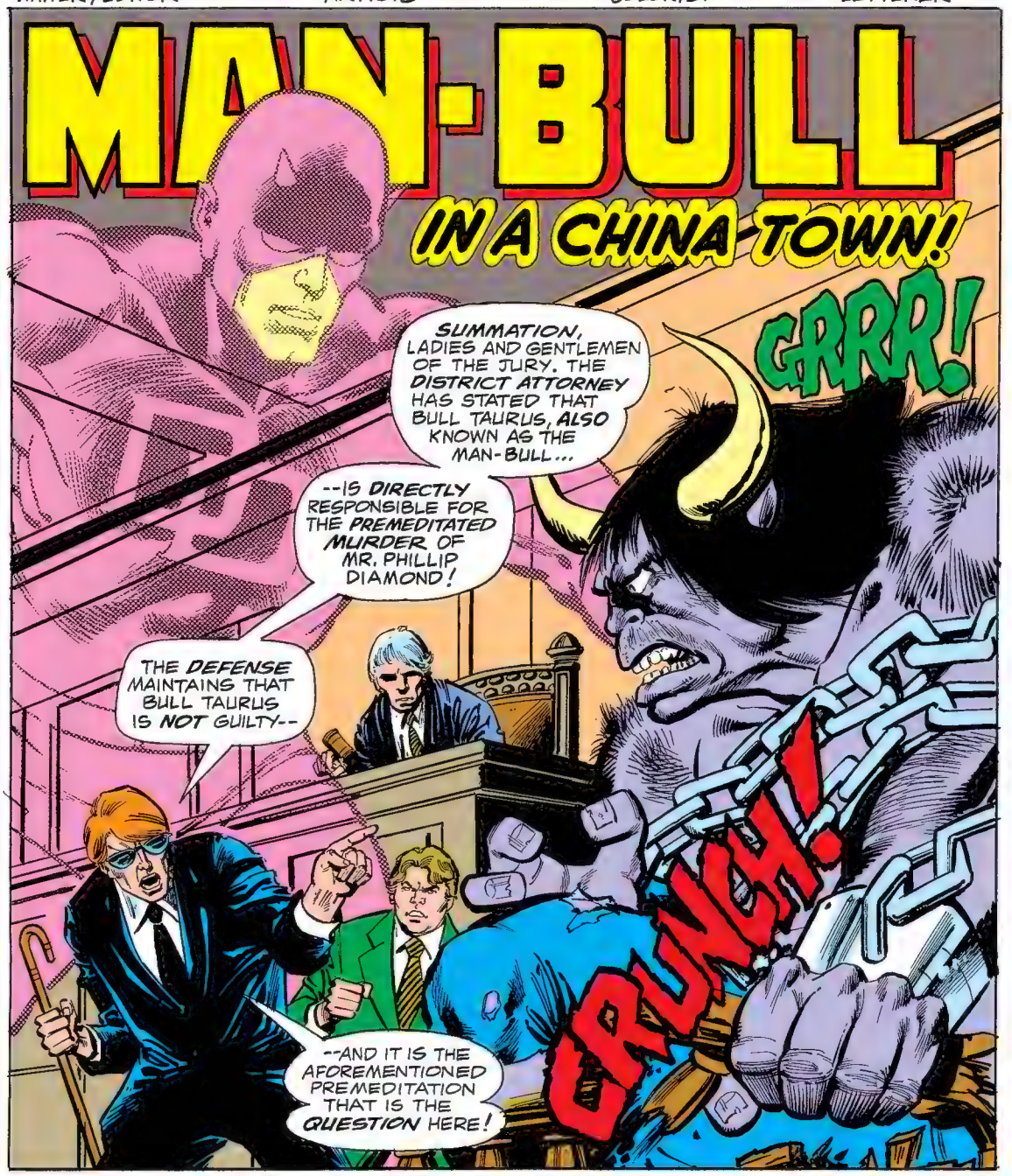
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
129
JAN
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME, HERO-MAN! TODAY IS THE DAY I'VE WAITED FOR! TODAY IS THE DAY...
THE MAN-BULL BUSTS LOOSE!
MY STRONGEST PUNCHES HAVE NO EFFECT ON THIS BRUTE!
ALL-OUT ACTION IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

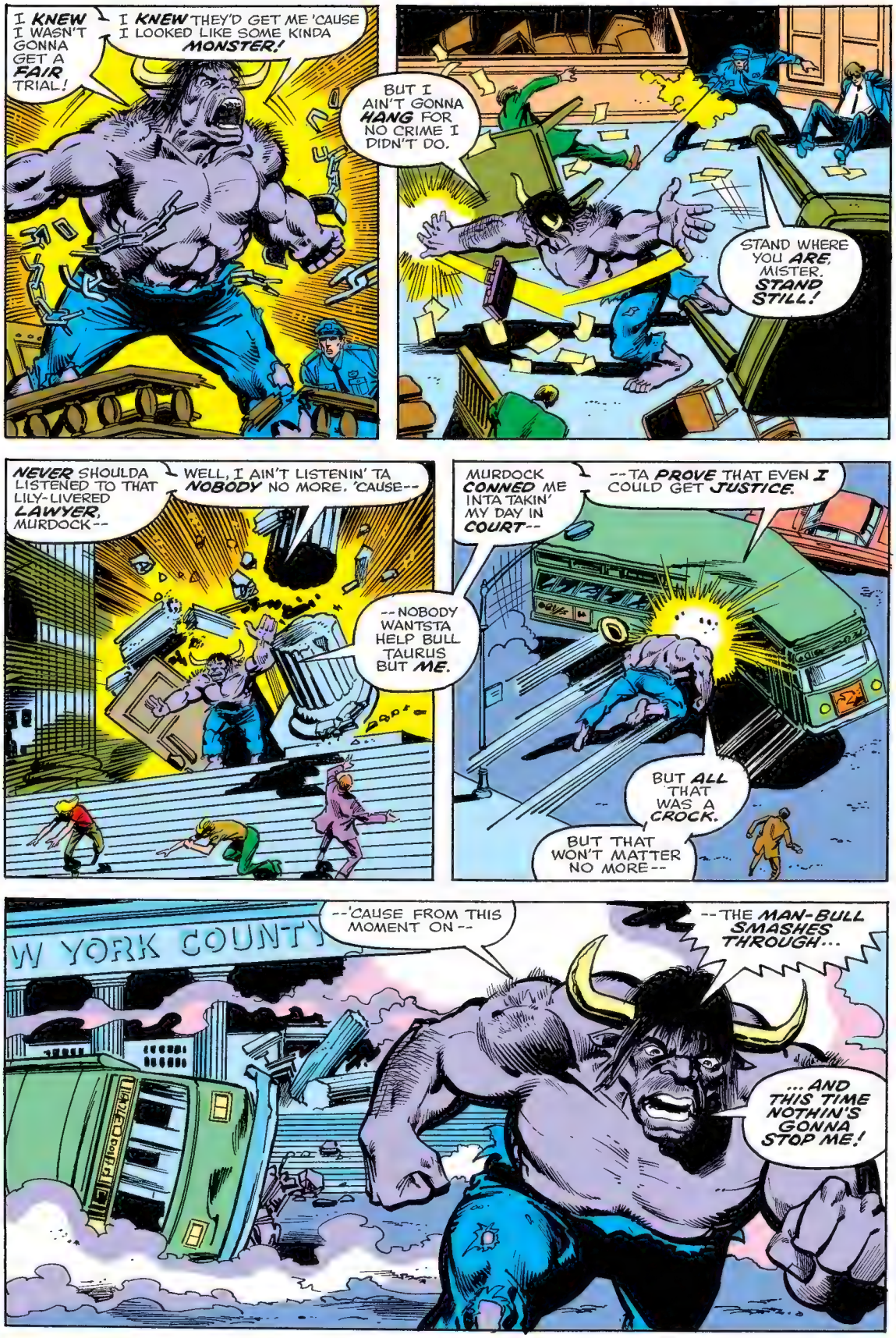
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR • BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON ARTISTS • MICHELE WOLFMAN COLORIST • JOE ROSEN LETTERER

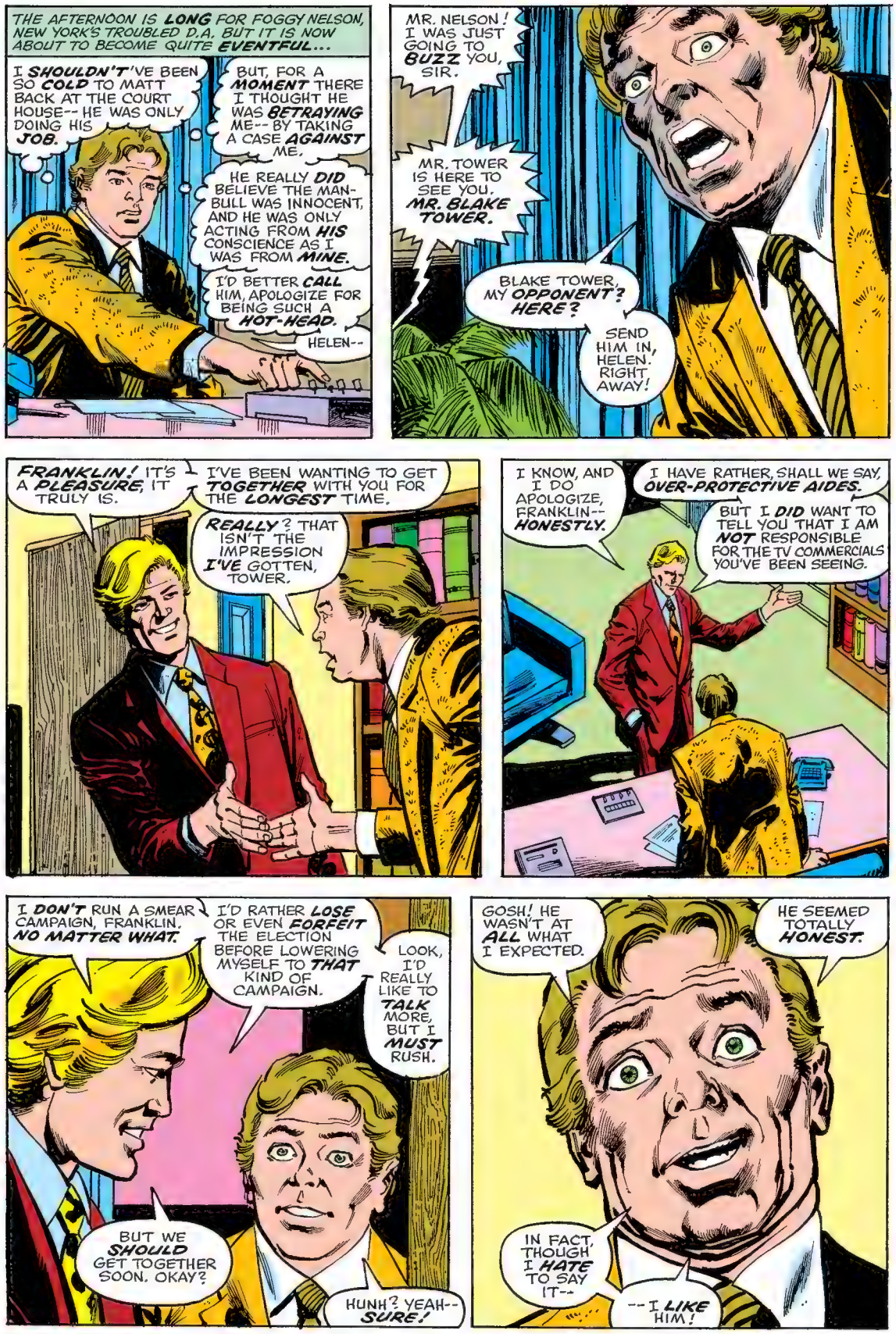
MAN-BULL IN A CHINA-TOWN!


GRRR!
SUMMATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS STATED THAT BULL TAURUS, ALSO KNOWN AS THE MAN-BULL...
--IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PREMEDITATED MURDER OF MR. PHILLIP DIAMOND!
THE DEFENSE MAINTAINS THAT BULL TAURUS IS NOT GUILTY--
--AND IT IS THE AFOREMENTIONED PREMEDITATION THAT IS THE QUESTION HERE!
CRUNCH!

COUNSEL ACKNOWLEDGES THAT BULL TAURUS DID INDEED ENTER MR. DIAMOND'S JEWELRY EXCHANGE AFTER BREAKING OUT OF JAIL IN CALIFORNIA.
COUNSEL ALSO ACKNOWLEDGES BULL TAURUS'S PAST RECORD, WHICH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY FELT NECESSARY TO BRING UP AT THIS TRIAL.
WHAT COUNSEL REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE IS THE RESULTING DEATH OF PHILLIP DIAMOND HAD BEEN PLANNED BY BULL TAURUS--
--WHICH WOULD MEAN THE LIFE SENTENCE DISTRICT ATTORNEY NELSON IS ASKING FOR.
AND NOW, THE FACTS OF THE CASE:
THREE MONTHS AFTER HIS CAPTURE BY IRON MAN IN CALIFORNIA, BULL TAURUS RETURNED TO NEW YORK WHERE HE SMASHED HIS WAY INTO MR. DIAMOND'S JEWELRY EXCHANGE.
MAD, PERHAPS ENRAGED IS THE BETTER WORD, HE FORCED HIS WAY THROUGH THE STUNNED CUSTOMERS...
...TO PHILLIP DIAMOND, AND THEN DEMANDED THAT HE OPEN THE STORE'S SAFE.
THE SUDDENNESS OF THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK--
--AND THE MAN-BULL'S BIZARRE APPEARANCE WERE TOO MUCH FOR THE OLD MAN; MR. PHILLIP DIAMOND FAINTED!

BULL TAURUS WAS CAPTURED BY THE NEW YORK POLICE, AND MR. DIAMOND RECOVERED...
...BUT SIX MONTHS LATER HE DIED-- OF A HEART ATTACK!
D.A. NELSON HAS PRODUCED DOCTOR'S REPORTS INDICATING THAT IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE MAN-BULL, MR. DIAMOND WOULD NOT HAVE DIED.
COUNSEL ACCEPTS HIS CONCLUSIONS, HOWEVER WE SIMPLY STATE THAT THIS DEATH WAS NOT PRE-MEDITATED--
--AND FURTHER, WE ASK FOR A DECISION OF SECOND-DEGREE MAN-SLAUGHTER AND NOT FIRST DEGREE MURDER!
THANK YOU, COUNSEL. THE JURY IS NOW INSTRUCTED TO RETIRE TO THE JURY ROOM AND WEIGH ALL THE EVIDENCE.
WE WILL RE-CONVENE WHEN A VERDICT HAS BEEN RENDERED.
IT IS MANY HOURS LATER THAT A QUIET AND THOUGHTFUL JURY RETURNS TO THE MAIN COURTROOM...
IT IS THE UNANIMOUS DECISION OF THIS JURY THAT DEATH CAUSED DIRECTLY BY A PREMEDITATED CRIME IS PREMEDITATED MURDER!
GUILTY
OUR DECISION THEREFORE IS, YOUR HONOR, GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!
HOOO!!!

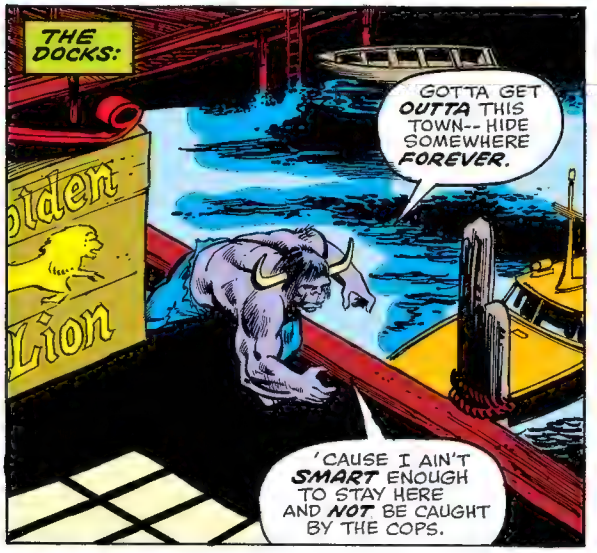

I KNEW I WASN'T GONNA GET A FAIR TRIAL!
I KNEW THEY'D GET ME 'CAUSE I LOOKED LIKE SOME KINDA MONSTER!
BUT I AIN'T GONNA HANG FOR NO CRIME I DIDN'T DO.
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER. STAND STILL!
NEVER SHOULDA LISTENED TO THAT LILY-LIVERED LAWYER, MURDOCK--
WELL, I AIN'T LISTENIN' TA NOBODY NO MORE. 'CAUSE--
--NOBODY WANTSTA HELP BULL TAURUS BUT ME.
MURDOCK CONNED ME INTA TAKIN' MY DAY IN COURT--
--TA PROVE THAT EVEN I COULD GET JUSTICE.
BUT ALL THAT WAS A CROCK.
BUT THAT WON'T MATTER NO MORE--
W YORK COUNTY
--'CAUSE FROM THIS MOMENT ON--
--THE MAN-BULL SMASHES THROUGH...
...AND THIS TIME NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME!


THE AFTERNOON IS LONG FOR FOGGY NELSON, NEW YORK'S TROUBLED D.A. BUT IT IS NOW ABOUT TO BECOME QUITE EVENTFUL...
I SHOULDN'T'VE BEEN SO COLD TO MATT BACK AT THE COURT HOUSE-- HE WAS ONLY DOING HIS JOB.
BUT, FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT HE WAS BETRAYING ME-- BY TAKING A CASE AGAINST ME.
HE REALLY DID BELIEVE THE MAN-BULL WAS INNOCENT, AND HE WAS ONLY ACTING FROM HIS CONSCIENCE AS I WAS FROM MINE.
I'D BETTER CALL HIM, APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SUCH A HOT-HEAD.
HELEN--
MR. NELSON! I WAS JUST GOING TO BUZZ YOU, SIR.
MR. TOWER IS HERE TO SEE YOU, MR. BLAKE TOWER.
BLAKE TOWER, MY OPPONENT? HERE?
SEND HIM IN, HELEN. RIGHT AWAY!
FRANKLIN! IT'S A PLEASURE, IT TRULY IS.
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET TOGETHER WITH YOU FOR THE LONGEST TIME.
REALLY? THAT ISN'T THE IMPRESSION I'VE GOTTEN, TOWER.
I KNOW, AND I DO APOLOGIZE, FRANKLIN-- HONESTLY.
I HAVE RATHER, SHALL WE SAY, OVER-PROTECTIVE AIDES.
BUT I DID WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TV COMMERCIALS YOU'VE BEEN SEEING.
I DON'T RUN A SMEAR CAMPAIGN, FRANKLIN. NO MATTER WHAT.
I'D RATHER LOSE OR EVEN FORFEIT THE ELECTION BEFORE LOWERING MYSELF TO THAT KIND OF CAMPAIGN.
LOOK, I'D REALLY LIKE TO TALK MORE, BUT I MUST RUSH.
BUT WE SHOULD GET TOGETHER SOON, OKAY?
HUNH? YEAH-- SURE!
GOSH! HE WASN'T AT ALL WHAT I EXPECTED.
HE SEEMED TOTALLY HONEST.
IN FACT, THOUGH, I HATE TO SAY IT--
--I LIKE HIM!

THE AFTERNOON TURNS INTO EVENING, AND...
C'MON, HANDSOME, WIPE AWAY THOSE GLOOMS.
CAN'T HELP IT, HEATHER. FOGGY'S ANGRY AT ME FOR TAKING THAT CASE AGAINST HIM...
...A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE NEWSROOM WAS JUST HANDED ME...
HE REFUSES TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE COURT APPOINTED ME TO MAN-BULL'S CASE...
...AND THAT I BELIEVED WE DID HAVE A GOOD CASE.
BUT FOGGY ONLY SEES THAT I WENT AGAINST HIM WHEN HE MOST NEEDS ME.
MATT--! LISTEN TO THE TV.
GREAT! I'VE GOT MAJOR HASSLES, AND YOU WANT ME TO LISTEN TO THE BOOB TUBE!
QUIET, MATT-- AND LISTEN!
IT STILL SEEMS COMPLETELY UNBELIEVABLE, BUT GOVERNMENT SOURCES HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THIS PHOTO, AND THE STORY AS IT APPEARED TODAY IN THE GERMAN PRESS-- ARE TRUE!
JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY AND HIS BROTHER, ROBERT FRANCIS KENNEDY-- ARE ALIVE!
HOW THIS CAN BE, AND WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COVER-UP ARE NOT KNOWN, AND WHITE HOUSE OFFICIALS HAVE PUT A SEAL ON ALL NEWS ITEMS FOR AT LEAST 24 HOURS.
IN THE MEANTIME, A SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS IS BEING CALLED, AND LEGISLATORS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HAVE DROPPED THEIR CAMPAIGNS TO RUSH BACK TO CAPITOL HILL...
WHAT--? IT CAN'T BE... IT SIMPLY CAN'T!
THEY WERE BOTH KILLED-- YEARS AGO.
IF THIS IS SOMEONE'S INSANE IDEA OF A JOKE--
I DON'T THINK SO, MATT. IT'S ON THE TELEVISION... ON THE NEWS.
IT'S GOT TO BE TRUE. IT MUST BE TRUE!
WHAT ALL THIS MEANS IS ONLY NOW COMING UP FOR SPECULATION, BUT WE CAN BE SURE OF ONE THING--
--THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DEMAND AN ANSWER...
...AND IT IS GOING TO HAVE TO BE A SATISFYING ONE!

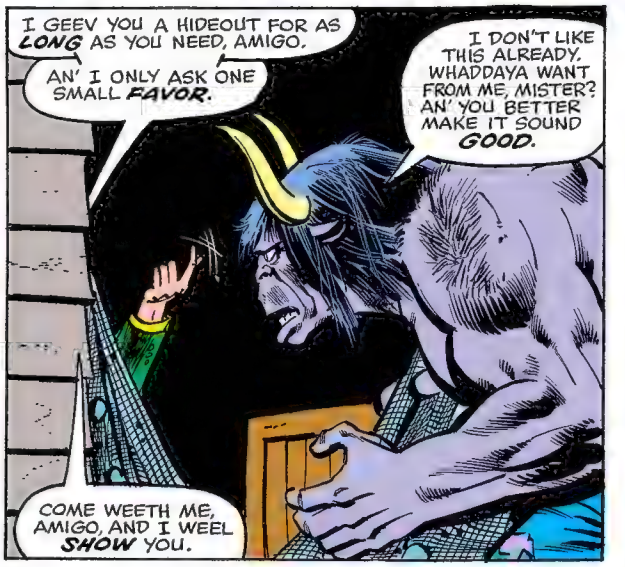
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, HEATHER, BUT STILL--
I REMEMBER THE DAY--THE EXACT MINUTE WHEN J.F.K. WAS KILLED.
I WAS ON A SUBWAY TRAIN, AND THE KID NEXT TO ME HAD HIS RADIO PLAYING.
I--ALL OF US WERE STUNNED WHEN WE HEARD THAT HE WAS SHOT...

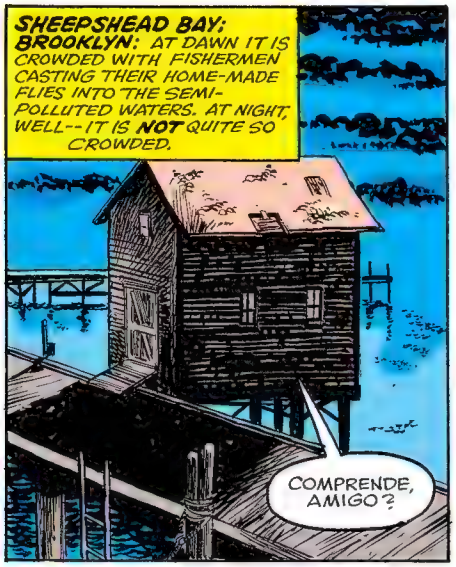
MATT, SUDDENLY I'M VERY FRIGHTENED ABOUT EVERYTHING.
WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THIS COUNTRY, MATT? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I DON'T KNOW, HEATHER. I DON'T THINK ANYONE DOES.
AND I'M ALMOST TOO SCARED TO EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

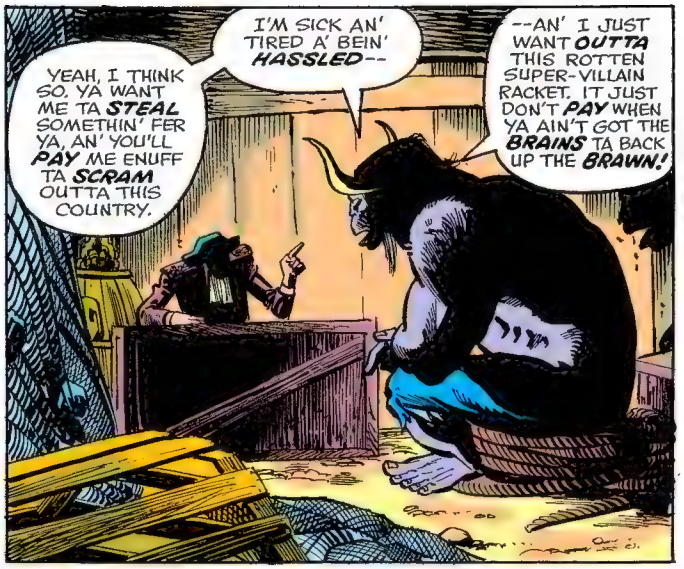

THE DOCKS:
GOTTA GET OUTTA THIS TOWN-- HIDE SOMEWHERE FOREVER.
'CAUSE I AIN'T SMART ENOUGH TO STAY HERE AND NOT BE CAUGHT BY THE COPS.

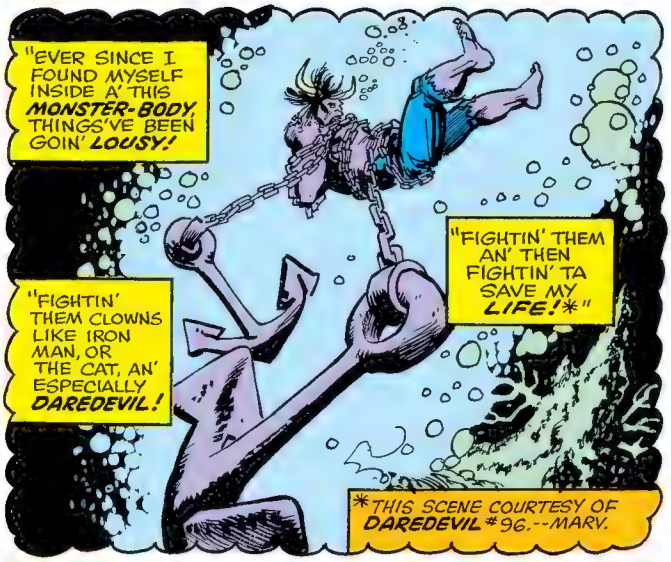
AMIGO, YOU WEEL NOT HAVE TO BE SO SMART EEF YOU LEESTEN TO ME.
WHO'S THERE? COME OUTTA THE DARK OR I'LL SMASH YA!

AH, MI AMIGO, HERE I AM, BUT EET EES MORE IMPORTANT THAT YOU WEEL LEESTEN TO WHAT I SAY.
EEF YOU WANN BE SAFE, YOU WEEL FOLLOW ME.
COMPRENDE, AMIGO?


I GEEV YOU A HIDEOUT FOR AS LONG AS YOU NEED, AMIGO.
AN' I ONLY ASK ONE SMALL FAVOR.
I DON'T LIKE THIS ALREADY. WHADDAYA WANT FROM ME, MISTER? AN' YOU BETTER MAKE IT SOUND GOOD.
COME WEETH ME, AMIGO, AND I WEEL SHOW YOU.

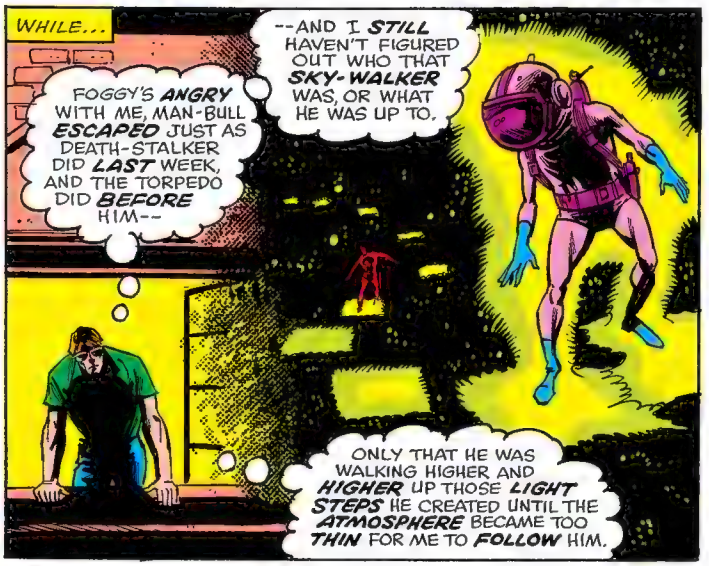

SHEEPSHEAD BAY: BROOKLYN: AT DAWN IT IS CROWDED WITH FISHERMEN CASTING THEIR HOME-MADE FLIES INTO THE SEMI-POLLUTED WATERS. AT NIGHT, WELL--IT IS NOT QUITE SO CROWDED.
COMPRENDE, AMIGO?

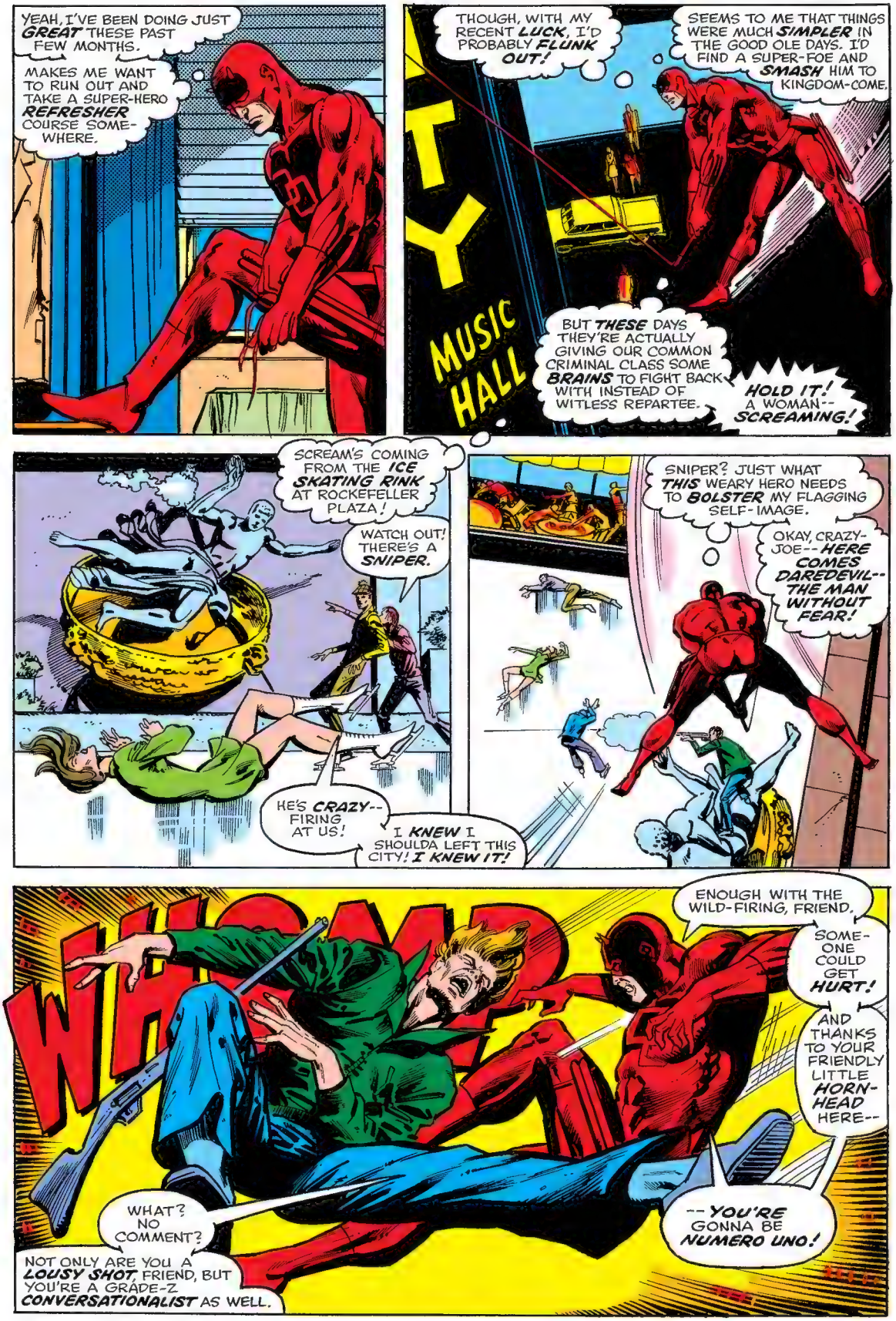

YEAH, I THINK SO. YA WANT ME TA STEAL SOMETHIN' FER YA, AN' YOU'LL PAY ME ENUFF TA SCRAM OUTTA THIS COUNTRY.
I'M SICK AN' TIRED A' BEIN' HASSLED--
--AN' I JUST WANT OUTTA THIS ROTTEN SUPER-VILLAIN RACKET. IT JUST DON'T PAY WHEN YA AIN'T GOT THE BRAINS TA BACK UP THE BRAWN!

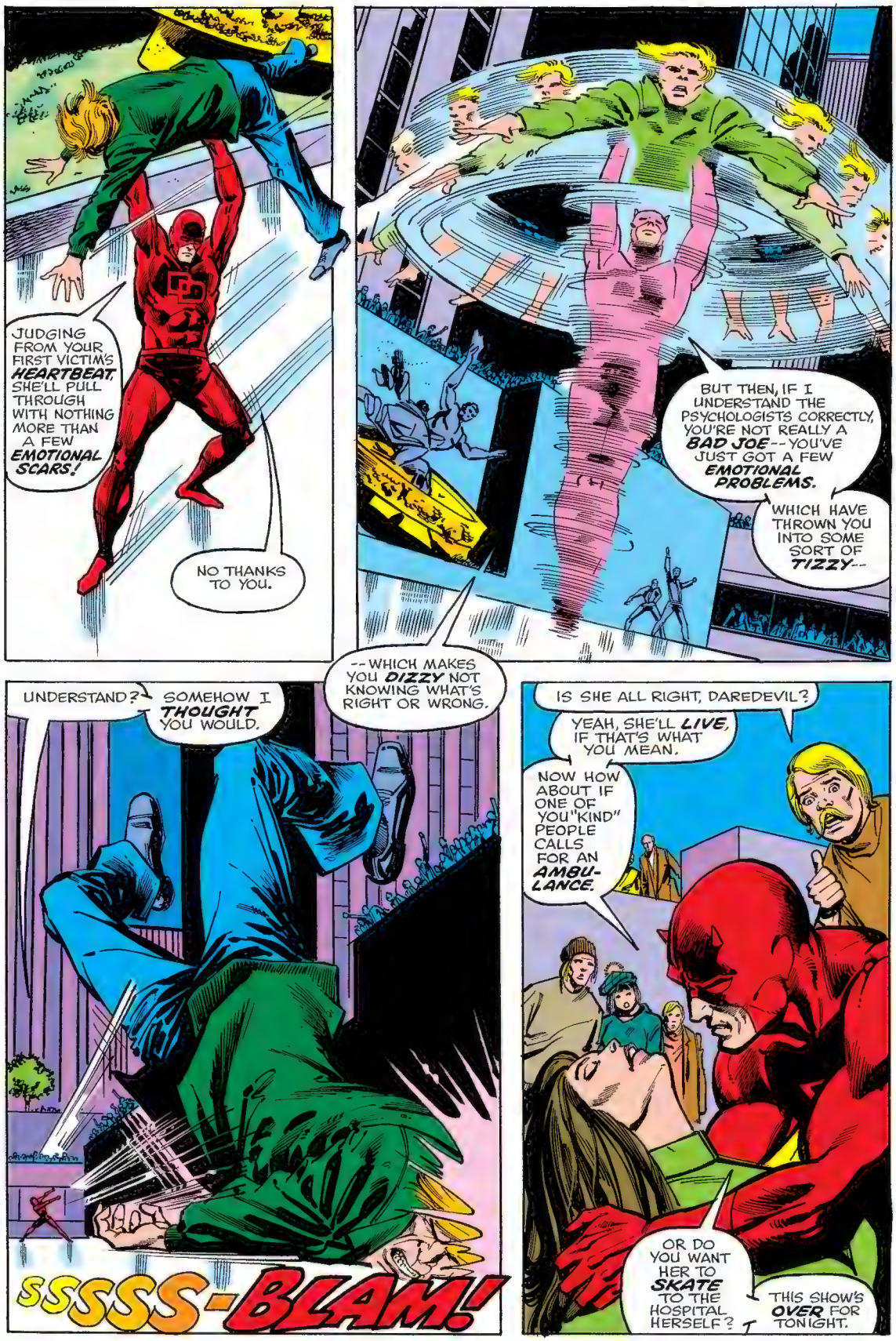

"EVER SINCE I FOUND MYSELF INSIDE A' THIS MONSTER-BODY, THINGS'VE BEEN GOIN' LOUSY!
"FIGHTIN' THEM CLOWNS LIKE IRON MAN, OR THE CAT, AN' ESPECIALLY DAREDEVIL!
"FIGHTIN' THEM AN' THEN FIGHTIN' TA SAVE MY LIFE!*"
*THIS SCENE COURTESY OF DAREDEVIL #96.--MARV.

NOW I'M STUCK INSIDE A' THIS BODY 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO MORE SERUM TA CHANGE ME BACK TA HUMAN.
SO I GUESS THE ANSWER'S "YEAH!" I'LL DO WHAT YA WANT, MISTER, AN' THEN I'M USIN' THE DOUGH TA FIND ME SOME PEACE.

AMIGO, YOU WEEL BE A PARTNER MUY BUENO.
BUT WHAT A SHAME YOU WEEL NOT LEEV LONG ENOUGH TO SHARE THAT MONEY WEETH ME, YOU LUMBERING, MINDLESS FOOL!

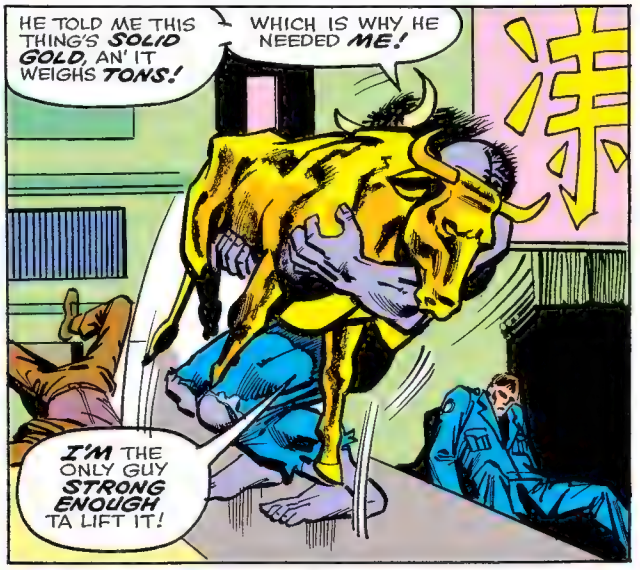

WHILE...
FOGGY'S ANGRY WITH ME, MAN-BULL ESCAPED JUST AS DEATH-STALKER DID LAST WEEK, AND THE TORPEDO DID BEFORE HIM--
--AND I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHO THAT SKY-WALKER WAS, OR WHAT HE WAS UP TO.
ONLY THAT HE WAS WALKING HIGHER AND HIGHER UP THOSE LIGHT STEPS HE CREATED UNTIL THE ATMOSPHERE BECAME TOO THIN FOR ME TO FOLLOW HIM.

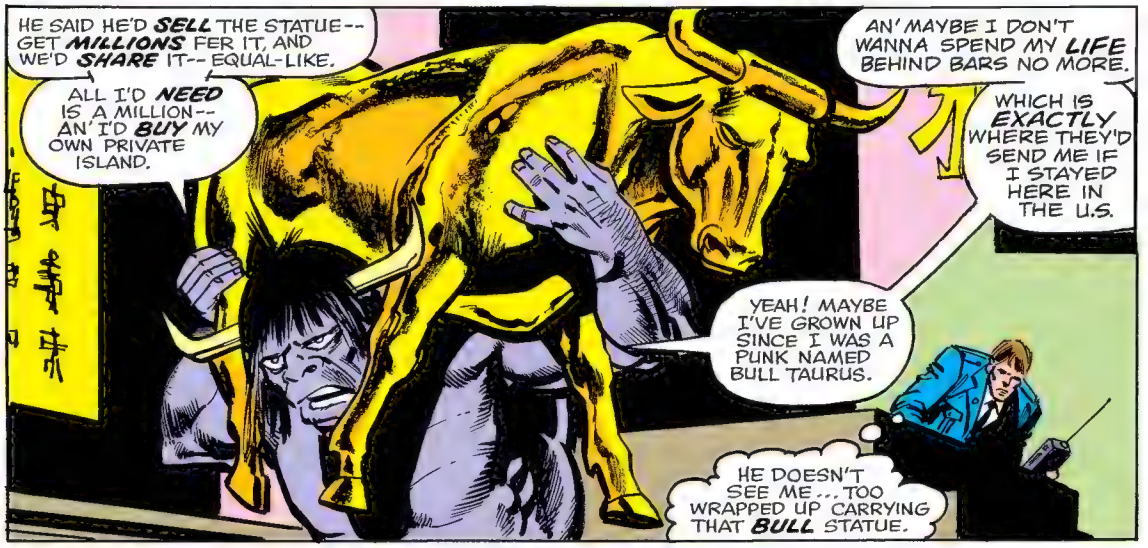

YEAH, I'VE BEEN DOING JUST GREAT THESE PAST FEW MONTHS.
MAKES ME WANT TO RUN OUT AND TAKE A SUPER-HERO REFRESHER COURSE SOMEWHERE.
THOUGH, WITH MY RECENT LUCK, I'D PROBABLY FLUNK OUT!
SEEMS TO ME THAT THINGS WERE MUCH SIMPLER IN THE GOOD OLE DAYS. I'D FIND A SUPER-FOE AND SMASH HIM TO KINGDOM-COME.
MUSIC HALL
BUT THESE DAYS THEY'RE ACTUALLY GIVING OUR COMMON CRIMINAL CLASS SOME BRAINS TO FIGHT BACK WITH INSTEAD OF WITLESS REPARTEE.
HOLD IT! A WOMAN-- SCREAMING!
SCREAM'S COMING FROM THE ICE SKATING RINK AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA!
WATCH OUT! THERE'S A SNIPER.
HE'S CRAZY-- FIRING AT US!
I KNEW I SHOULDA LEFT THIS CITY! I KNEW IT!
SNIPER? JUST WHAT THIS WEARY HERO NEEDS TO BOLSTER MY FLAGGING SELF-IMAGE.
OKAY, CRAZY-JOE-- HERE COMES DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
WHOMP
ENOUGH WITH THE WILD-FIRING, FRIEND.
SOMEONE COULD GET HURT!
AND THANKS TO YOUR FRIENDLY LITTLE HORNHEAD HERE--
-- YOU'RE GONNA BE NUMERO UNO!
WHAT? NO COMMENT?
NOT ONLY ARE YOU A LOUSY SHOT, FRIEND, BUT YOU'RE A GRADE-Z CONVERSATIONALIST AS WELL.

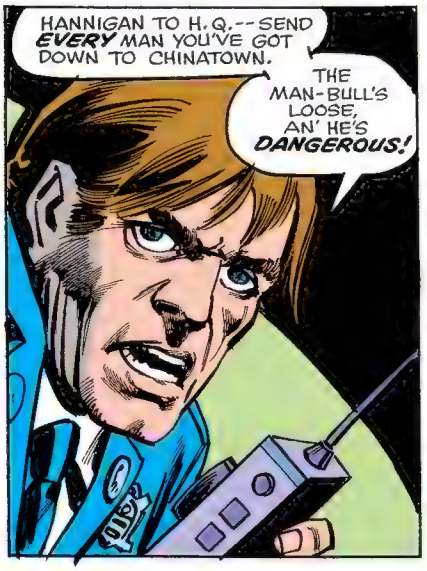

JUDGING FROM YOUR FIRST VICTIM'S HEARTBEAT, SHE'LL PULL THROUGH WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW EMOTIONAL SCARS!
NO THANKS TO YOU.
BUT THEN, IF I UNDERSTAND THE PSYCHOLOGISTS CORRECTLY, YOU'RE NOT REALLY A BAD JOE--YOU'VE JUST GOT A FEW EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS.
WHICH HAVE THROWN YOU INTO SOME SORT OF TIZZY--
--WHICH MAKES YOU DIZZY NOT KNOWING WHAT'S RIGHT OR WRONG.
UNDERSTAND?
SOMEHOW I THOUGHT YOU WOULD.
SSSSS-BLAM!
IS SHE ALL RIGHT, DAREDEVIL?
YEAH, SHE'LL LIVE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
NOW HOW ABOUT IF ONE OF YOU "KIND" PEOPLE CALLS FOR AN AMBULANCE.
OR DO YOU WANT HER TO SKATE TO THE HOSPITAL HERSELF?
THIS SHOW'S OVER FOR TONIGHT.

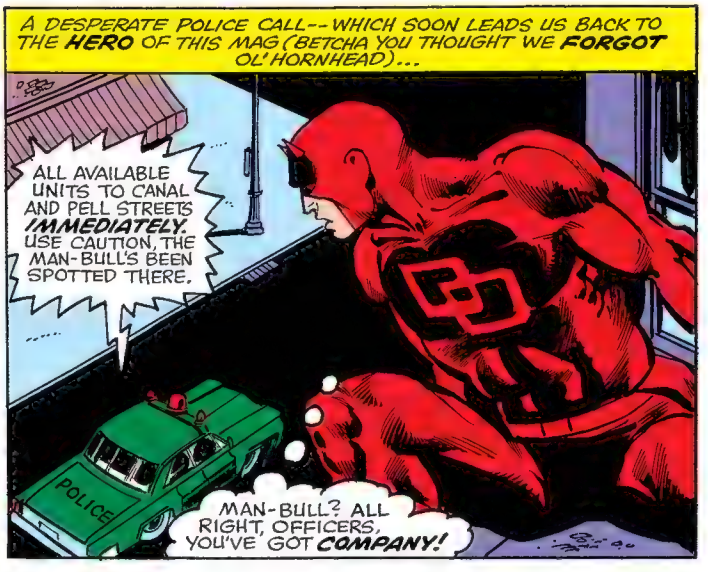
DOWNTOWN, OFF CANAL STREET, LIES CHINATOWN.
AND THROUGH CHINATOWN COMES STALKING-- WELL, TAKE A PEEK FOR YOURSELF.
SHOVE OFF, YA PUNY PUNKS--
--MAN-BULL'S COMIN' THRU!
AN' NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME NOW. NOTHIN'!
'CAUSE THIS IS MY LAST CAPER.
AN' AFTER T'NIGHT I'M RESTIN' FREE 'N' EASY FER LIFE!
SMASH!
BUT I AIN'T THINKIN' ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW.
GOTTA THINK 'BOUT WHAT I'VE BEEN TOLD TA DO.
INSIDE A' THAT TEMPLE IS SOMETHIN' THE BOSS-MAN WANTS.
SOMETHIN' VALUABLE ENOUGH FOR THAT GUARD TA BE STANDIN' THERE.
BUT HE AIN'T GONNA BE STANDIN' THERE FER LONG!
SPLAM!
LET ME GO!
GOOD LORD! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
RUN!

THERE IT IS, LOOKIN' LIKE SOME KINDA COLOSSAL JOKE!
AN' MAYBE IT IS. AFTER ALL, HE'S TELLIN' ME-- THE MAN-BULL-- TA STEAL--
--THE GOLDEN BULL OF CHINA!*
*LAST STOLEN IN THOR #146.--MARV.


HE TOLD ME THIS THING'S SOLID GOLD, AN' IT WEIGHS TONS!
WHICH IS WHY HE NEEDED ME!
I'M THE ONLY GUY STRONG ENOUGH TA LIFT IT!

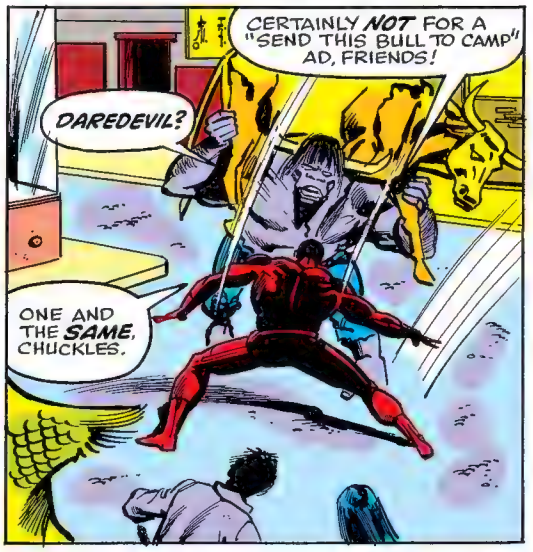

HE SAID HE'D SELL THE STATUE-- GET MILLIONS FER IT, AND WE'D SHARE IT-- EQUAL-LIKE.
ALL I'D NEED IS A MILLION-- AN' I'D BUY MY OWN PRIVATE ISLAND.
AN' MAYBE I DON'T WANNA SPEND MY LIFE BEHIND BARS NO MORE.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHERE THEY'D SEND ME IF I STAYED HERE IN THE U.S.
YEAH! MAYBE I'VE GROWN UP SINCE I WAS A PUNK NAMED BULL TAURUS.
HE DOESN'T SEE ME... TOO WRAPPED UP CARRYING THAT BULL STATUE.


HANNIGAN TO H.Q.-- SEND EVERY MAN YOU'VE GOT DOWN TO CHINATOWN.
THE MAN-BULL'S LOOSE, AN' HE'S DANGEROUS!

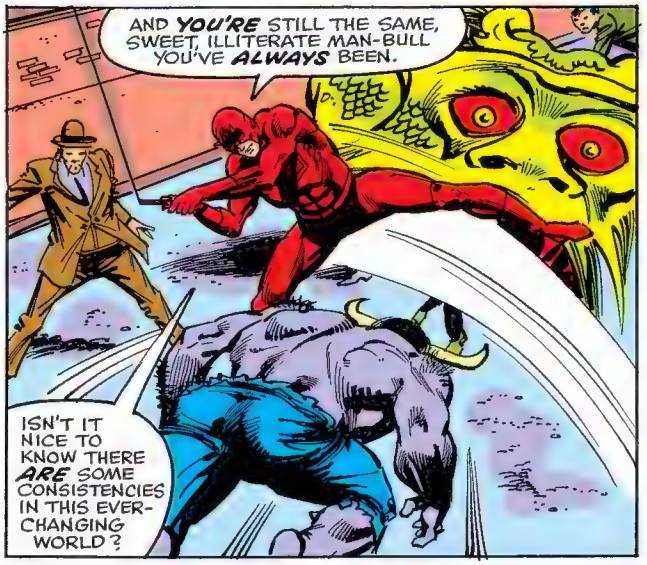

A DESPERATE POLICE CALL-- WHICH SOON LEADS US BACK TO THE HERO OF THIS MAG (BETCHA YOU THOUGHT WE FORGOT OL' HORNHEAD)...
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS TO CANAL AND PELL STREETS IMMEDIATELY. USE CAUTION, THE MAN-BULL'S BEEN SPOTTED THERE.
POLICE
MAN-BULL? ALL RIGHT, OFFICERS, YOU'VE GOT COMPANY!

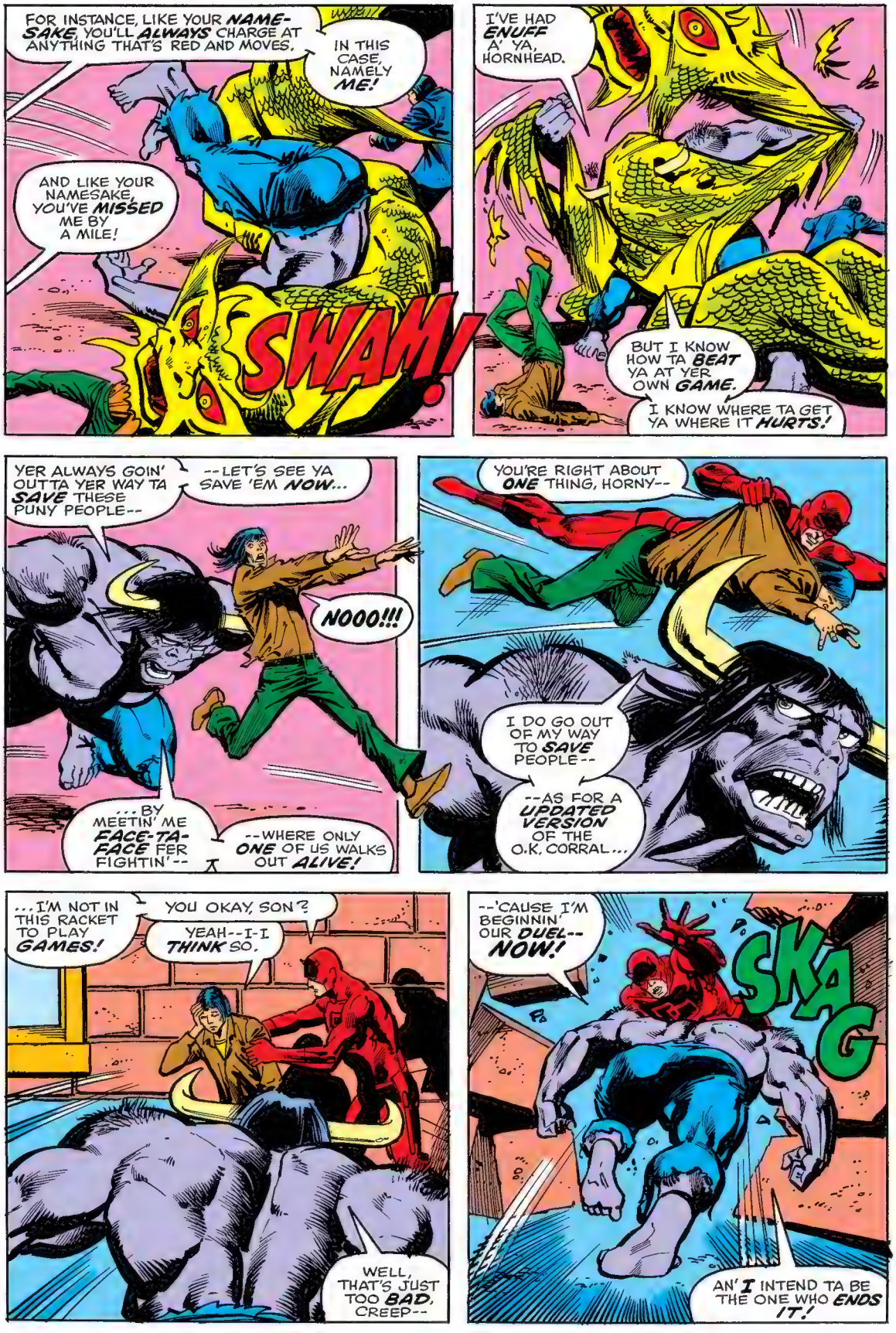
BUT...
DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I CAN LUG THIS WEIGHT--
IT'S ALREADY TEARIN' THROUGH MY SHOULDERS...
... STRAININ' EVEN MY ARMS.
CAN I HOLD ONTO THIS AN' STILL FIGHT MY WAY THRU THAT CROWD?
DON'T KNOW FER SURE, BUT I GOTTA FIND OUT.

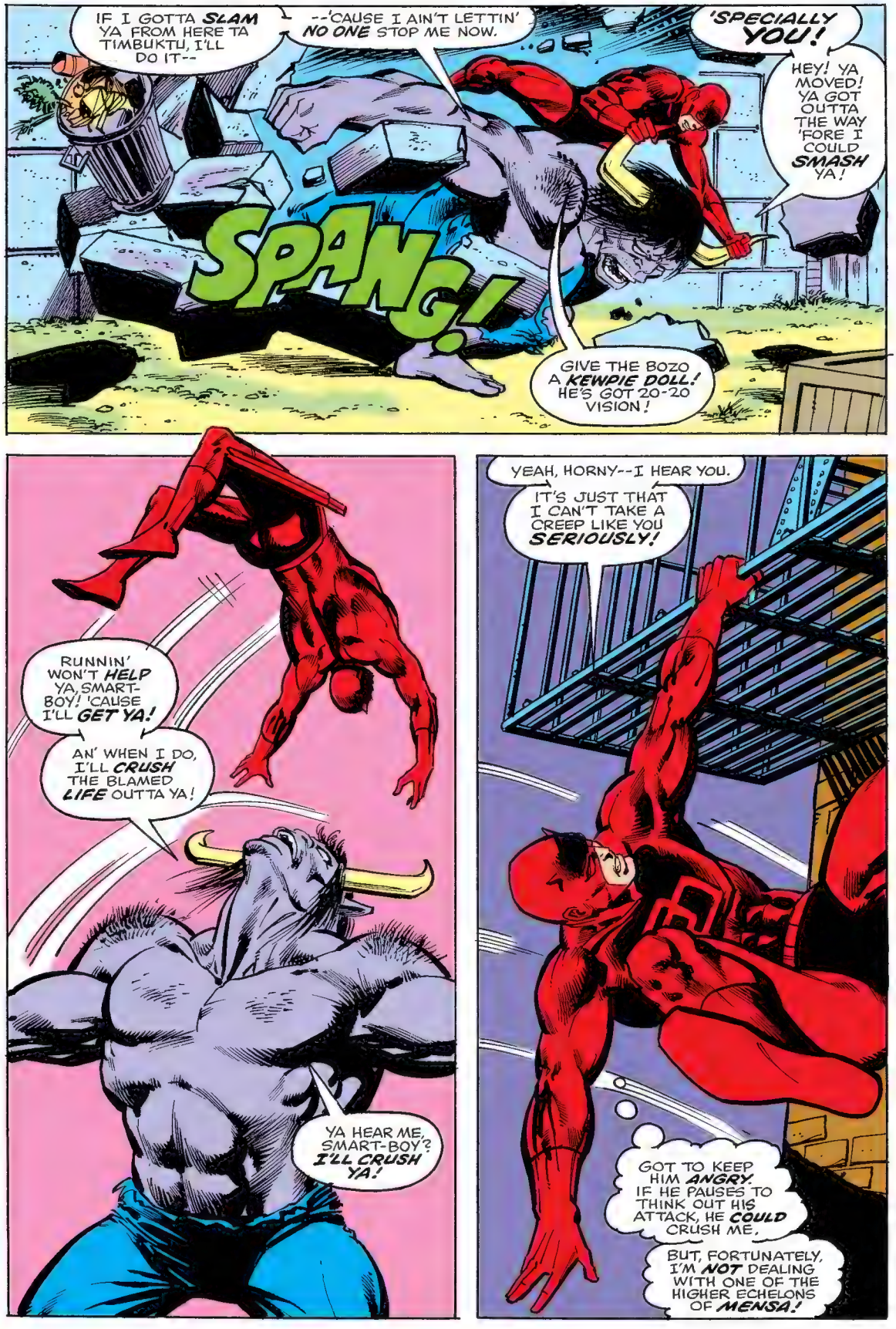
IF I WANNA GET OUTTA HERE IN ONE PIECE--
--SOME A' THEM INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AIN'T!
LOOK! OVER THERE!
HEY! WHAT'S HE A PUBLICITY GIMMICK FOR?


CERTAINLY NOT FOR A "SEND THIS BULL TO CAMP" AD, FRIENDS!
DAREDEVIL?
ONE AND THE SAME, CHUCKLES.

YA AIN'T CHANGED, HORNHEAD! YER STILL A LOUDMOUTH!


AND YOU'RE STILL THE SAME, SWEET, ILLITERATE MAN-BULL YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN.
ISN'T IT NICE TO KNOW THERE ARE SOME CONSISTENCIES IN THIS EVER-CHANGING WORLD?

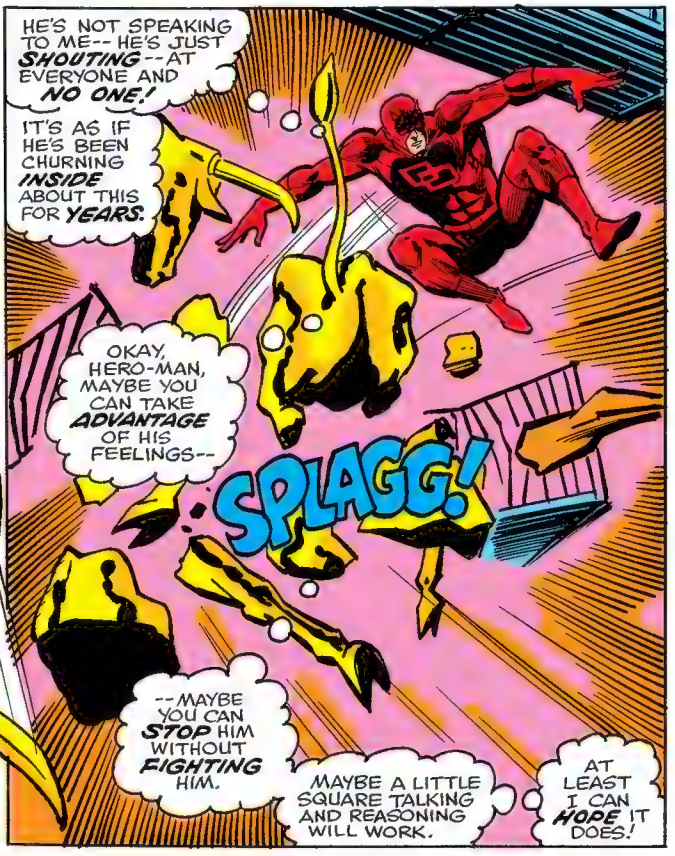

FOR INSTANCE, LIKE YOUR NAME-SAKE, YOU'LL ALWAYS CHARGE AT ANYTHING THAT'S RED AND MOVES.
IN THIS CASE, NAMELY ME!
AND LIKE YOUR NAMESAKE, YOU'VE MISSED ME BY A MILE!
SWAM!
I'VE HAD ENUFF A' YA, HORNHEAD.
BUT I KNOW HOW TA BEAT YA AT YER OWN GAME.
I KNOW WHERE TA GET YA WHERE IT HURTS!
YER ALWAYS GOIN' OUTTA YER WAY TA SAVE THESE PUNY PEOPLE--
--LET'S SEE YA SAVE 'EM NOW...
NOOO!!!
...BY MEETIN' ME FACE-TA-FACE FER FIGHTIN'--
--WHERE ONLY ONE OF US WALKS OUT ALIVE!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, HORNY--
I DO GO OUT OF MY WAY TO SAVE PEOPLE--
--AS FOR A UPDATED VERSION OF THE O.K. CORRAL...
...I'M NOT IN THIS RACKET TO PLAY GAMES!
YOU OKAY, SON?
YEAH--I-I THINK SO.
WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD, CREEP--
--'CAUSE I'M BEGINNIN' OUR DUEL-- NOW!
SKAG
AN' I INTEND TA BE THE ONE WHO ENDS IT!


IF I GOTTA SLAM YA FROM HERE TA TIMBUKTU, I'LL DO IT--
--'CAUSE I AIN'T LETTIN' NO ONE STOP ME NOW.
'SPECIALLY YOU!
HEY! YA MOVED! YA GOT OUTTA THE WAY 'FORE I COULD SMASH YA!
SPANG!
GIVE THE BOZO A KEWPIE DOLL! HE'S GOT 20-20 VISION!
RUNNIN' WON'T HELP YA, SMART-BOY! 'CAUSE I'LL GET YA!
AN' WHEN I DO, I'LL CRUSH THE BLAMED LIFE OUTTA YA!
YA HEAR ME, SMART-BOY? I'LL CRUSH YA!
YEAH, HORNY--I HEAR YOU.
IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T TAKE A CREEP LIKE YOU SERIOUSLY!
GOT TO KEEP HIM ANGRY. IF HE PAUSES TO THINK OUT HIS ATTACK, HE COULD CRUSH ME.
BUT, FORTUNATELY, I'M NOT DEALING WITH ONE OF THE HIGHER ECHELONS OF MENSA!

WHICH MEANS I CAN PROBABLY KEEP UP MY EVASIVE ACTION UNTIL I CAN FORMULATE SOME REAL PLAN OF ATTACK!
OKAY, MATHEW, MY BOY-- START THINKING.
YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON THAT RAZOR-SHARP BRAIN OF YOURS!
YOO HOO, HANDSOME, I'M UP HERE. I SAID HERE!
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY IF YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION?
YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO THE FIGHT, FRIEND.

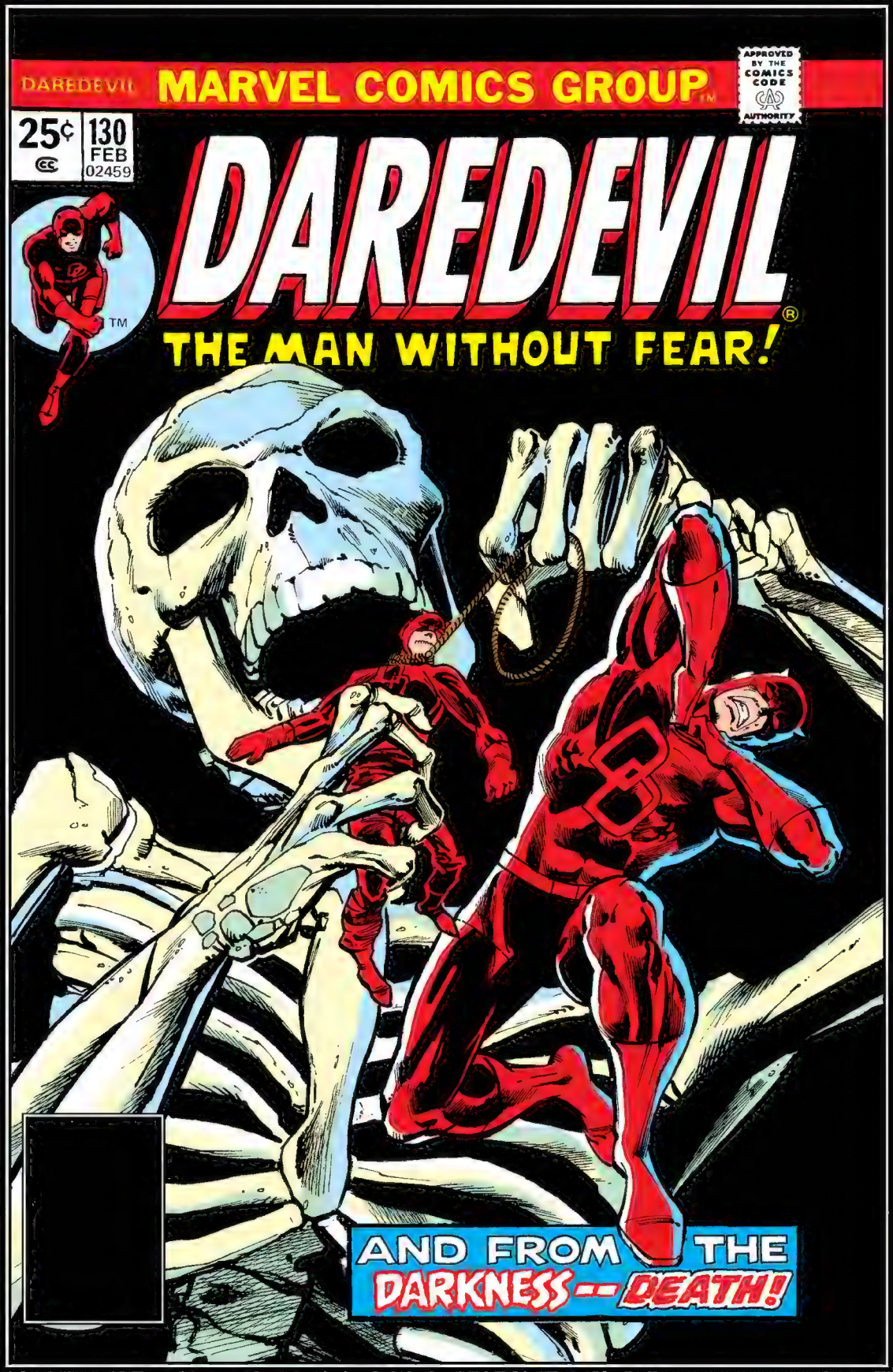
YA DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, HORNHEAD, BUT THEN YOUR KIND NEVER DID.
YA ALWAYS LAUGHED AT ME 'CAUSE I WASN'T AS SMART AS YA-- 'CAUSE YA THOUGHT YOU WAS SO HIGH AN' MIGHTY WHILE I WAS A NOTHIN'!
BUT NONE A' YA ARE GONNA LAUGH NO MORE!

YER GONNA PAY FER WHAT YA DONE TA ME!
YER GONNA PAY BEFORE I GET OUTTA HERE AN' LEAVE FOREVER!


HE'S NOT SPEAKING TO ME-- HE'S JUST SHOUTING--AT EVERYONE AND NO ONE!
IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN CHURNING INSIDE ABOUT THIS FOR YEARS.
OKAY, HERO-MAN, MAYBE YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS FEELINGS--
SPLAGG!
--MAYBE YOU CAN STOP HIM WITHOUT FIGHTING HIM.
MAYBE A LITTLE SQUARE TALKING AND REASONING WILL WORK.
AT LEAST I CAN HOPE IT DOES!

LOOK, I TAKE IT BACK, TAURUS--
WE CAN STOP THE FIGHTING, GO BACK TO THE COURTHOUSE YOU RAN FROM.
YOU DON'T KNOW-- MAYBE THE LAW WOULD--
DON'T GIMME ANY OF THAT CRUD, SMART-BOY. I KNOW WHERE GUYS LIKE ME STAND IN THIS WORLD.
BUT YER RIGHT 'BOUT ONE THING... I DON'T WANNA FIGHT NO MORE.
I JUST WANNA GET OUTTA HERE-- GET AWAY FROM YOU AN' EVERYONE ELSE!
AN' I DON'T NEED NO STUPID GOLD BULL TA GIVE ME WHAT I WANT.
YA SAID YA WANTED TA HELP ME, HORN-HEAD!
WELL, YA CAN HELP ME--
SWAP!
--BY GETTIN' THE HELL OUTTA HERE!
ALL RIGHT, MATHEW-- WHAT NOW? DO YOU CHASE HIM DOWN, FIGHT HIM TO ANOTHER STANDSTILL--
--OR DO YOU LET HIM GO-- ESCAPE FROM THE LAW, AND HOPE HE ACTUALLY DOES LEAVE AND NEVER RETURN.
WHAT DO YOU DO NOW, HERO? WHAT?

PERHAPS THAT IS A QUESTION THAT HAS NO IMMEDIATE ANSWER, FOR MATHEW MURDOCK, A.K.A. DAREDEVIL, CAN BARELY LIFT HIS PAIN-WRACKED ARMS, LET ALONE CHASE AFTER THE RAPIDLY RECEDING FIGURE...
...A FIGURE WHICH MAKES HIS WAY SILENTLY AND THOUGHTFULLY ALONG THE WOODEN DOCKS OVER A STRETCH OF BROOKLYN BAY.
MATADOR? I CAME BACK.
BUENO, AMIGO. BUT WHERE EES THE BULL?
WHERE?
I GOT RIDDA IT.
YOU DID WHAT, YOU IDIOT?
I THREW IT AWAY 'CAUSE I REALIZED I DIDN'T NEED IT OR YOU.
'CAUSE I AIN'T LIKE ALL THOSE OTHER BULLS YOU'VE LED ALONG ALL YOUR LIFE.
ME? I DON'T NEED A MATADOR TO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TA DO.
NO, AMIGO! WE ARE FRIENDS! YOU MUSTN'T DO THEES! YOU MUSTN'T DO THEES!
AN' I THINK I WANNA GET RIDDA YOU 'FORE I GO ON MY WAY!
I MAY NOT BE GOOD AT IT, BUT I CAN THINK FER MYSELF.
BUT I HAVE TA, MATADOR!
I HAVE TA!
"I HAVE TA!"
NEXT:
FOGGY'S RE-ELECTION?
A NEW JOB FOR MATT!
AND
VOODOO IN CENTRAL PARK!
BE HERE!


DAREDEVIL
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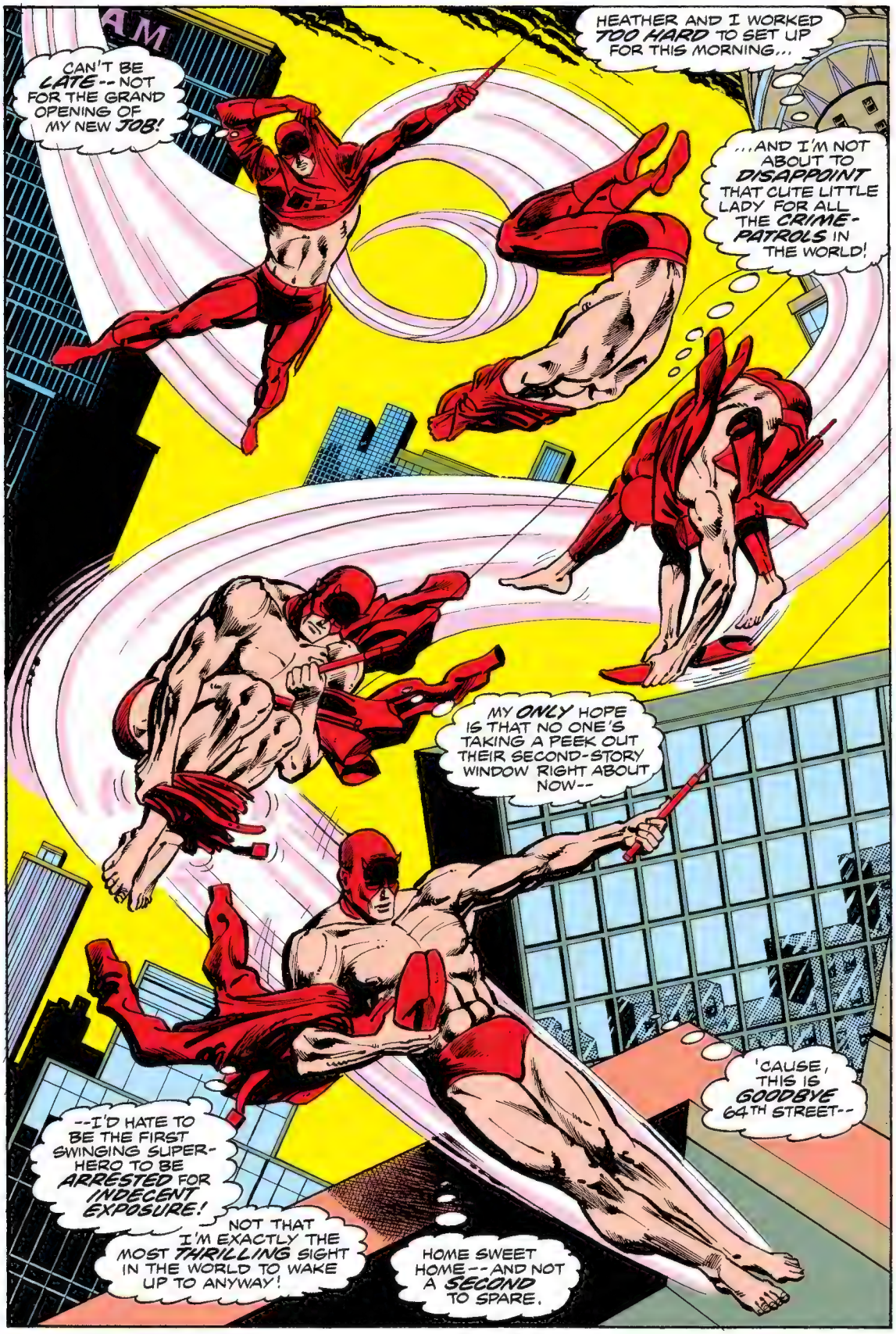
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
AND FROM THE DARKNESS -- DEATH!

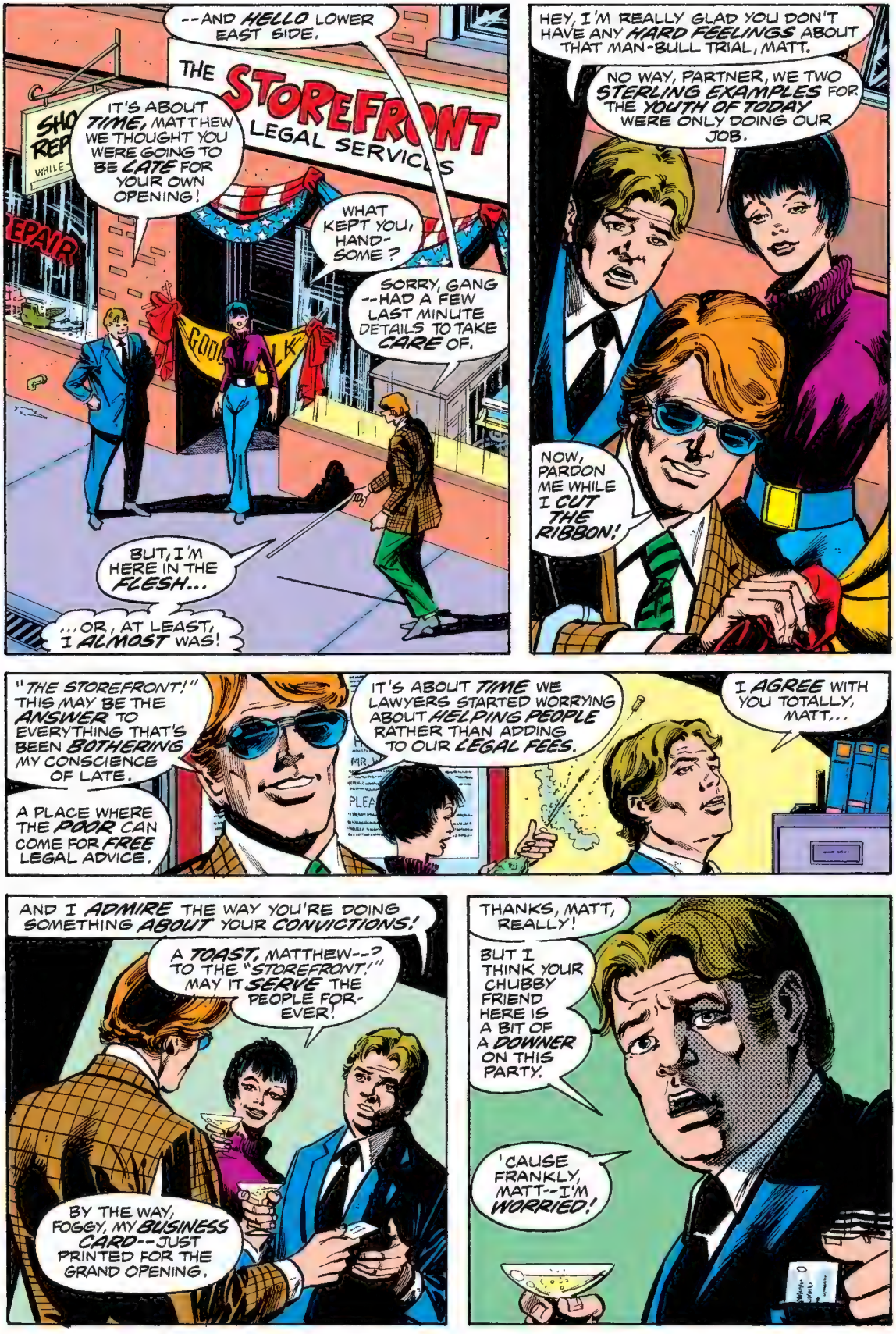
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

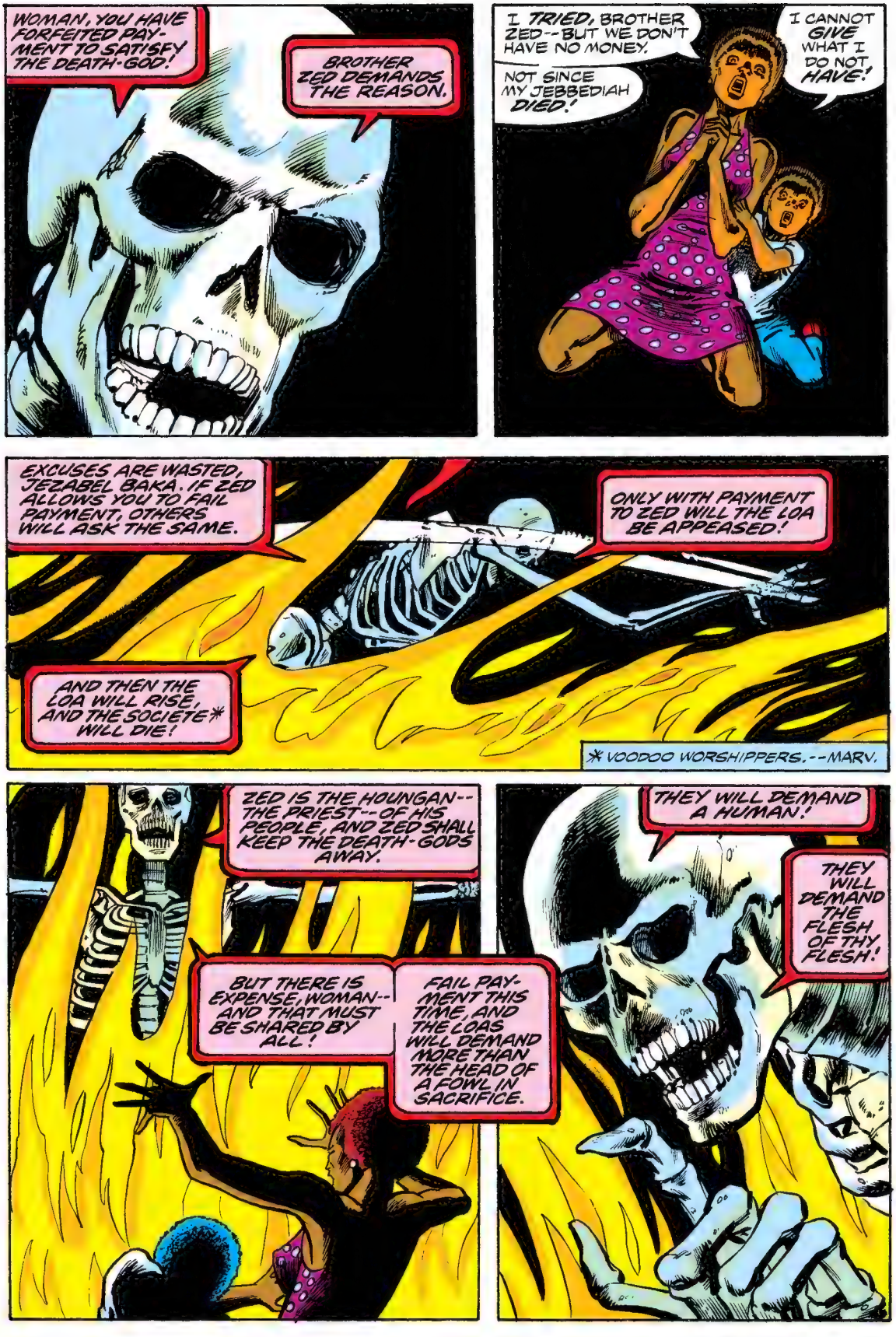
MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / EDITOR | BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON / ARTISTS | MICHELE WOLFMAN / COLORIST | JOHN COSTANZA / letterer

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1975.
THE CITY'S LOUSY, ED. Y'KNOW THAT? HEY, WATCHA LOOKIN' AT?
SOMETHING'S DEFINITELY BURIED UNDER HERE, FRANK.
BURIED? I SHOULDA STAYED IN MILWAUKEE. DID YOU SAY BURIED, ED?
YEAH, AND TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT IT IS!
OH, MY ACHING FEET--
--IT'S A CHICKEN HEAD!
HEY, FRANK-- WE GOT COMPANY-- LOOK!
GREAT! FIRST WE FIND A CHICKEN HEAD BURIED IN THE MIDDLE OF CENTRAL PARK--
--AND NOW SOME CLOWN DRESSED IN RED LONGJOHNS COMES SWINGING OVERHEAD!
YEAH, MA WAS RIGHT! I NEVER SHOULDA COME TO NEW YORK. NEVER!
INTERESTED, PILGRIMS? THEN, SHAKE A LEG AND READ ON--
LOOK OUT, DD-- HERE COMES THE DEATH-MAN!

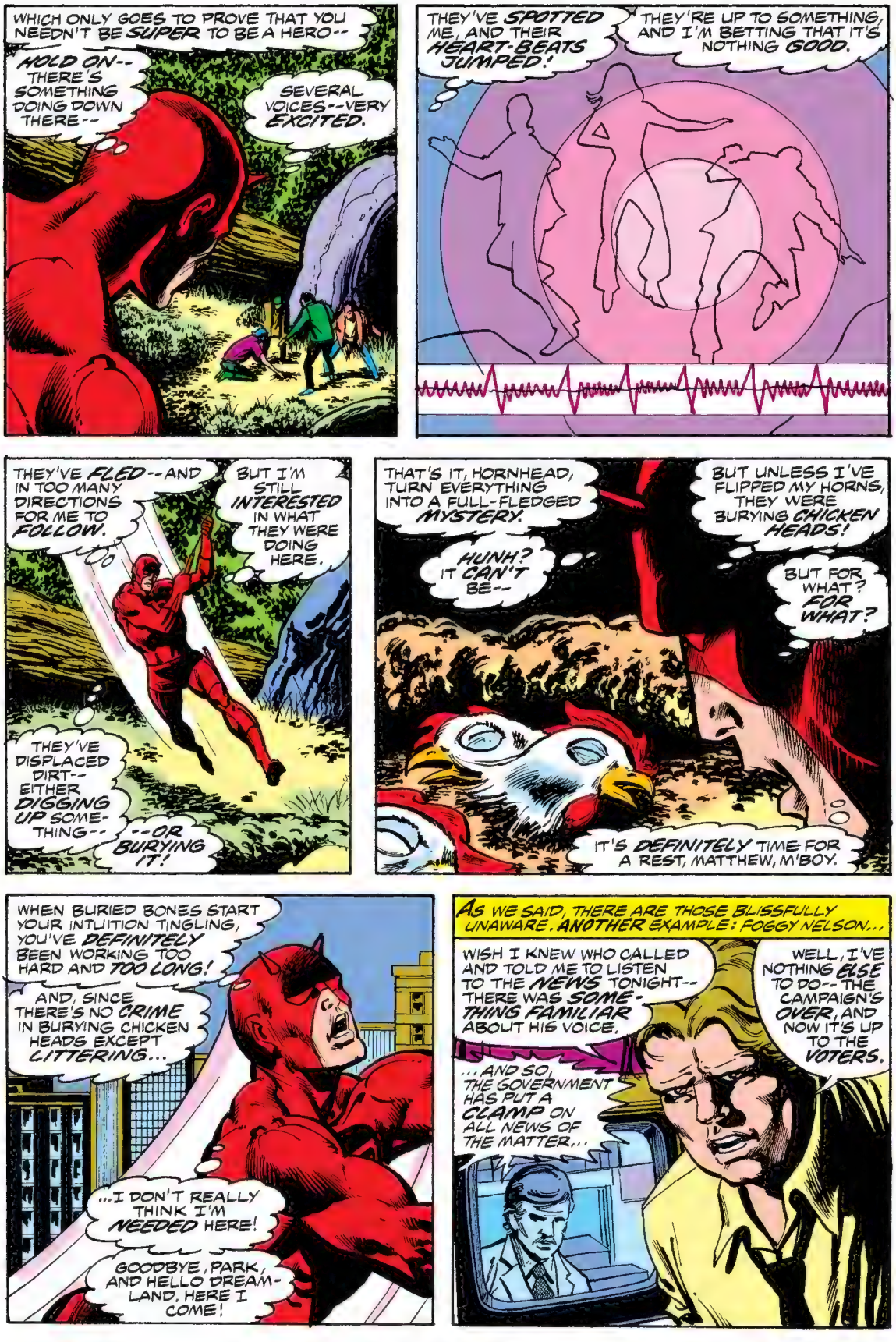

CAN'T BE LATE-- NOT FOR THE GRAND OPENING OF MY NEW JOB!
HEATHER AND I WORKED TOO HARD TO SET UP FOR THIS MORNING...
...AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO DISAPPOINT THAT CUTE LITTLE LADY FOR ALL THE CRIME-PATROLS IN THE WORLD!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT NO ONE'S TAKING A PEEK OUT THEIR SECOND-STORY WINDOW RIGHT ABOUT NOW--
'CAUSE, THIS IS GOODBYE 64TH STREET--
--I'D HATE TO BE THE FIRST SWINGING SUPER-HERO TO BE ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE!
NOT THAT I'M EXACTLY THE MOST THRILLING SIGHT IN THE WORLD TO WAKE UP TO ANYWAY!
HOME SWEET HOME--AND NOT A SECOND TO SPARE.


--AND HELLO LOWER EAST SIDE.
THE STOREFRONT LEGAL SERVICES
IT'S ABOUT TIME, MATTHEW WE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE LATE FOR YOUR OWN OPENING!
WHAT KEPT YOU, HANDSOME?
SORRY, GANG --HAD A FEW LAST MINUTE DETAILS TO TAKE CARE OF.
BUT, I'M HERE IN THE FLESH...
...OR, AT LEAST, I ALMOST WAS!
HEY, I'M REALLY GLAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANY HARD FEELINGS ABOUT THAT MAN-BULL TRIAL, MATT.
NO WAY, PARTNER, WE TWO STERLING EXAMPLES FOR THE YOUTH OF TODAY WERE ONLY DOING OUR JOB.
NOW, PARDON ME WHILE I CUT THE RIBBON!
"THE STOREFRONT!" THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING MY CONSCIENCE OF LATE.
A PLACE WHERE THE POOR CAN COME FOR FREE LEGAL ADVICE.
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE LAWYERS STARTED WORRYING ABOUT HELPING PEOPLE RATHER THAN ADDING TO OUR LEGAL FEES.
I AGREE WITH YOU TOTALLY, MATT...
AND I ADMIRE THE WAY YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR CONVICTIONS!
A TOAST, MATTHEW--? TO THE "STOREFRONT!" MAY IT SERVE THE PEOPLE FOREVER!
BY THE WAY, FOGGY, MY BUSINESS CARD--JUST PRINTED FOR THE GRAND OPENING.
THANKS, MATT, REALLY!
BUT I THINK YOUR CHUBBY FRIEND HERE IS A BIT OF A DOWNER ON THIS PARTY.
'CAUSE FRANKLY, MATT--I'M WORRIED!

THE ELECTION'S TOMORROW, AND THE POLLS SAY THAT I'M TRAILING, AND LOSING GROUND EVERY MINUTE.
IT'S THOSE COMMERCIALS, MATT--THEY'RE KILLING ME.
BUT THEN...
HIYA, MATT--DID YOU THINK THAT CANDY NELSON WOULDN'T BE HERE TO SAY HEY TO HER BEST GUY?
HEY, MATT!
CANDACE? I THOUGHT YOU LEFT TOWN--?
SO I DID, MATT, BUT I HADDA COME BACK FOR YOU! MMMMMMHM!
AHEM! I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO THIS, EH, CHILD, MATT.
HUNH? OH, WELL--
THIS YOUNG GIRL IS CANDACE NELSON, FOGGY'S BABY SISTER!
I'M HARDLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A BABY, MATT!
WE CAN START A MONTH-LONG DEBATE ON THAT, LITTLE GIRL!
LET US LEAVE THIS HAPPY (?) GET-TOGETHER AND TRAVEL UP AND ACROSS TOWN, TO A SMALL-RUN-DOWN BUILDING IN THE WEST 40'S!
BROTHER ZED--?
COME IN, WOMAN. ENTER--
WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
BUT WERE YOU EXPECTING ME?
NOOOOO!!!

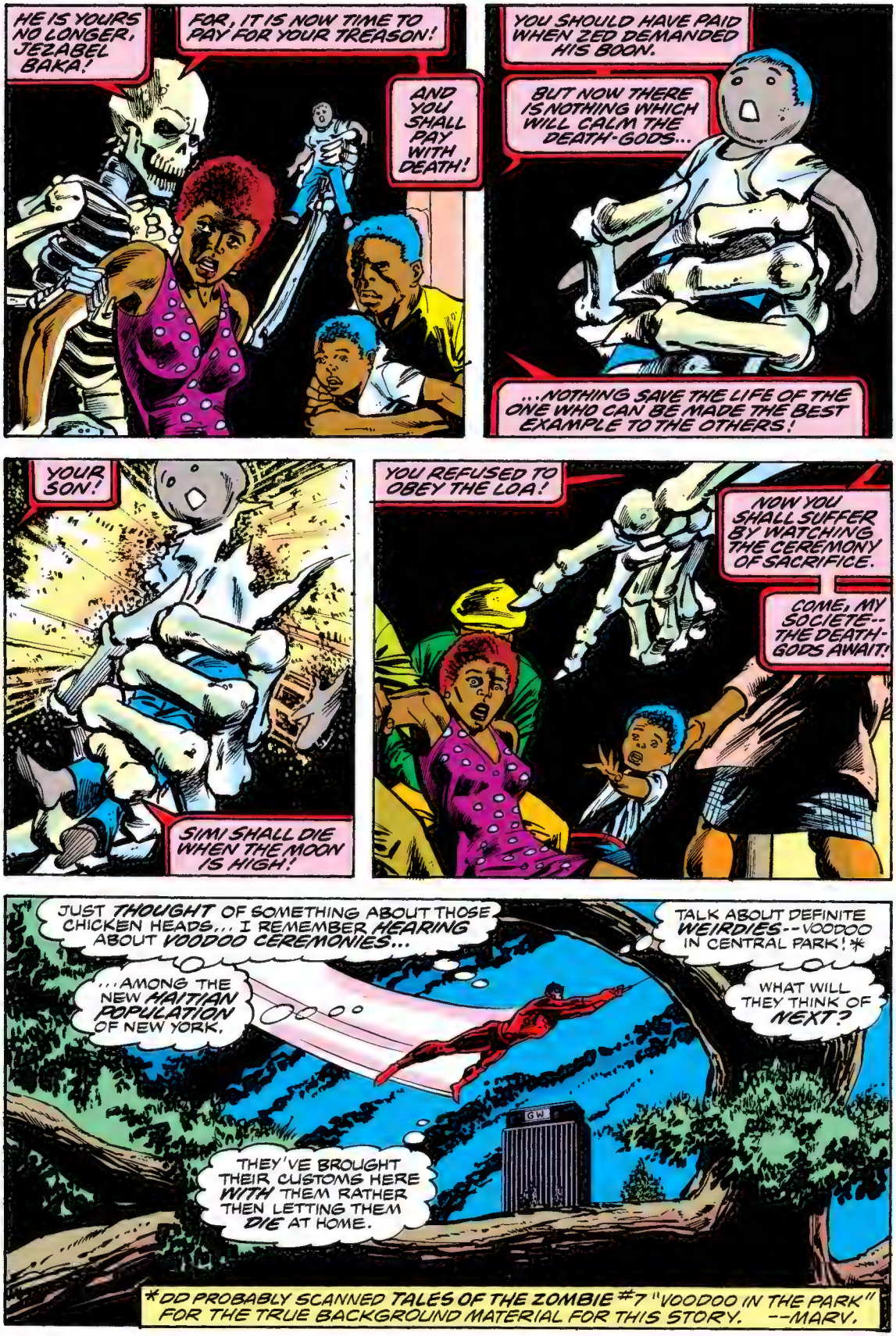

WOMAN, YOU HAVE FORFEITED PAYMENT TO SATISFY THE DEATH-GOD!
BROTHER ZED DEMANDS THE REASON.
I TRIED, BROTHER ZED--BUT WE DON'T HAVE NO MONEY.
NOT SINCE MY JEBBEDIAH DIED!
I CANNOT GIVE WHAT I DO NOT HAVE!
EXCUSES ARE WASTED, JEZABEL BAKA. IF ZED ALLOWS YOU TO FAIL PAYMENT, OTHERS WILL ASK THE SAME.
ONLY WITH PAYMENT TO ZED WILL THE LOA BE APPEASED!
AND THEN THE LOA WILL RISE, AND THE SOCIETE* WILL DIE!
* VOODOO WORSHIPPERS.--MARV.
ZED IS THE HOUNGAN--THE PRIEST--OF HIS PEOPLE, AND ZED SHALL KEEP THE DEATH-GODS AWAY.
BUT THERE IS EXPENSE, WOMAN--AND THAT MUST BE SHARED BY ALL!
FAIL PAYMENT THIS TIME, AND THE LOAS WILL DEMAND MORE THAN THE HEAD OF A FOWL IN SACRIFICE.
THEY WILL DEMAND A HUMAN!
THEY WILL DEMAND THE FLESH OF THY FLESH!

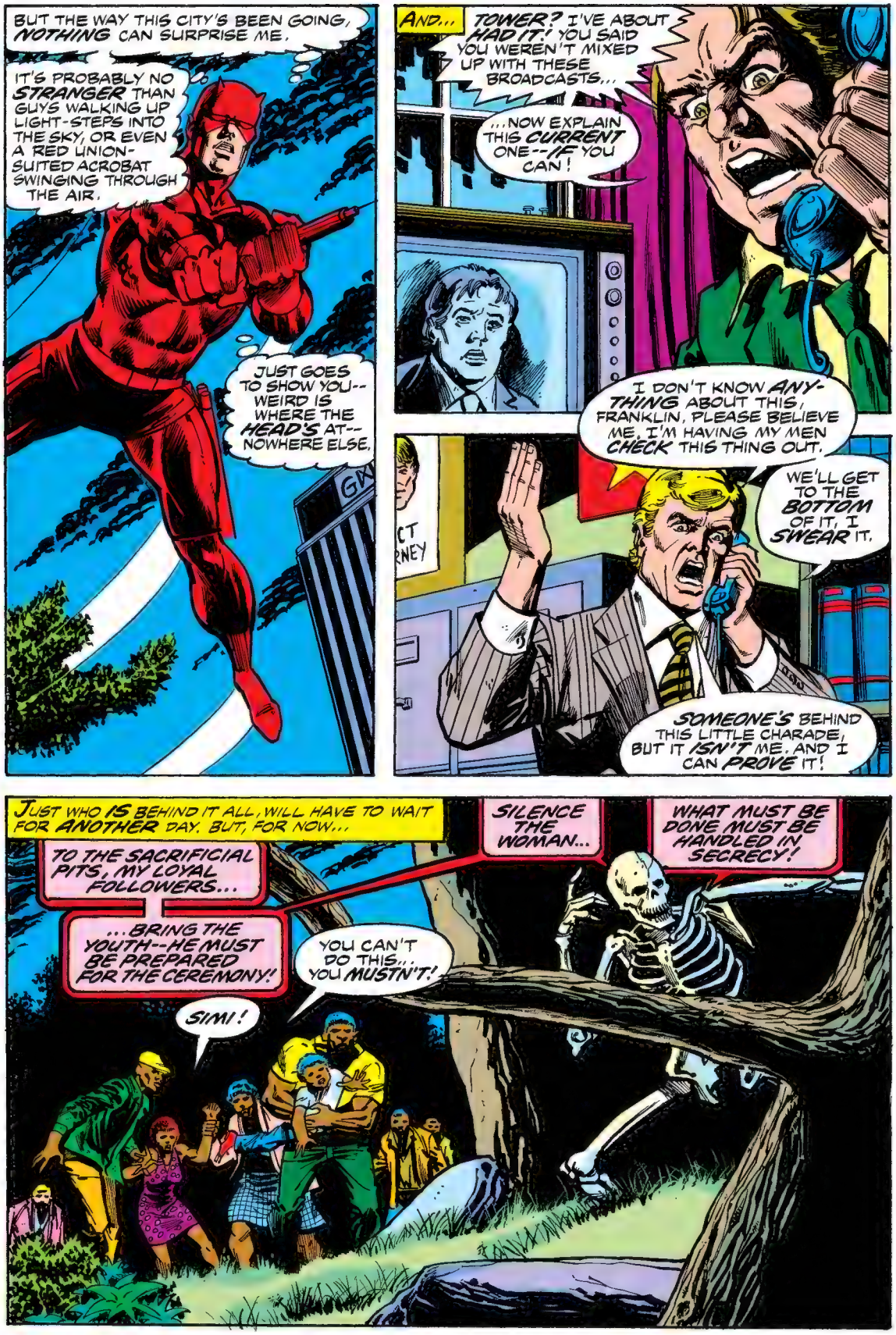
"IS THE SKELETON-MAN GONNA HURT ME, MOMMA?" YOUNG SIMI ASKS HIS FRIGHTENED MOTHER. JEZABEL BAKA HAS NO ANSWER, BUT THE NERVOUS CHURNING IN HER STOMACH TELLS HER TO RUN... TO HIDE... NEVER TO RETURN.
THE YOUNG LAD SLIPS, AND TO HIS MOTHER THIS IS CERTAINLY A MOCKING GESTURE FROM THE DEATH-GOD.
THEY FLEE THE SMALL 46TH STREET TENEMENT PARTLY FROM FEAR, PARTLY BECAUSE THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT ELSE THEY CAN DO, BUT MOSTLY BECAUSE JEZABEL BAKA HAD LEARNED LONG AGO THAT YOU MUST NOT OFFEND THE LOA.
SHE DRAWS THE BOY TIGHTLY TO HER BREAST; SHE WILL HOLD ONTO THE CHILD, AND WHEN THE LOA COMES, THEY WILL HAVE TO TAKE HER FIRST.
SHE BEGS THE OTHERS-- THE OLD FRIENDS HER HUSBAND HAD MADE-- FOR HELP, BUT ONCE THEY HEAR THE NAME OF BROTHER ZED, THEY BACK OFF-- REFUSE ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THIS FRIGHTENED WOMAN.
"WE DO NOT KNOW YOU, ANYMORE," JEZABEL BAKA, THEY SAY, LOOKING NERVOUSLY OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. "LEAVE US ALONE AND IN PEACE."
SHE THEN TURNS TO FEAR-- FOR THERE IS NOTHING ELSE SHE MAY TURN TO.
NOVEMBER 4: THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THEIR CITY-NEIGHBOR'S PLIGHT, TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, DAREDEVIL-- ALSO KNOWN AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
SOMEHOW I'M SURE "THE STOREFRONT" IS GOING TO BE A SUCCESS. WE'VE ALREADY HAD THREE POTENTIAL CLIENTS...
...ALL OF THEM NEEDY, AND ALL OF THEM WITH A REAL PROBLEM.
AND THERE'S SOMETHING IN ME WHICH DEMANDS I DO IT.
MAYBE IT'S TIME THAT DAREDEVIL WASN'T THE ONLY HERO IN THE MURDOCK FAMILY...
...BECAUSE I'VE JUST GIVEN MYSELF THE CHANCE TO MAKE MATT A GREATER HERO THAN DD'S EVER BEEN.
THERE'S A NEED FOR SOMEONE LIKE MATT MURDOCK WORKING TO HELP THOSE IN NEED.

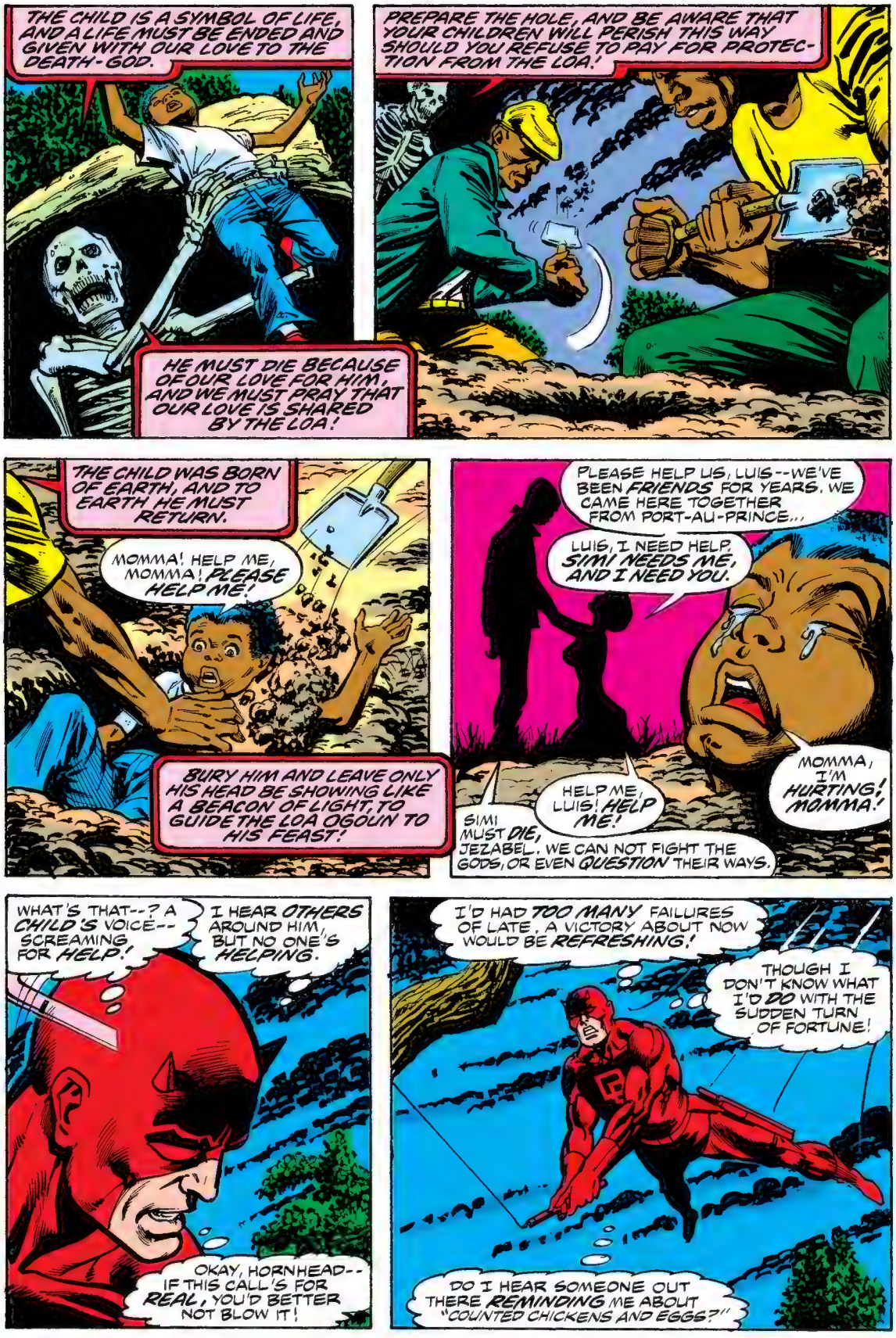

WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE THAT YOU NEEDN'T BE SUPER TO BE A HERO--
HOLD ON-- THERE'S SOMETHING DOING DOWN THERE--
SEVERAL VOICES--VERY EXCITED.
THEY'VE SPOTTED ME, AND THEIR HEART-BEATS JUMPED!
THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING, AND I'M BETTING THAT IT'S NOTHING GOOD.
THEY'VE FLED--AND IN TOO MANY DIRECTIONS FOR ME TO FOLLOW.
BUT I'M STILL INTERESTED IN WHAT THEY WERE DOING HERE.
THEY'VE DISPLACED DIRT-- EITHER DIGGING UP SOMETHING--
--OR BURYING IT!
THAT'S IT, HORNHEAD, TURN EVERYTHING INTO A FULL-FLEDGED MYSTERY.
HUNH? IT CAN'T BE--
BUT UNLESS I'VE FLIPPED MY HORNS, THEY WERE BURYING CHICKEN HEADS!
BUT FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT?
IT'S DEFINITELY TIME FOR A REST, MATTHEW, M'BOY.
WHEN BURIED BONES START YOUR INTUITION TINGLING, YOU'VE DEFINITELY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AND TOO LONG!
AND, SINCE THERE'S NO CRIME IN BURYING CHICKEN HEADS EXCEPT LITTERING...
...I DON'T REALLY THINK I'M NEEDED HERE!
GOODBYE, PARK, AND HELLO DREAM-LAND, HERE I COME!
AS WE SAID, THERE ARE THOSE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE. ANOTHER EXAMPLE: FOGGY NELSON...
WISH I KNEW WHO CALLED AND TOLD ME TO LISTEN TO THE NEWS TONIGHT-- THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HIS VOICE.
...AND SO, THE GOVERNMENT HAS PUT A CLAMP ON ALL NEWS OF THE MATTER...
WELL, I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO-- THE CAMPAIGN'S OVER, AND NOW IT'S UP TO THE VOTERS.

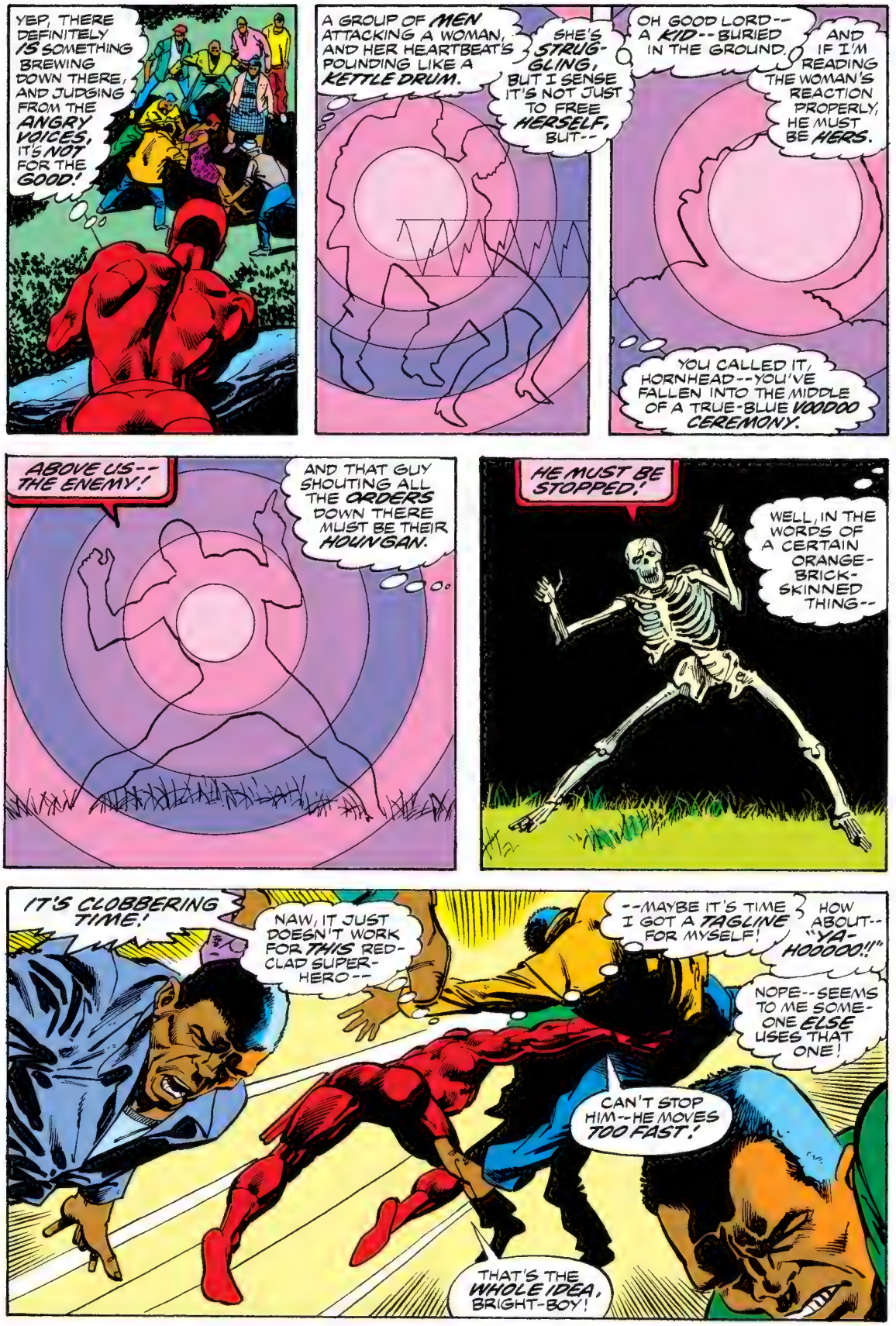
ALL THAT IS NOW KNOWN IS THAT THERE IS SUDDEN AND SHOCKING PROOF THAT JOHN AND ROBERT KENNEDY ARE ALIVE, AND THAT THERE IS A NEW RUMOR THAT A PAST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...
...WAS KIDNAPPED SOMETIME IN THE PAST THIRTY YEARS AND RE-PLACED WITH AN UNDETECTABLE TWIN.
CONGRESS IS UP IN ARMS, DEMANDING EXPLANATIONS, AND, FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, THE WHITE HOUSE HAS REFUSED COMMENT.
HOW LONG THEY CAN CONTINUE THIS SILENCE IS NOT KNOWN...
...FOR, A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE IS BEING FORMED TO LAUNCH AN INVESTIGATION.
AND NOW, ANOTHER STARTLING NEWS ITEM, LIVE FROM THE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON.
"LIVE"?! BUT I'M HERE-- AT HOME!
FELLOW CITIZENS, AS MUCH AS THIS PAINS ME TO SAY, I AM FORCED TO ADMIT THAT I CONSIDER MYSELF UNWORTHY OF BEING RE-ELECTED. PLEASE BEAR WITH ME AS I GIVE MY EXPLANATIONS.
WHAT? IT'S A LIE!
I NEVER SAID THAT!
BRADY? IS THAT YOU?
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?
STOP THAT PRESS CONFERENCE! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT-- JUST STOP IT!!
BLAST IT, BRADY-- I AM NELSON-- NOT THAT PHONY!
TWIN MYSTERIES, BUT EVEN IN TIMES OF EARTH-SHATTERING NEWS, "NORMAL" LIFE MUST CONTINUE...
SIMI, WE MUST HURRY FROM THIS CITY...
...BEFORE BROTHER ZED KNOWS WE ARE GONE.
WE WILL BEGIN AGAIN ELSE-WHERE.
WITHOUT JEBBEDIAH, I HAVE NO REASON TO STAY HERE.
YOU WILL GO NOWHERE, HOUNSI-CANZO!
BROTHER ZED WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO LEAVE...
...NOT UNTIL THE SACRIFICE IS DONE!!
NOOOOOO!!!

THERE MUST BE MADE AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL OUR PEOPLE TO WITNESS...
...AND YOU, JEZABEL BAKA, SHALL BE THAT EXAMPLE!
THE DEATH-GODS DEMAND SACRIFICE, AND NOW THE SACRIFICE IS OURS!
TAKE HER! TAKE THE CHILD!
MOMMA! DON'T LET THEM HURT ME, MOMMA.
SIMI!
IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, SIMI--YOU WON'T BE HURT, MY SON!
MOMMA! HELP ME, MOMMA! HELP ME!
YOU MUST STOP PROTESTING, WOMAN--THE JUDGEMENT HAS BEEN MADE!
A HUMAN MUST BE PLACED ON THE SACRIFICIAL ALTER..
--AND THAT HUMAN MUST DIE!
GIVE ME BACK MY SON! I WANT MY SON!

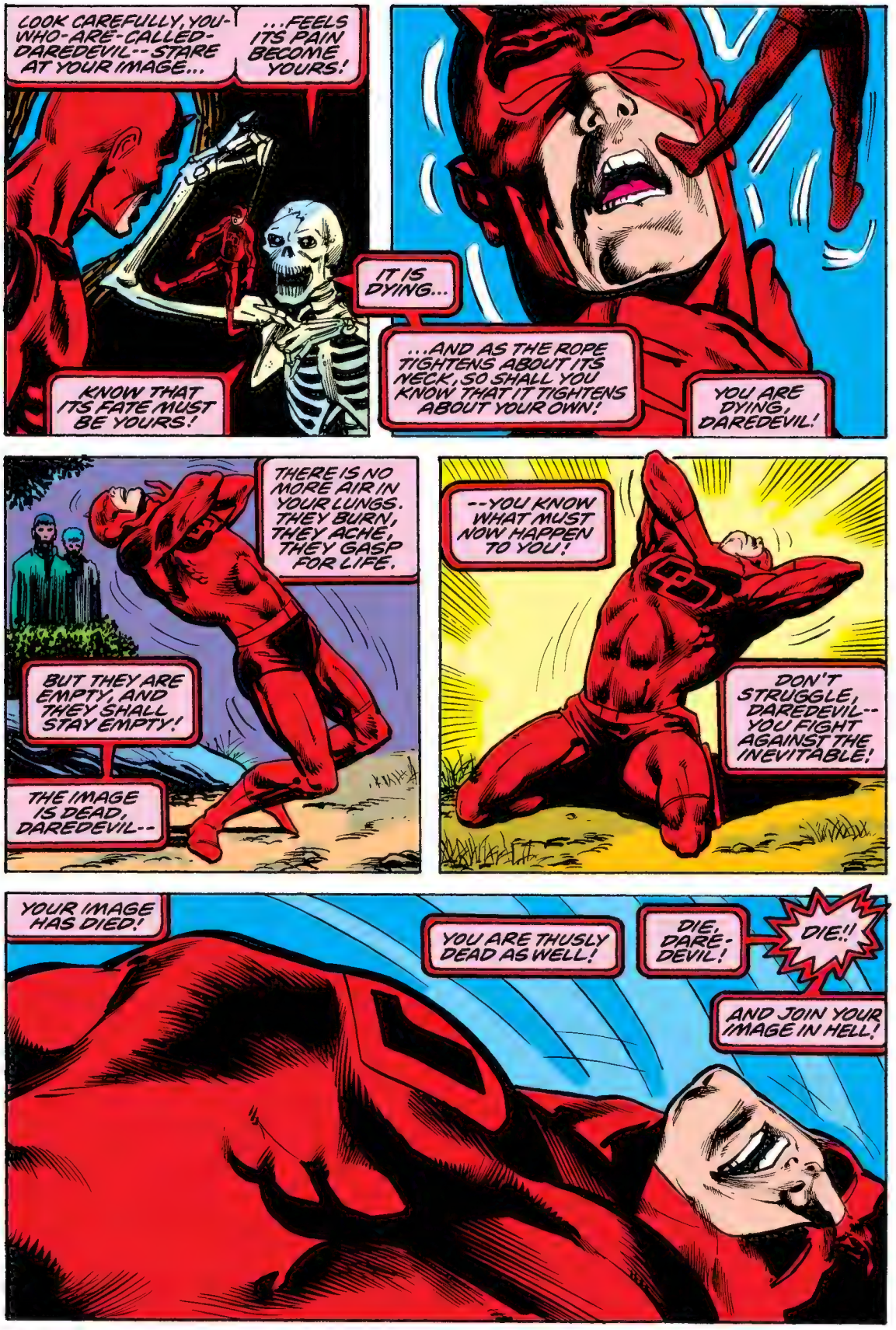

HE IS YOURS NO LONGER, JEZABEL BAKA!
FOR, IT IS NOW TIME TO PAY FOR YOUR TREASON!
AND YOU SHALL PAY WITH DEATH!
YOU SHOULD HAVE PAID WHEN ZED DEMANDED HIS BOON.
BUT NOW THERE IS NOTHING WHICH WILL CALM THE DEATH-GODS...
...NOTHING SAVE THE LIFE OF THE ONE WHO CAN BE MADE THE BEST EXAMPLE TO THE OTHERS!
YOUR SON!
SIMI SHALL DIE WHEN THE MOON IS HIGH!
YOU REFUSED TO OBEY THE LOA!
NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER BY WATCHING THE CEREMONY OF SACRIFICE.
COME, MY SOCIETE-- THE DEATH-GODS AWAIT!
JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE CHICKEN HEADS... I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT VOODOO CEREMONIES...
...AMONG THE NEW HAITIAN POPULATION OF NEW YORK.
TALK ABOUT DEFINITE WEIRDIES--VOODOO IN CENTRAL PARK! *
WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?
THEY'VE BROUGHT THEIR CUSTOMS HERE WITH THEM RATHER THEN LETTING THEM DIE AT HOME.
GW
*DD PROBABLY SCANNED TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #7 "VOODOO IN THE PARK" FOR THE TRUE BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THIS STORY. --MARV.


BUT THE WAY THIS CITY'S BEEN GOING, NOTHING CAN SURPRISE ME.
IT'S PROBABLY NO STRANGER THAN GUYS WALKING UP LIGHT-STEPS INTO THE SKY, OR EVEN A RED UNION-SUITED ACROBAT SWINGING THROUGH THE AIR.
JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU--WEIRD IS WHERE THE HEAD'S AT--NOWHERE ELSE.
AND... TOWER? I'VE ABOUT HAD IT! YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T MIXED UP WITH THESE BROADCASTS...
...NOW EXPLAIN THIS CURRENT ONE--IF YOU CAN!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, FRANKLIN, PLEASE BELIEVE ME. I'M HAVING MY MEN CHECK THIS THING OUT.
WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, I SWEAR IT.
SOMEONE'S BEHIND THIS LITTLE CHARADE, BUT IT ISN'T ME. AND I CAN PROVE IT!
JUST WHO IS BEHIND IT ALL, WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER DAY. BUT, FOR NOW...
TO THE SACRIFICIAL PITS, MY LOYAL FOLLOWERS...
...BRING THE YOUTH--HE MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE CEREMONY!
SILENCE THE WOMAN...
WHAT MUST BE DONE MUST BE HANDLED IN SECRECY!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS... YOU MUSTN'T!
SIMI!


THE CHILD IS A SYMBOL OF LIFE, AND A LIFE MUST BE ENDED AND GIVEN WITH OUR LOVE TO THE DEATH-GOD.
HE MUST DIE BECAUSE OF OUR LOVE FOR HIM, AND WE MUST PRAY THAT OUR LOVE IS SHARED BY THE LOA!
PREPARE THE HOLE, AND BE AWARE THAT YOUR CHILDREN WILL PERISH THIS WAY SHOULD YOU REFUSE TO PAY FOR PROTECTION FROM THE LOA!
THE CHILD WAS BORN OF EARTH, AND TO EARTH HE MUST RETURN.
MOMMA! HELP ME, MOMMA! PLEASE HELP ME!
BURY HIM AND LEAVE ONLY HIS HEAD BE SHOWING LIKE A BEACON OF LIGHT, TO GUIDE THE LOA OGOUN TO HIS FEAST!
PLEASE HELP US, LUIS--WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS. WE CAME HERE TOGETHER FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE...
LUIS, I NEED HELP. SIMI NEEDS ME, AND I NEED YOU.
MOMMA, I'M HURTING! MOMMA!
HELP ME, LUIS! HELP ME!
SIMI MUST DIE, JEZABEL. WE CAN NOT FIGHT THE GODS, OR EVEN QUESTION THEIR WAYS.
WHAT'S THAT--? A CHILD'S VOICE-- SCREAMING FOR HELP!
I HEAR OTHERS AROUND HIM, BUT NO ONE'S HELPING.
OKAY, HORNHEAD-- IF THIS CALL'S FOR REAL, YOU'D BETTER NOT BLOW IT!
I'D HAD TOO MANY FAILURES OF LATE. A VICTORY ABOUT NOW WOULD BE REFRESHING!
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITH THE SUDDEN TURN OF FORTUNE!
DO I HEAR SOMEONE OUT THERE REMINDING ME ABOUT "COUNTED CHICKENS AND EGGS?"

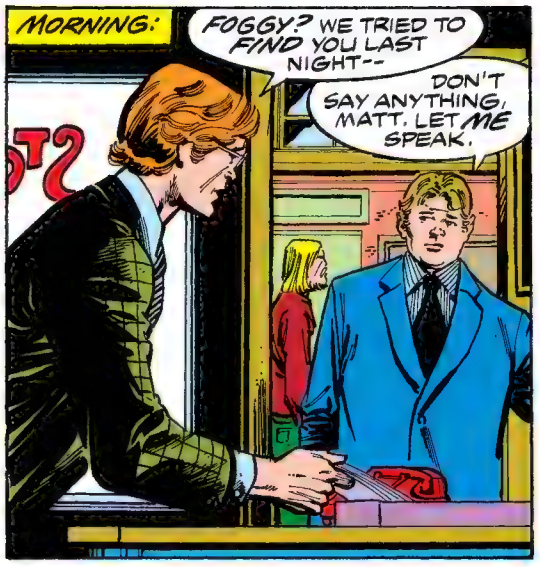

YEP, THERE DEFINITELY IS SOMETHING BREWING DOWN THERE, AND JUDGING FROM THE ANGRY VOICES, IT'S NOT FOR THE GOOD!
A GROUP OF MEN ATTACKING A WOMAN, AND HER HEARTBEAT'S POUNDING LIKE A KETTLE DRUM.
SHE'S STRUGGLING, BUT I SENSE IT'S NOT JUST TO FREE HERSELF, BUT--
OH GOOD LORD-- A KID-- BURIED IN THE GROUND.
AND IF I'M READING THE WOMAN'S REACTION PROPERLY, HE MUST BE HERS.
YOU CALLED IT, HORNHEAD--YOU'VE FALLEN INTO THE MIDDLE OF A TRUE-BLUE VOODOO CEREMONY.
ABOVE US-- THE ENEMY!
AND THAT GUY SHOUTING ALL THE ORDERS DOWN THERE MUST BE THEIR HOUNGAN.
HE MUST BE STOPPED!
WELL, IN THE WORDS OF A CERTAIN ORANGE-BRICK-SKINNED THING--
IT'S CLOBBERING TIME!
NAW, IT JUST DOESN'T WORK FOR THIS RED-CLAD SUPER-HERO--
--MAYBE IT'S TIME I GOT A TAGLINE FOR MYSELF!
HOW ABOUT-- "YA-HOOOOO!!"
NOPE--SEEMS TO ME SOME-ONE ELSE USES THAT ONE!
CAN'T STOP HIM--HE MOVES TOO FAST!
THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA, BRIGHT-BOY!

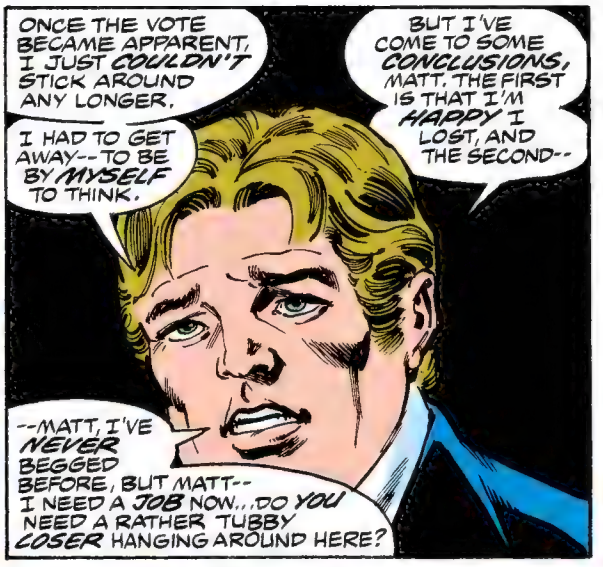
THE QUICKER I MOVE, THE SOONER THIS LITTLE LOONY-TUNE INSANITY OF YOURS STOPS!
FRANKLY, IF YOU PRACTICED YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO ON EACH OTHER, I WOULDN'T CARE A WHIT--
--BUT WHEN YOU INCLUDE HELPLESS KIDS INTO YOUR LITTLE GAMES, IT DRIVES ME MAD!
KNOW WHAT I MEAN, CREEPS?
SOK!
SIMI--I MUST SAVE HIM.
NO, JEZABEL, HE MUST STILL BE SACRIFICED. THE DEATH-GOD SAYS HE MUST!
FRIEND, YOU'RE AN A-ONE FOOL.
HUMAN SACRIFICE WENT OUT WHEN HUMAN INTELLIGENCE CAME IN.
OR AM I GIVING YOU MORE CREDIT THAN YOU DESERVE?
IT'S NO GOOD--THEY'LL KEEP AFTER US. YOU CAN'T STOP THEM ALL.
CALM DOWN, LITTLE LADY. YOUR SON'S GOING TO BE FINE.
AND, AS FOR YOUR "THEM"--HOW ABOUT TAKING IT ALL FROM THE TOP, AND INITIATE THIS HEATHEN WITH SOME KNOWLEDGE.
I WILL SUPPLY THE INFORMATION YOU DESIRE--
--FOR I AM BROTHER ZED, AND YOU, SCARLET-FOOL, HAVE BECOME MY NEWEST SACRIFICE!
OBSERVE, MAN-WITH-OUT-FEAR...
...WATCH AS YOUR IMAGE DANGLES HELPLESSLY FROM MY ROPE...
...OBSERVE AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENS ABOUT ITS NECK.


LOOK CAREFULLY, YOU-WHO-ARE-CALLED-DAREDEVIL--STARE AT YOUR IMAGE...
...FEELS ITS PAIN BECOME YOURS!
KNOW THAT ITS FATE MUST BE YOURS!
IT IS DYING...
...AND AS THE ROPE TIGHTENS ABOUT ITS NECK, SO SHALL YOU KNOW THAT IT TIGHTENS ABOUT YOUR OWN!
YOU ARE DYING, DAREDEVIL!
THERE IS NO MORE AIR IN YOUR LUNGS. THEY BURN, THEY ACHE, THEY GASP FOR LIFE.
BUT THEY ARE EMPTY, AND THEY SHALL STAY EMPTY!
THE IMAGE IS DEAD, DAREDEVIL--
--YOU KNOW WHAT MUST NOW HAPPEN TO YOU!
DON'T STRUGGLE, DAREDEVIL-- YOU FIGHT AGAINST THE INEVITABLE!
YOUR IMAGE HAS DIED!
YOU ARE THUSLY DEAD AS WELL!
DIE, DARE-DEVIL!
DIE!!
AND JOIN YOUR IMAGE IN HELL!

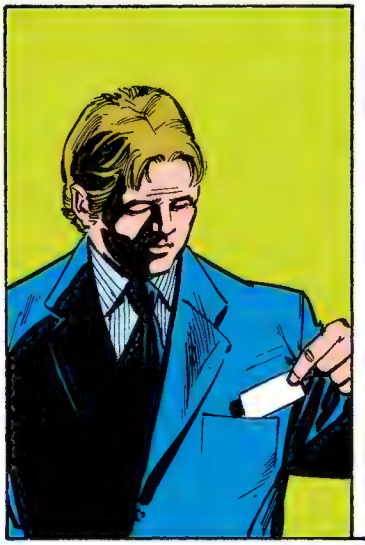
YOU WERE THE FOOL, SCARLET-ONE. VOODOO IS MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY MORTAL WHO NEEDS BREATH TO LIVE!
THE LOA HAS RULED SUPREME FOR CENTURIES, AND SO SHALL IT RULE SUPREME FOREVER!
OBSERVE, MY SOCIETE-- THE CONSEQUENCES ONE MUST SUFFER WHEN ONE DISBELIEVES!
AND KNOW THAT SHOULD YOU FORFEIT PAYMENT TO THE LOA, YOU SHALL SUFFER THE SAME BLACK FATE.
AND THAT, AS THEY SAY, IS THE CUE FOR THIS POSSUM-PLAYER TO ACT!
NO! IT CANNOT BE! THE VOODOO DOLL--
I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO TIP YOUR HAND-- TO REVEAL YOUR GAME-PLAN.
AND, FRIEND, YOU BIT WORSE THAN BRUCE-THE-SHARK!
COME OFF IT, CLOWN-- YOU HAVE VOODOO POWERS LIKE I CAN FLY!
YOU'RE JUST A TWO-BIT EXTORTIONIST WITH AN ALMOST FAIL-SAFE GIMMICK--
--NAMELY, PREYING ON YOUR FRIEND'S SUPERSTITIONS TO MAKE YOURSELF RICH!
BUT, YOU WERE IN MY POWER. HOW DID YOU RESIST MY--
YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE, WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?
FRIEND, THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW...
...AND FOR YOU TO PULL WHATEVER REMAINING HAIRS OUT OF YOUR HEAD TRYING TO GUESS.
SIMI--

HE'LL BE FINE-- JUST A LITTLE SHELL-SHOCKED!
NOTHING A LITTLE LOVE WON'T CURE IN A FEW DAYS.
BUT YOU--?
I AM WELL, MR. DAREDEVIL --WITH MY SIMI IN MY ARMS.
PLEASE LET ME THANK YOU, MR. DAREDEVIL--
--FOR MY PEOPLE, FOR SIMI, AND FOR ME!
WE APOLOGIZE, TOO. BUT YOU SEE, WE BELIEVED IN BROTHER ZED.
DON'T APOLOGIZE TO ME--I WASN'T THE ONE HURT.
APOLOGIZE TO YOURSELVES.
BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES YOU EVER REALLY HAVE TO ANSWER TO.
TAKE CARE AND BE WELL!
I'VE QUESTIONED MYSELF, WONDERED IF I WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING PLAYING SUPER-HERO...
...BUT I GUESS AS LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE FORCED TO BECOME VICTIMS--
--THERE'VE JUST GOT TO BE DAREDEVILS TO HELP THEM.
AND, AT LEAST IN THIS CASE, ONLY OL' HORNHEAD COULD HAVE BEEN OF ANY HELP--
--BECAUSE ANY OTHER SWINGING SUPER-HERO WOULD HAVE FALLEN UNDER ZED'S HYPNOTIC POWERS...
...WHEREAS IT'S KIND OF IMPOSSIBLE TO HYPNOTIZE A BLIND MAN!
AND, SPEAKING OF MURDOCK, IT'S TIME TO GET HOME AND VOTE--THE POLLS CLOSE ANY MINUTE.

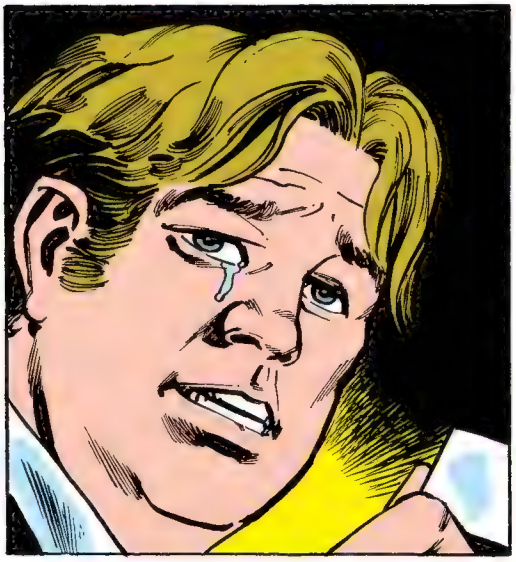

MORNING:
FOGGY? WE TRIED TO FIND YOU LAST NIGHT--
DON'T SAY ANYTHING, MATT. LET ME SPEAK.

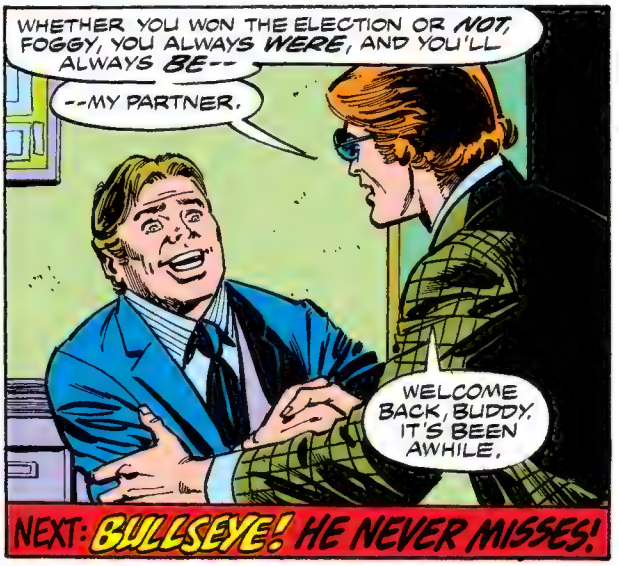

ONCE THE VOTE BECAME APPARENT, I JUST COULDN'T STICK AROUND ANY LONGER.
I HAD TO GET AWAY--TO BE BY MYSELF TO THINK.
BUT I'VE COME TO SOME CONCLUSIONS, MATT. THE FIRST IS THAT I'M HAPPY I LOST, AND THE SECOND--
--MATT, I'VE NEVER BEGGED BEFORE, BUT MATT-- I NEED A JOB NOW... DO YOU NEED A RATHER TUBBY COSER HANGING AROUND HERE?

DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT BUSINESS CARD I GAVE YOU, FOGGY?
SURE, I WAS TOO BUSY TO LOOK AT IT. WHY?
JUST READ IT.



THE STOREFRONT
LEGAL SERVICES
MATTHEW MURDOCK
FRANKLIN NELSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Tel. 7E




WHETHER YOU WON THE ELECTION OR NOT, FOGGY, YOU ALWAYS WERE, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE--
--MY PARTNER.
WELCOME BACK, BUDDY. IT'S BEEN AWHILE.
NEXT: BULLSEYE! HE NEVER MISSES!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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MAR
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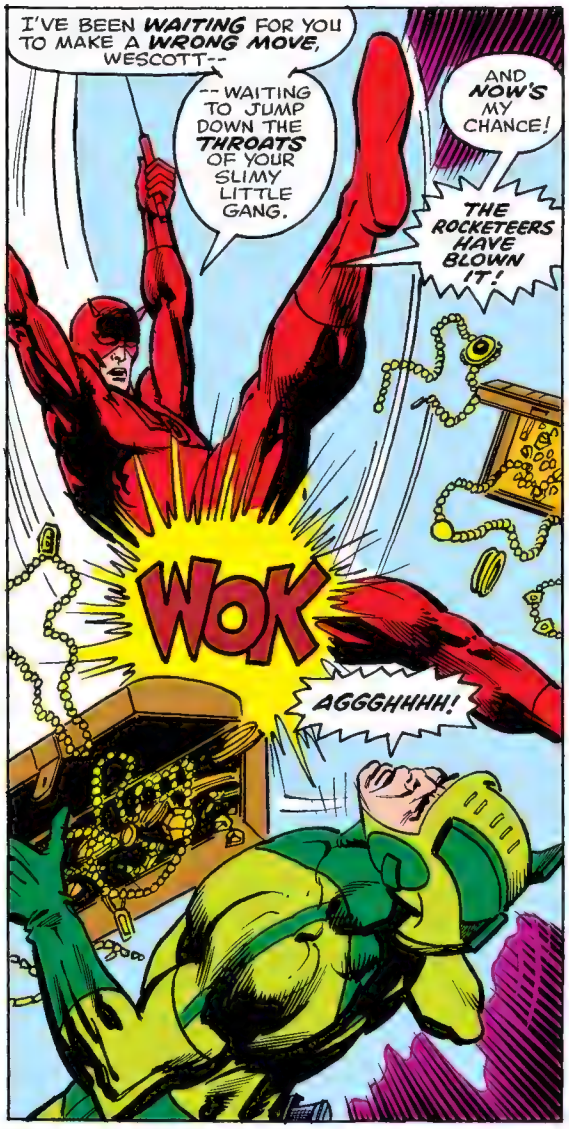
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YEAH, HORNEAD-- I KILLED THAT CREEP, JUST LIKE I'M GONNA KILL YOU! Y'SEE--
BULLSEYE NEVER MISSES!
HE'S GOT THE DROP ON ME-- AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN SAVE MYSELF!
PLUS: A STARTLING NEW JOB FOR MATT MURDOCK!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

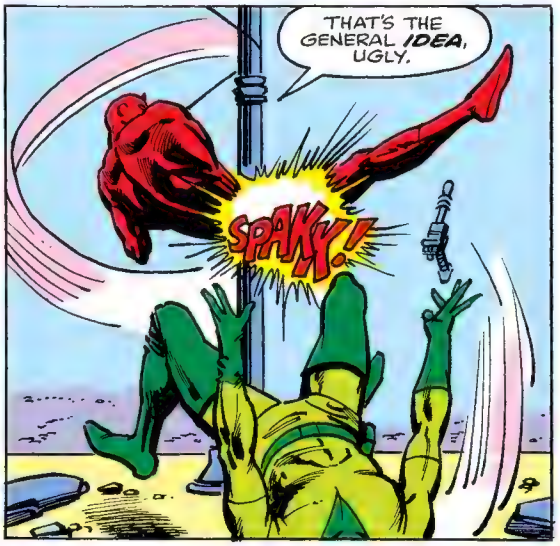
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

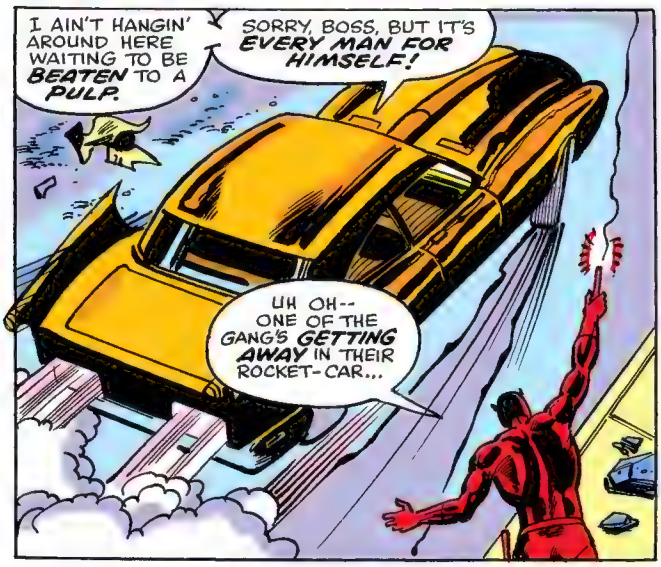
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR / BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON ARTISTS / MICHELE WOLFMAN COLORIST / JOE ROSEN LETTERER

EVER WONDER WHAT A SUPER-HERO DOES IN BETWEEN THE ADVENTURES CHRONICLED FOR YOU EACH MONTH, MARVELITE? THEN, TAKE A PEEK SOUTHSIDE, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
WATCH OUT FOR
BULLSEYE
HE NEVER MISSES!
JEWELERS
DAREDEVIL?!?
BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!
I SHOT YOU MYSELF!
I COULD PULL THAT OLD MARK TWAIN LINE, WESCOTT-- BUT FRANKLY, I'M AS BORED WITH IT AS YOU PROBABLY ARE.
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, YOU AND YOUR ROCKETEERS HAVE WON A SPECIAL HORNHEAD BONUS...
...NAMELY, A TEN-YEAR STAY UP THE RIVER--
-- AT THE ATTICA HILTON!
JV 207

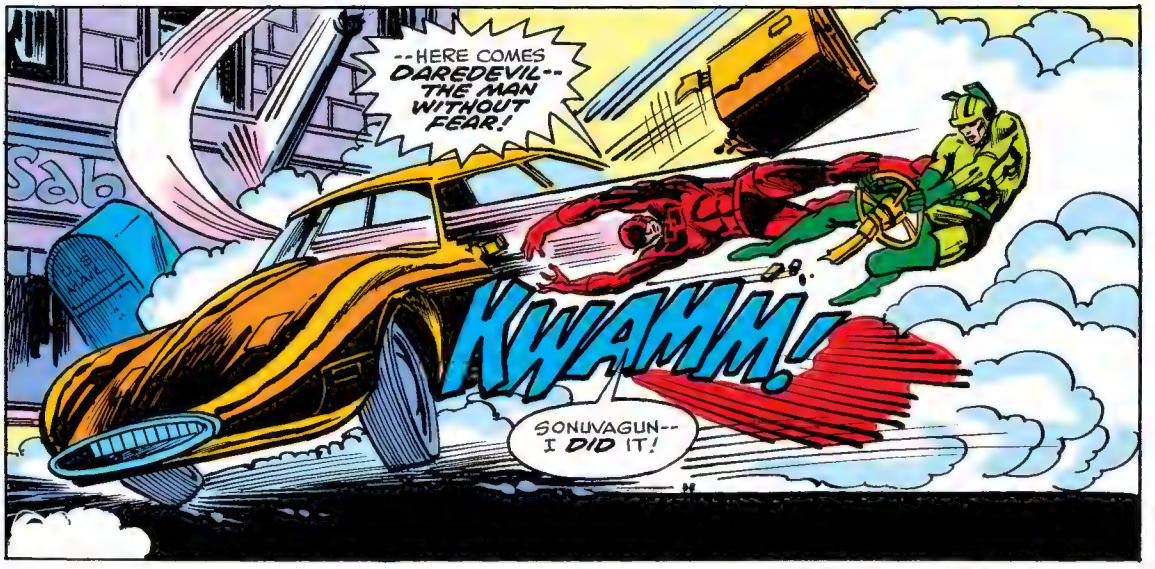

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO MAKE A WRONG MOVE, WESCOTT--
--WAITING TO JUMP DOWN THE THROATS OF YOUR SLIMY LITTLE GANG.
AND NOW'S MY CHANCE!
THE ROCKETEERS HAVE BLOWN IT!
WOK
AGGGHHHH!

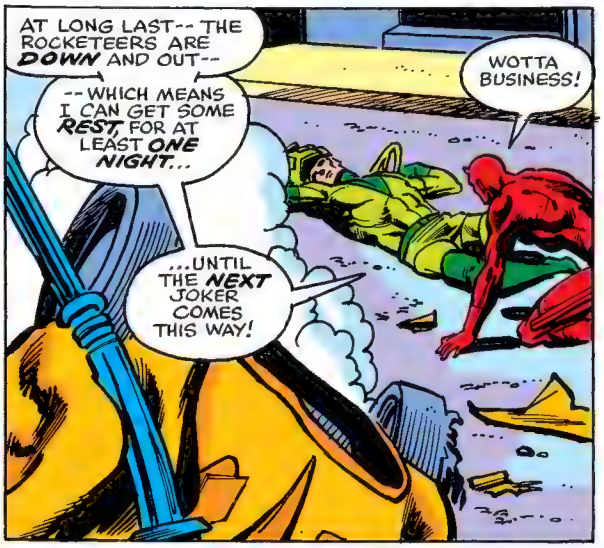
YOU FELLOWS JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP, DO YOU?
SWITTT!
STAND STILL, BLAST YOU!
YOU MOVE TOO FAST!


THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA, UGLY.
SPAKK!


I AIN'T HANGIN' AROUND HERE WAITING TO BE BEATEN TO A PULP.
SORRY, BOSS, BUT IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
UH OH-- ONE OF THE GANG'S GETTING AWAY IN THEIR ROCKET-CAR...

...AND, I JUST CAN'T ALLOW SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO BLEMISH MY SPOTLESS RECORD, CAN I?
OF COURSE I CAN'T!
MAKE WAY, HOMER--

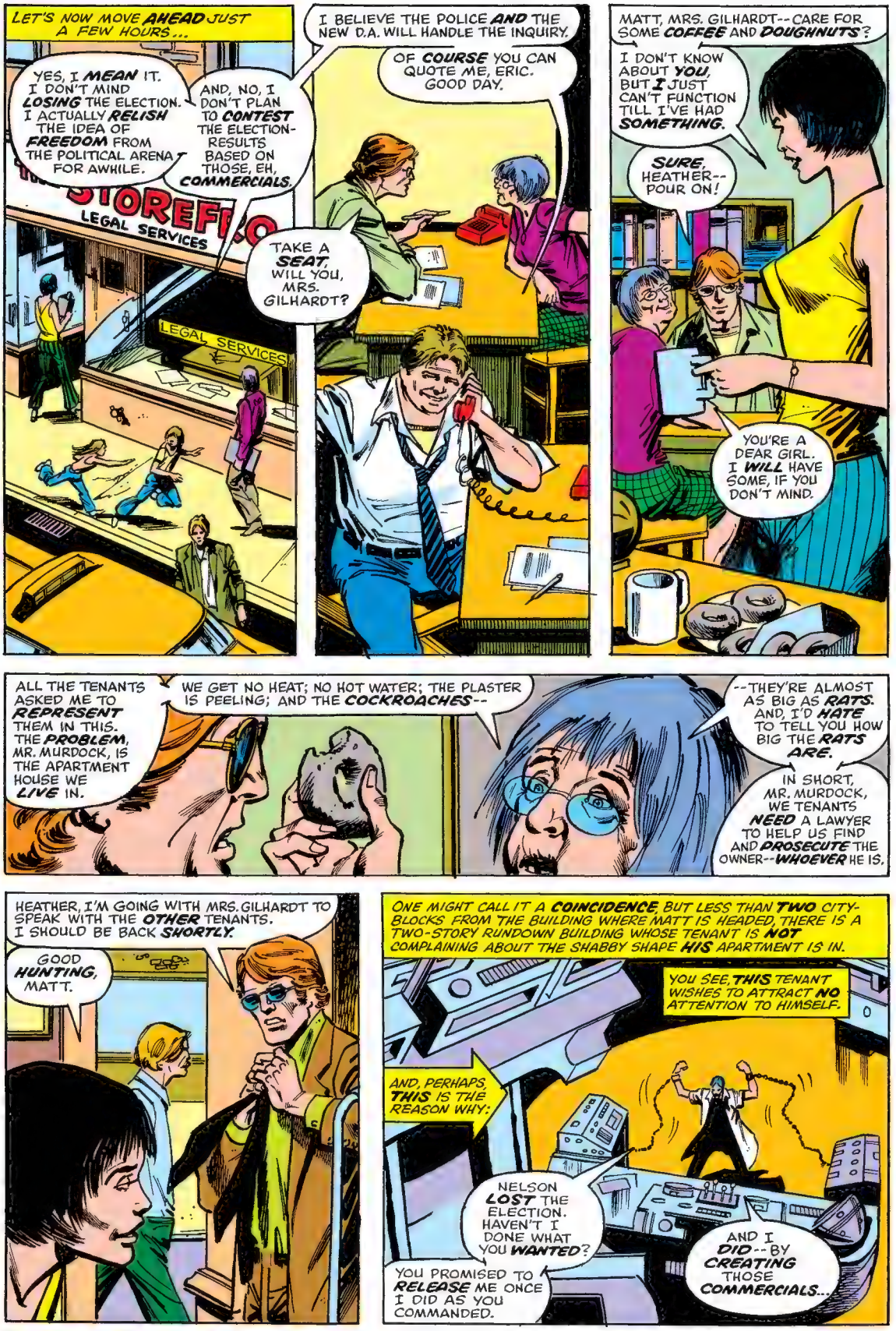

--HERE COMES DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
KWAMM!
SONUVAGUN-- I DID IT!


AT LONG LAST-- THE ROCKETEERS ARE DOWN AND OUT--
--WHICH MEANS I CAN GET SOME REST, FOR AT LEAST ONE NIGHT...
...UNTIL THE NEXT JOKER COMES THIS WAY!
WOTTA BUSINESS!

CART 'EM AWAY OFFICER, I'M DONE WITH THEM.
I CAN SURE SEE THAT, DAREDEVIL.
BY THE WAY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER ASKED TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

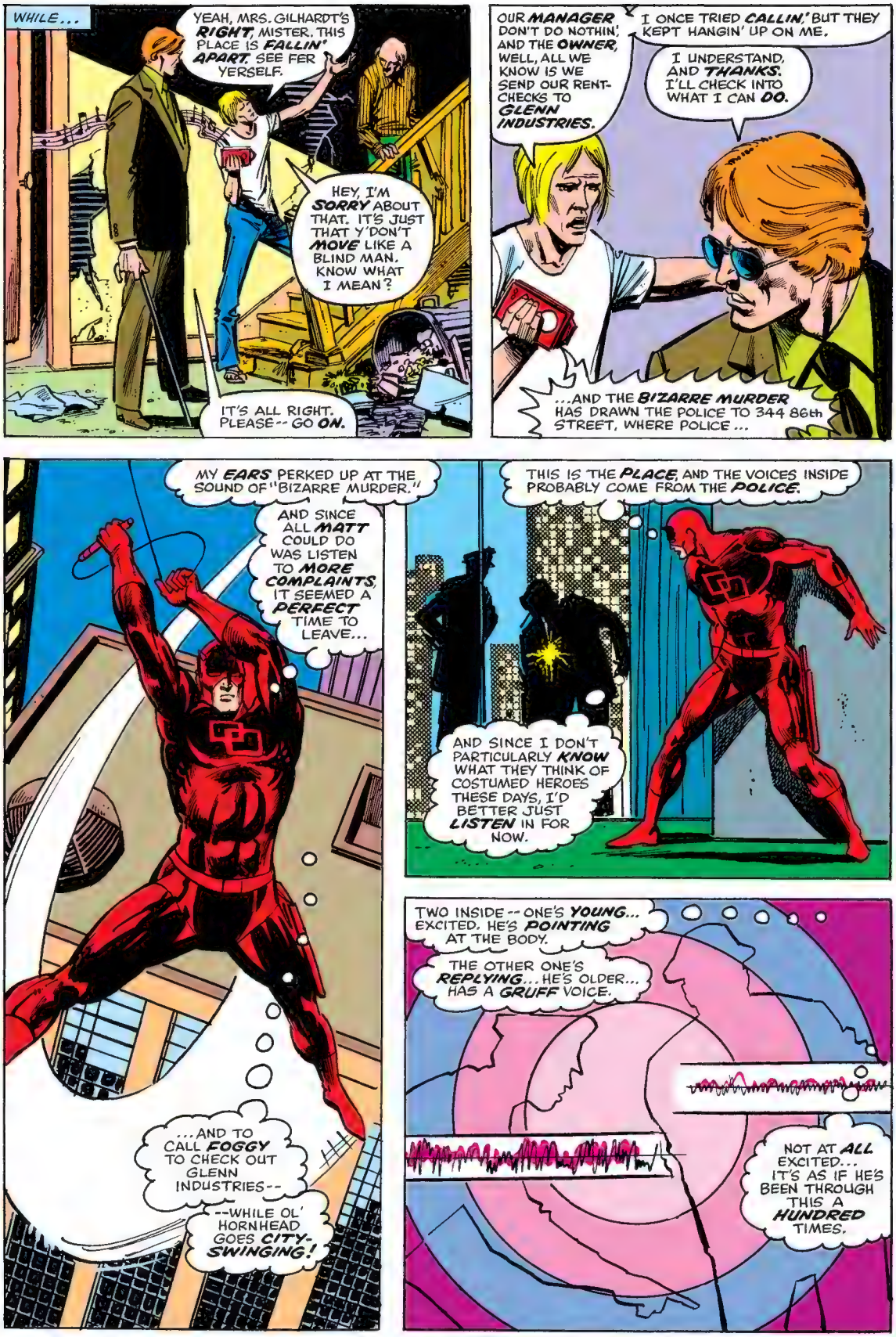
MR. TOWER-- IT'S A PLEASURE. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR VICTORY.
THANKS, DAREDEVIL. IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB...
...AND I WISHED TO THANK THE MAN WHO'S MAKING IT JUST A TAD EASIER.

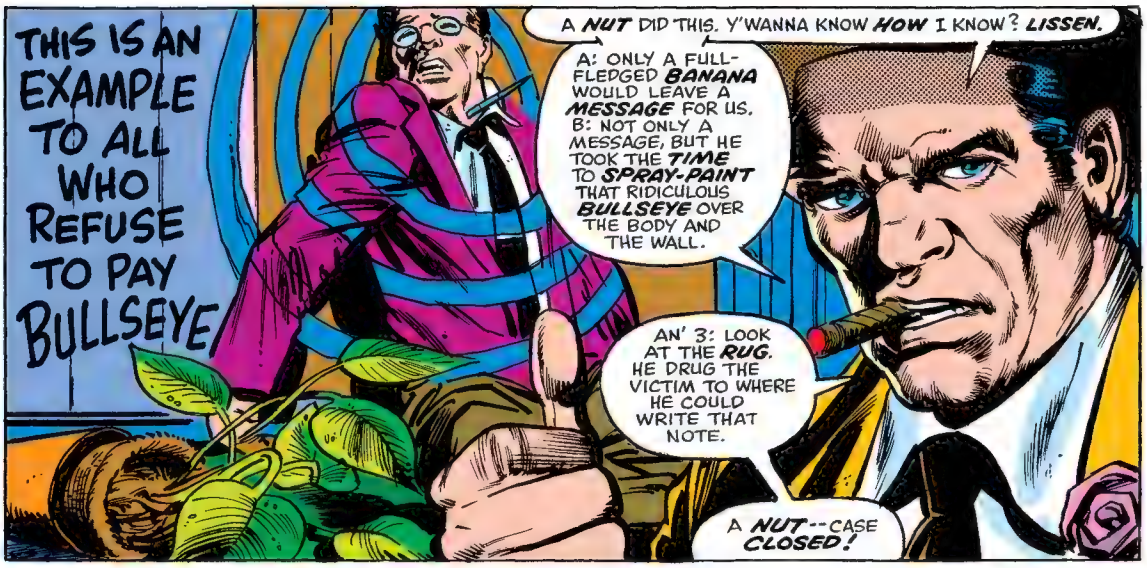
THE WAY YOU HANDLED THE ROCKETEER GANG IMPRESSED THIS FLEDGLING D.A.
DAREDEVIL, YOU'RE A GREAT ASSET TO THIS CITY, AND I, FOR ONE, WISH TO TELL YOU THAT IN PERSON.
AND TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYONE INVOLVED IN CITY HALL.
WHAT CAN I SAY, MR. D.A.? THANK YOU.


LET'S NOW MOVE AHEAD JUST A FEW HOURS...
YES, I MEAN IT. I DON'T MIND LOSING THE ELECTION. I ACTUALLY RELISH THE IDEA OF FREEDOM FROM THE POLITICAL ARENA FOR AWHILE.
AND, NO, I DON'T PLAN TO CONTEST THE ELECTION-RESULTS BASED ON THOSE, EH, COMMERCIALS.
LEGAL SERVICES
LEGAL SERVICES
I BELIEVE THE POLICE AND THE NEW D.A. WILL HANDLE THE INQUIRY.
OF COURSE YOU CAN QUOTE ME, ERIC. GOOD DAY.
TAKE A SEAT, WILL YOU, MRS. GILHARDT?
MATT, MRS. GILHARDT--CARE FOR SOME COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS?
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I JUST CAN'T FUNCTION TILL I'VE HAD SOMETHING.
SURE, HEATHER--POUR ON!
YOU'RE A DEAR GIRL. I WILL HAVE SOME, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
ALL THE TENANTS ASKED ME TO REPRESENT THEM IN THIS. THE PROBLEM, MR. MURDOCK, IS THE APARTMENT HOUSE WE LIVE IN.
WE GET NO HEAT; NO HOT WATER; THE PLASTER IS PEELING; AND THE COCKROACHES--
--THEY'RE ALMOST AS BIG AS RATS. AND, I'D HATE TO TELL YOU HOW BIG THE RATS ARE.
IN SHORT, MR. MURDOCK, WE TENANTS NEED A LAWYER TO HELP US FIND AND PROSECUTE THE OWNER--WHOEVER HE IS.
HEATHER, I'M GOING WITH MRS. GILHARDT TO SPEAK WITH THE OTHER TENANTS. I SHOULD BE BACK SHORTLY.
GOOD HUNTING, MATT.
ONE MIGHT CALL IT A COINCIDENCE, BUT LESS THAN TWO CITY-BLOCKS FROM THE BUILDING WHERE MATT IS HEADED, THERE IS A TWO-STORY RUNDOWN BUILDING WHOSE TENANT IS NOT COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SHABBY SHAPE HIS APARTMENT IS IN.
YOU SEE, THIS TENANT WISHES TO ATTRACT NO ATTENTION TO HIMSELF.
AND, PERHAPS, THIS IS THE REASON WHY:
NELSON LOST THE ELECTION. HAVEN'T I DONE WHAT YOU WANTED?
YOU PROMISED TO RELEASE ME ONCE I DID AS YOU COMMANDED.
AND I DID--BY CREATING THOSE COMMERCIALS...

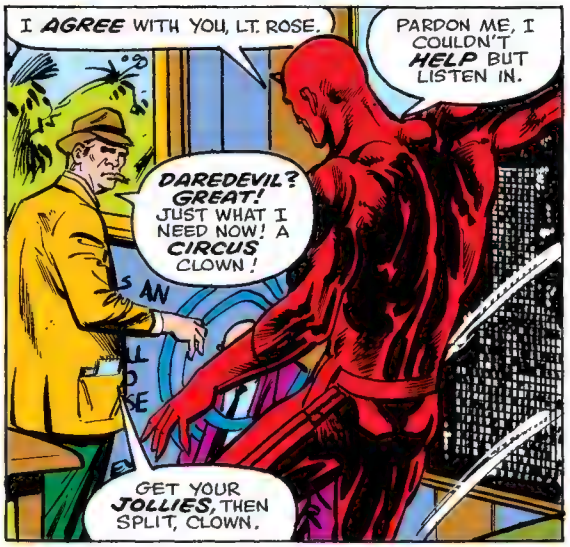
THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU. YOU NOW KNOW HOW TO OPERATE THE MACHINE.
WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT FROM ME BEFORE YOU FREE ME?
CLOD! I'LL RELEASE YOU AFTER I'VE FINISHED MY PLANS. NOT A MOMENT SOONER.
BACK TO THE EDITOR!
I WISH TO PREPARE ANOTHER BROADCAST.
WHY DID I EVER SHOW YOU MY DEVICE? WHY?
ENOUGH WHIMPERING DOLT. YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO--
--NOW!
ABOVE THE CITY, FLOATING SILENTLY OVER THE BLARING NOISES FAR BELOW, A PAPER PLANE SOARS FORWARD...
...SOMEHOW GUIDED TOWARDS ONE CERTAIN BLOCK, ONE DEFINITE SKYSCRAPER, ONE PARTICULAR WINDOW--
--AND IT MATTERS NONE THAT SAID WINDOW IS CLOSED!
WHAT?
IT CAN'T BE-- BUT...
IT IS!... A PAPER PLANE!
BUT HOW COULD IT BREAK THROUGH MY WINDOW?
IF THIS IS SOME TRICK...
IT CAN'T BE. NONE OF MY EMPLOYEES WOULD DARE JOKE WITH ME.
THEY'RE ALL TOO FRIGHTENED OF LOSING THEIR JOBS.
EH? WRITING. A MESSAGE FOR ME?
WHAT?!?
PAY ME $100,000 OR I WILL KILL YOU!!
BULLSEYE

WHAT SORT OF NONSENSE IS THIS?
SOMEONE'S GOING TO ANSWER FOR THIS TASTELESS JOKE.
AND, WHEN I FIND THE CULPRIT, I'M GOING TO FIRE HIM.
I HONESTLY DOUBT THAT, MR. HUNNICUTT.
HUNH? WHO--? THAT COSTUME!
SO NICE OF YOU TO NOTICE. WELL TAILORED, IS IT NOT?
WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?
HOW RUDE OF ME NOT TO MENTION.
MY NAME IS, WELL, PROBABLY MEANINGLESS TO YOU, MR. HUNNICUTT.
THOUGH YOU WILL PROBABLY RECOGNIZE MY, SHALL WE SAY, STAGE-NAME?
IT'S BULLSEYE!
OH YES, THE SAME ONE WHO JUST SENT THAT NOTE.
DO YOU HAVE THE MONEY I ASKED FOR?
NO! I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY HERE.
BUT--
NO MONEY? TSK TSK.
I SO WANTED THAT PAYMENT, MR. HUNNICUTT.
AH WELL, I CAN SEE THERE IS NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE.
I MUST CARRY OUT MY THREAT--TO THE LETTER!
THOUGH PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS PERSONALLY, MR. HUNNICUTT.
WE'VE JUST MET, AND THOUGH YOU SEEM TO BE A RATHER RUDE FELLOW...
I'M QUITE SURE YOU ARE PROBABLY GOOD TO CHILDREN AND DOGS.
AGGHHHHH!
ALAS, YOUR DEATH IS STRICTLY BUSINESS, AND THEREFORE NECESSARY.
AND, RIGHT NOW, I JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY LOSSES. THE RECESSION AND SUCH.

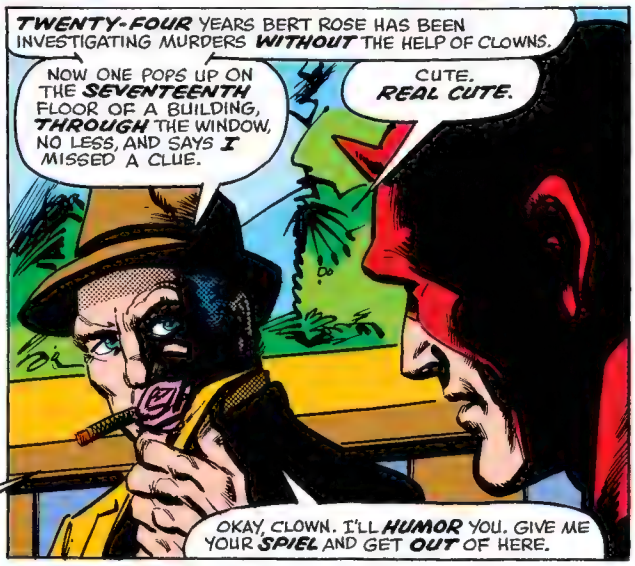

WHILE...
YEAH, MRS. GILHARDT'S RIGHT, MISTER. THIS PLACE IS FALLIN' APART. SEE FER YERSELF.
HEY, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. IT'S JUST THAT Y'DON'T MOVE LIKE A BLIND MAN. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
IT'S ALL RIGHT. PLEASE-- GO ON.
OUR MANAGER DON'T DO NOTHIN', AND THE OWNER, WELL, ALL WE KNOW IS WE SEND OUR RENT-CHECKS TO GLENN INDUSTRIES.
I ONCE TRIED CALLIN,' BUT THEY KEPT HANGIN' UP ON ME.
I UNDERSTAND, AND THANKS. I'LL CHECK INTO WHAT I CAN DO.
...AND THE BIZARRE MURDER HAS DRAWN THE POLICE TO 344 86th STREET, WHERE POLICE...
MY EARS PERKED UP AT THE SOUND OF "BIZARRE MURDER."
AND SINCE ALL MATT COULD DO WAS LISTEN TO MORE COMPLAINTS, IT SEEMED A PERFECT TIME TO LEAVE...
...AND TO CALL FOGGY TO CHECK OUT GLENN INDUSTRIES--
--WHILE OL' HORNHEAD GOES CITY-SWINGING!
THIS IS THE PLACE, AND THE VOICES INSIDE PROBABLY COME FROM THE POLICE.
AND SINCE I DON'T PARTICULARLY KNOW WHAT THEY THINK OF COSTUMED HEROES THESE DAYS, I'D BETTER JUST LISTEN IN FOR NOW.
TWO INSIDE -- ONE'S YOUNG... EXCITED. HE'S POINTING AT THE BODY.
THE OTHER ONE'S REPLYING... HE'S OLDER... HAS A GRUFF VOICE.
NOT AT ALL EXCITED... IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN THROUGH THIS A HUNDRED TIMES.


THIS IS AN EXAMPLE TO ALL WHO REFUSE TO PAY BULLSEYE
A NUT DID THIS. Y'WANNA KNOW HOW I KNOW? LISSEN.
A: ONLY A FULL-FLEDGED BANANA WOULD LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR US. B: NOT ONLY A MESSAGE, BUT HE TOOK THE TIME TO SPRAY-PAINT THAT RIDICULOUS BULLSEYE OVER THE BODY AND THE WALL.
AN' 3: LOOK AT THE RUG. HE DRUG THE VICTIM TO WHERE HE COULD WRITE THAT NOTE.
A NUT--CASE CLOSED!

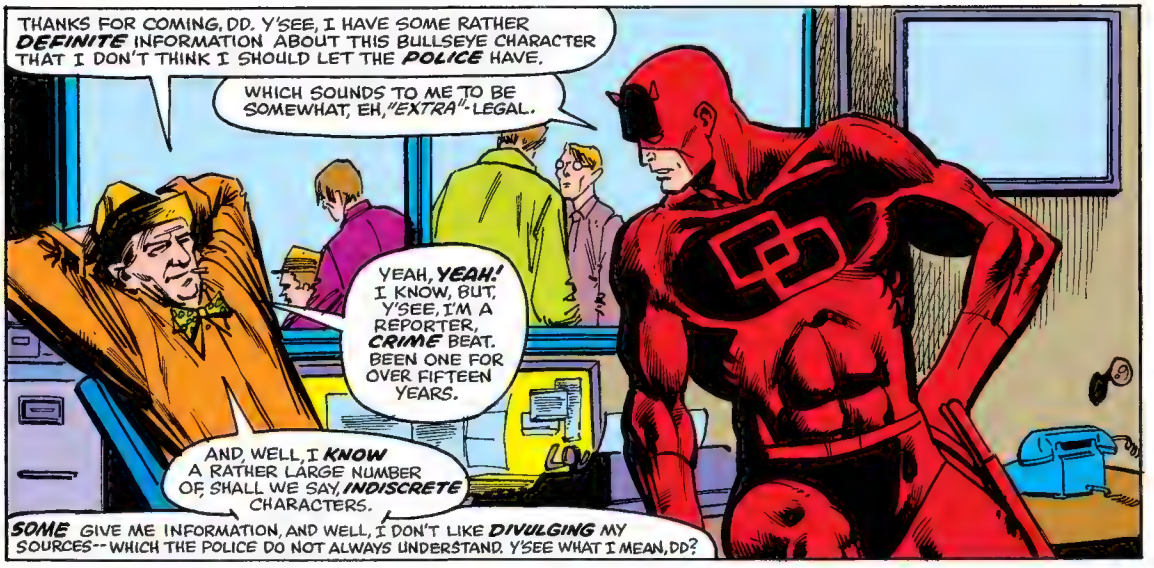
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, LIEUTENANT ROSE. NOW THE QUESTION IS-- WHY DID THIS BULLSEYE KILL THE MAN?
IT COULDN'T ONLY BE FOR THE MONEY. COULD IT?
COULDN'T? WHERE'D THEY TEACH YOU MOTIVATION, JONES? SESAME STREET?
MESSAGE SAYS "MONEY," T'ME IT MEANS MONEY. STRAIGHT AND SIMPLE!


I AGREE WITH YOU, LT. ROSE.
PARDON ME, I COULDN'T HELP BUT LISTEN IN.
DAREDEVIL? GREAT! JUST WHAT I NEED NOW! A CIRCUS CLOWN!
GET YOUR JOLLIES, THEN SPLIT, CLOWN.

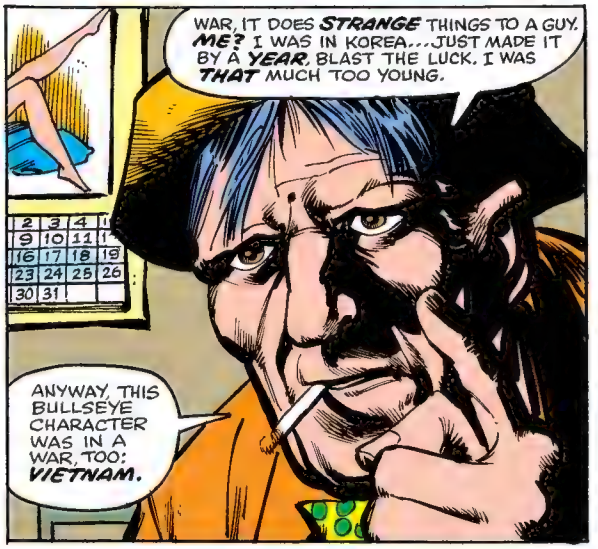
I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR CHEAP THRILLS, LIEUTENANT. I HAVE A FEW IDEAS...
YOU JUST MAY HAVE OVER-LOOKED THEM.
NOW ISN'T THAT JUST PEACHY!

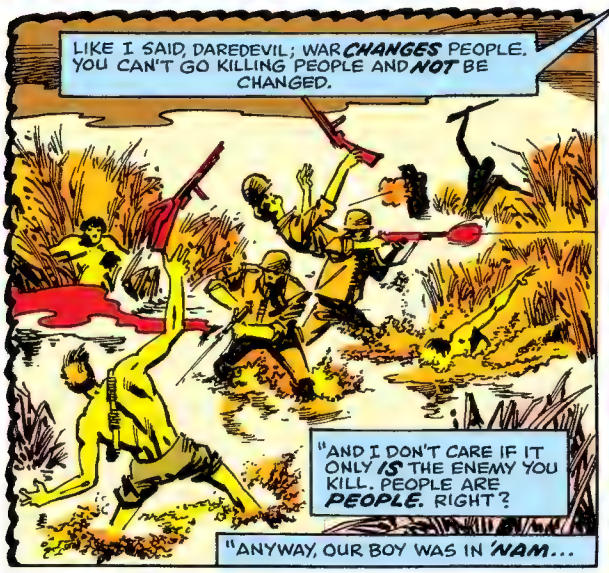

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS BERT ROSE HAS BEEN INVESTIGATING MURDERS WITHOUT THE HELP OF CLOWNS.
NOW ONE POPS UP ON THE SEVENTEENTH FLOOR OF A BUILDING, THROUGH THE WINDOW, NO LESS, AND SAYS I MISSED A CLUE.
CUTE. REAL CUTE.
OKAY, CLOWN. I'LL HUMOR YOU. GIVE ME YOUR SPIEL AND GET OUT OF HERE.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE IT SHORT.
THAT HOLE IN THE WINDOW WAS MADE BY THIS NOTE.
SEEMINGLY, IT'S JUST A PIECE OF PAPER...
...ONLY, IT'S NOT ORDINARY PAPER.
NOTICE THE FOLD-MARKS? REFOLD THE PAPER ACCORDING TO THEM.
AND YOU HAVE YOURSELF A PAPER PLANE.
VOILÁ!
STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, CLOWN, I ALREADY KNEW THAT!
WE COPS AIN'T AS DUMB AS YOU BIG-SHOT HERO-CLOWNS MAY THINK.
I NEVER SAID YOU WERE, LIEUTENANT. I WAS JUST HELPING. ONE LAST ITEM-- DON'T BOTHER CHECKING FOR FINGERPRINTS. THE MURDERER WORE GLOVES.
THE ABSENCE OF HEAT-RESIDUE ON THE PEN IS PROOF OF THAT.
OKAY, CLOWN--YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN. NOW-- SCRAM!
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO, LIEUTENANT ROSE.
ONE MINUTE, DAREDEVIL.
EH?
THE NAME'S CONOVER, JAKE CONOVER, REPORTER FROM THE BUGLE.
CAN I SPEAK WITH YOU PRIVATELY, DAREDEVIL?
I DON'T DO INTERVIEWS, MR. CONOVER.
I'M NOT ASKING FOR ANY. I JUST WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU IN MY OFFICE.
AND DO WEAR A COAT TO COVER THAT, EH, UNIFORM.
MR. JAMESON ISN'T EXACTLY FOND OF YOU COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTERS.


THANKS FOR COMING, DD. Y'SEE, I HAVE SOME RATHER DEFINITE INFORMATION ABOUT THIS BULLSEYE CHARACTER THAT I DON'T THINK I SHOULD LET THE POLICE HAVE.
WHICH SOUNDS TO ME TO BE SOMEWHAT, EH, "EXTRA"-LEGAL.
YEAH, YEAH! I KNOW, BUT, Y'SEE, I'M A REPORTER, CRIME BEAT. BEEN ONE FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS.
AND, WELL, I KNOW A RATHER LARGE NUMBER OF, SHALL WE SAY, INDISCRETE CHARACTERS.
SOME GIVE ME INFORMATION, AND WELL, I DON'T LIKE DIVULGING MY SOURCES-- WHICH THE POLICE DO NOT ALWAYS UNDERSTAND. Y'SEE WHAT I MEAN, DD?

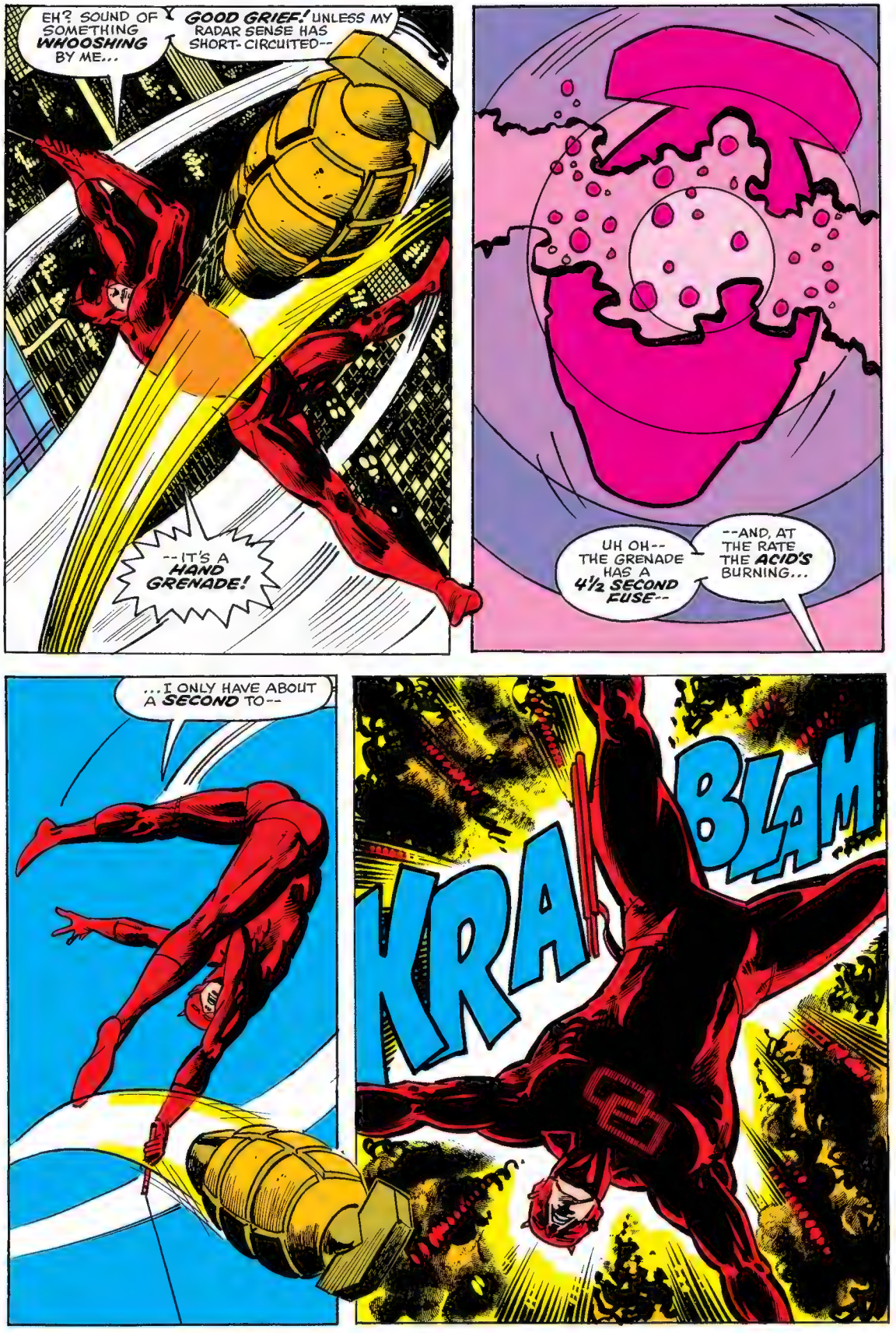
I'M ALL EARS.
SIT DOWN AND TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET, DD. YOU'LL LIVE LONGER IF YOU LEARN TO RELAX.
ANYWAY, THIS CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF BULLSEYE, WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO HE REALLY IS, BUT I KNOW HIS BACK-GROUND... HIS ORIGINS.

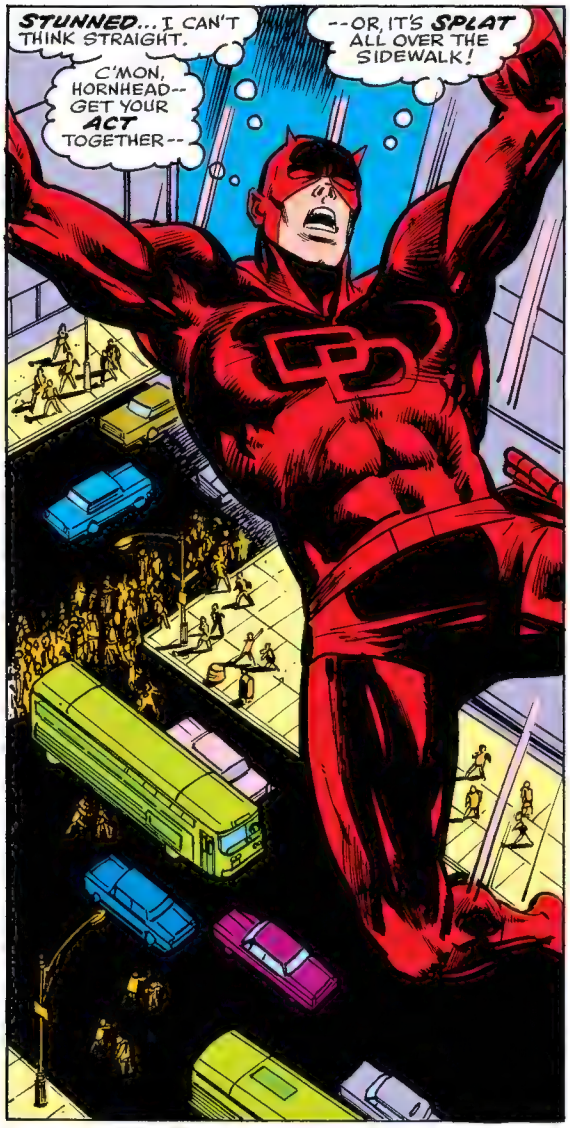

WAR, IT DOES STRANGE THINGS TO A GUY. ME? I WAS IN KOREA... JUST MADE IT BY A YEAR, BLAST THE LUCK. I WAS THAT MUCH TOO YOUNG.
ANYWAY, THIS BULLSEYE CHARACTER WAS IN A WAR, TOO: VIETNAM.


LIKE I SAID, DAREDEVIL; WAR CHANGES PEOPLE. YOU CAN'T GO KILLING PEOPLE AND NOT BE CHANGED.
"AND I DON'T CARE IF IT ONLY IS THE ENEMY YOU KILL. PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE. RIGHT?
"ANYWAY, OUR BOY WAS IN 'NAM...

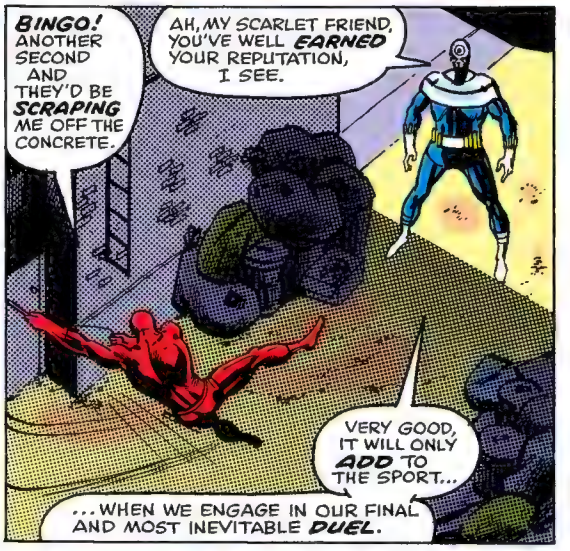
"...AND HE WAS GUNG HO!
"HE DIDN'T ONLY WANT TO KILL THE CONG-- HE WANTED TO DESTROY 'EM.
"HE WAS A GREAT SOLDIER, OUR BOY WAS.

"HE WAS PATROLLING THE PADDIES ONE DAY WHEN HE HEARD THIS GUERRILLA SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM. HE SPUN 'ROUND AND FIRED HIS RIFLE. ONLY IT WAS EMPTY.
"THEN HE SAW THE VC RAISE HIS GUN.
"NOW, OUR BOY COULD'VE DIED RIGHT THERE, AND MAYBE HUNNICUTT WOULD'VE LIVED...
"... BUT Y'SEE, HE ALWAYS HAD THIS UNIQUE KNACK FOR THROWING THINGS... ALWAYS HAD A PERFECT AIM. FACT IS, HE WAS SIGNED UP WITH THE MAJOR LEAGUES WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT AND HE ENLISTED.
"SO, SOMETHING INSIDE TOLD HIM TO THROW HIS RIFLE AT THE ENEMY. HE DID, AND HE LIVED.
"AFTER THE WAR, OUR BOY BECAME A MERCENARY IN AFRICA, PERFECTING HIS USE OF WEAPONS...
"...AND LEARNING ABOUT NEW... STRANGE, EXOTIC ONES. ALL OF WHICH, WITH HIS UNCANNY AIM, WERE TWICE AS DEADLY AS BEFORE.
IT'S TRUE, BELIEVE ME. I SAW HIM TOSS ABOUT A FEW ITEMS, AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW HE TURNED THEM INTO WEAPONS.
YOUR INFORMER, I'D GUESS THEN...
YEAH, IT WAS HIM. HE CAME HERE TO TELL ME THE STORY HIMSELF.
Y'SEE, HE WANTS... HE CRAVES PUBLICITY... FIGURES IT WILL FRIGHTEN HIS FUTURE VICTIMS INTO PAYING HIM OFF RIGHT AWAY.
HE ONLY KILLED HUNNICUTT AS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL OTHERS. HE NEVER INTENDED THAT THE MAN LIVE.
THANKS, CONOVER, YOU MAY NOT HAVE HELPED ME FIND BULLSEYE, BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE GOTTEN SOME ANGLE ON WHERE HE'S AT.
WHICH MIGHT PROVE JUST AS IMPORTANT.
TAKE IT EASY, DD, AND GET SOME REST. YOU COULD GIVE YOURSELF AN ULCER.
AN ULCER SHOULD BE THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
THIS BULLSEYE'S A MASTER OF ALL WEAPONS--AND HE'S MOST DEFINITELY DEADLY.
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO NOW--AND MAYBE MATT MURDOCK HAD BETTER RETURN TO "THE STOREFRONT." HEATHER'S PROBABLY FRANTIC ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW.

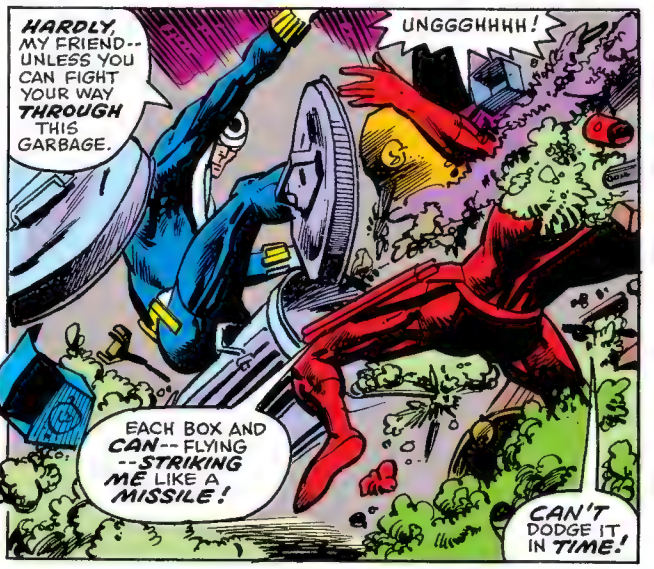

EH? SOUND OF SOMETHING WHOOSHING BY ME...
GOOD GRIEF! UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE HAS SHORT-CIRCUITED--
--IT'S A HAND GRENADE!
UH OH-- THE GRENADE HAS A 4½ SECOND FUSE--
--AND, AT THE RATE THE ACID'S BURNING...
...I ONLY HAVE ABOUT A SECOND TO--
KRA
BLAM

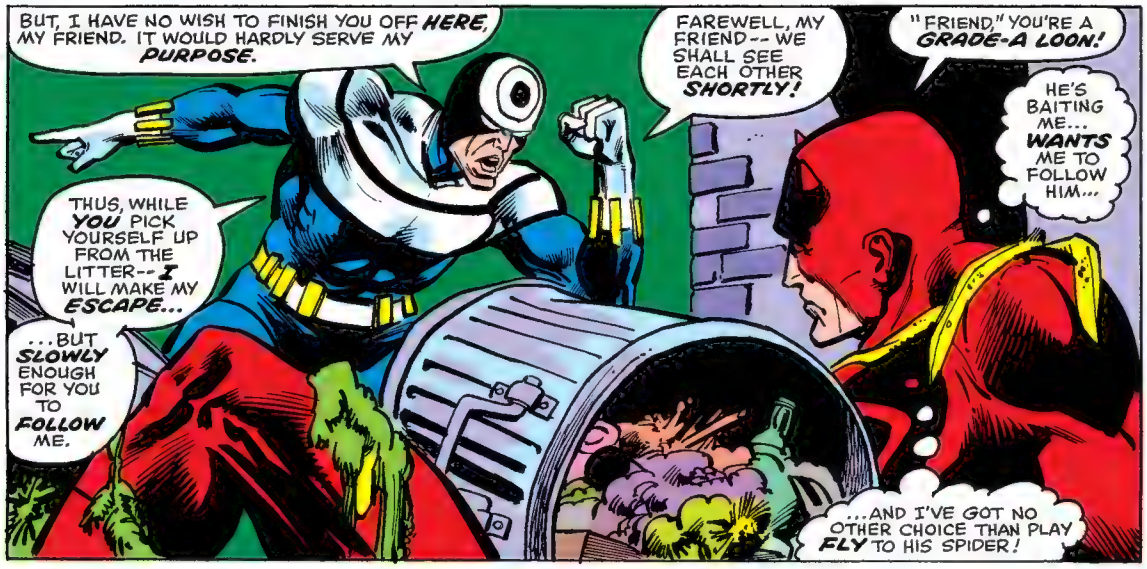

STUNNED... I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT.
C'MON, HORNHEAD-- GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER--
--OR, IT'S SPLAT ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!

HEAD'S CLEARING... BUT IT MAY BE TOO LATE!
ONLY MOMENTS TO ACT... TO SHOOT-OUT MY BILLY-CLUB LINE.
C'MON... C'MON! IT'S ONLY YOU AND ME, BILLY-BOY!


BINGO! ANOTHER SECOND AND THEY'D BE SCRAPING ME OFF THE CONCRETE.
AH, MY SCARLET FRIEND, YOU'VE WELL EARNED YOUR REPUTATION, I SEE.
VERY GOOD, IT WILL ONLY ADD TO THE SPORT...
...WHEN WE ENGAGE IN OUR FINAL AND MOST INEVITABLE DUEL.

TALKING TO YOURSELF, HOMER?
NO ONE AGREED TO DELAY OUR LITTLE GAME BUT YOURSELF.
AND, IN CASE I'M NOT GETTING THROUGH TO YOU--
--THE FIGHT BEGINS NOW!


HARDLY, MY FRIEND-- UNLESS YOU CAN FIGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS GARBAGE.
UNGGGHHHH!
EACH BOX AND CAN-- FLYING --STRIKING ME LIKE A MISSILE!
CAN'T DODGE IT IN TIME!


BUT, I HAVE NO WISH TO FINISH YOU OFF HERE, MY FRIEND. IT WOULD HARDLY SERVE MY PURPOSE.
FAREWELL, MY FRIEND-- WE SHALL SEE EACH OTHER SHORTLY!
"FRIEND," YOU'RE A GRADE-A LOON!
HE'S BAITING ME... WANTS ME TO FOLLOW HIM...
THUS, WHILE YOU PICK YOURSELF UP FROM THE LITTER-- I WILL MAKE MY ESCAPE...
...BUT SLOWLY ENOUGH FOR YOU TO FOLLOW ME.
...AND I'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE THAN PLAY FLY TO HIS SPIDER!

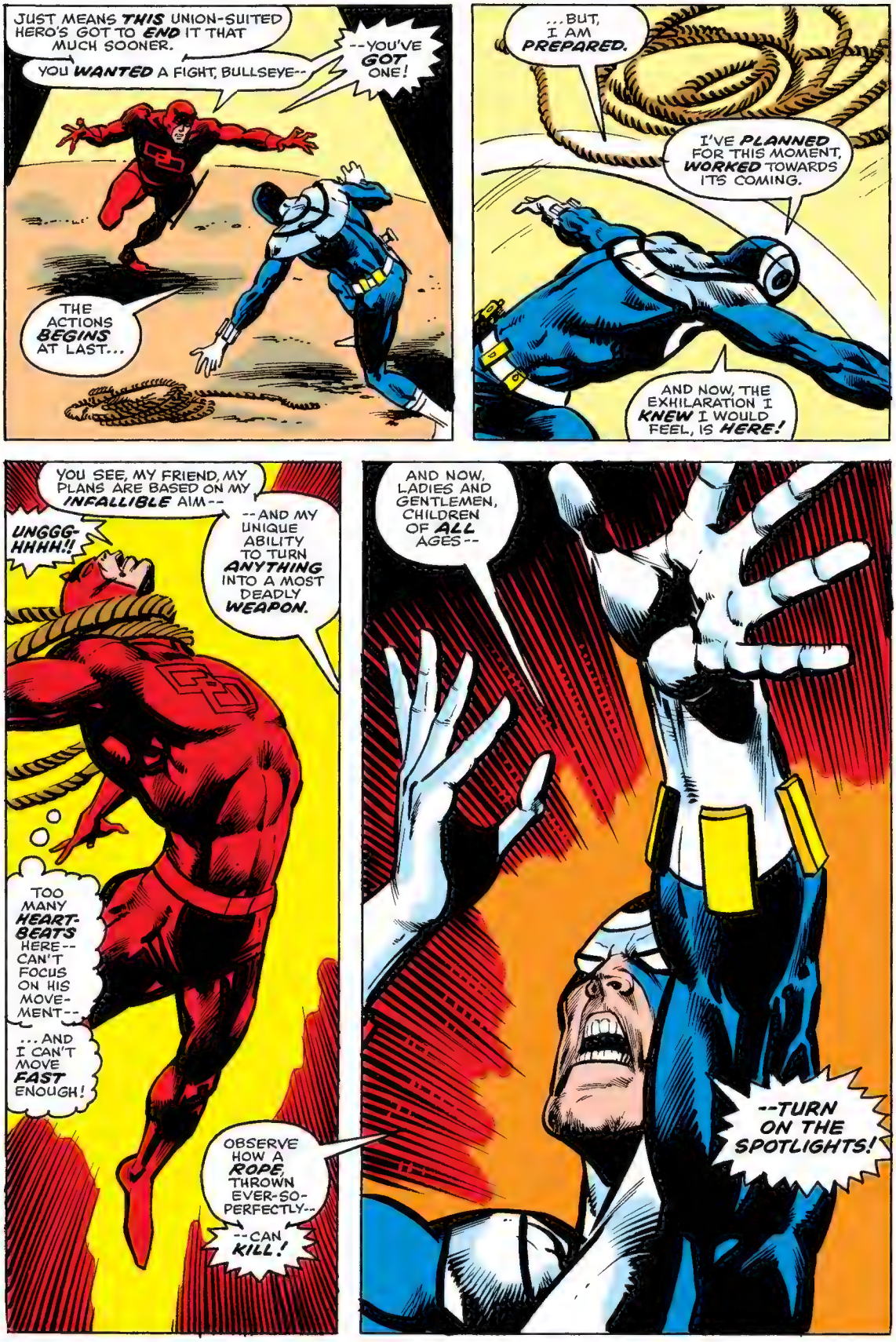
MEAN-TIME...
YOU SAY THAT MATT LEFT MORE THAN AN HOUR AGO, MRS. GILHARDT?
I GUESS HE'S JUST TAKING HIS TIME RETURNING. THANKS.
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MATT, HEATHER. HE'S USUALLY PUNCTUAL TO THE POINT OF RIDICULOUSNESS-- PROBABLY TO MAKE UP FOR HIS BLINDNESS.

BESIDES, HE SAID HE WANTED THE INFO ON GLENN INDUSTRIES IN DOUBLE-TIME.
ARE YOU PUTTING ME ON, FOGGY?

GLENN INDUSTRIES IS OWNED BY MY FATHER-- MAXWELL GLENN.
WHAT?!?
YOUR FATHER OWNS A SLUM TENEMENT? BUT HE'S ALSO PAYING OUT FOR THIS PLACE?!?
THAT JUST DOESN'T SOUND LIKE DADDY. HE'S THE ORIGINAL CONCERNED CITIZEN.

COULD HE HAVE BEEN LYING TO ME ALL THESE YEARS, FOGGY?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE THESE DAYS--
--WITH THE TELEVISION AND RADIO TALKING ONLY ABOUT THOSE NEW REVELATIONS--
--YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE HYPOCRISY FLOODING OVER THIS COUNTRY ANY MORE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE...THEY SAY THEY'VE FOUND PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND HIS BROTHER ALIVE.
THEY'VE BEEN TELLING US THAT THERE WAS A DOUBLE IN THE WHITE HOUSE--A PHONY RUNNING THE COUNTRY.
AND TODAY'S NEWS...
LISTEN...
...AND THE MOST INCREDIBLE NEWS COMING THIS WEEK FROM WASHINGTON...
...A WEEK FILLED WITH ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE-TO-BELIEVE EVENTS, IS THAT THE WAR IN VIETNAM NEVER HAPPENED.
ACCORDING TO SPOKESMEN, THE U.S. ARMY WAS PLACED UNDER MASS HYPNOSIS...
...AND FORCED TO PARTICIPATE IN ILLEGAL C.I.A. WARS IN SOUTH AMERICA AND AFRICA.
WE NOW SWITCH YOU TO OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT, ABE SIMONS...
ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO, I REALLY WANTED TO BELIEVE IN MYSELF, MY PARENTS, AND IN MY COUNTRY.
NOW, TOO MANY NEWS ITEMS ARE COMING TO LIGHT...MAKING ME DOUBT EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN TOLD TO BELIEVE IN.
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US, FOGGY? WHAT?
THAT ANSWER WILL BE FORTHCOMING. BUT FOR NOW...
ALL RIGHT, BULLSEYE, YOU'VE LED ME HERE--THOUGH I'M NOT SURE WHY YOU PICKED THIS PLACE.
THERE ARE POLICE ALL AROUND US--TV CAMERAS FOCUSED ON US.
AND THE PEOPLE--
--ARE PRECISELY THE REASON WHY I'VE COME TO THIS DELIGHTFUL ARENA, MY FRIEND.
I WISHED FOR AN AUDIENCE TO SEE OUR FIGHT. AN AUDIENCE TO WITNESS MY VICTORY.
THE POLICE WON'T INTERFERE--I HAVE MEN STATIONED THROUGHOUT THE CROWD--
--READY TO UNLEASH A BARRAGE OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE AT THE PEOPLE SHOULD ANY LAW-OFFICER ATTEMPT TO STOP US.
NO, MY FRIEND, THIS FIGHT WILL GO UNCHECKED!


JUST MEANS THIS UNION-SUITED HERO'S GOT TO END IT THAT MUCH SOONER.
YOU WANTED A FIGHT, BULLSEYE--
--YOU'VE GOT ONE!
THE ACTIONS BEGINS AT LAST...
...BUT, I AM PREPARED.
I'VE PLANNED FOR THIS MOMENT, WORKED TOWARDS ITS COMING.
AND NOW, THE EXHILARATION I KNEW I WOULD FEEL, IS HERE!
YOU SEE, MY FRIEND, MY PLANS ARE BASED ON MY INFALLIBLE AIM--
--AND MY UNIQUE ABILITY TO TURN ANYTHING INTO A MOST DEADLY WEAPON.
UNGGG-HHHH!!
TOO MANY HEART-BEATS HERE-- CAN'T FOCUS ON HIS MOVE-MENT--
...AND I CAN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH!
OBSERVE HOW A ROPE, THROWN EVER-SO-PERFECTLY--
--CAN KILL!
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CHILDREN OF ALL AGES--
--TURN ON THE SPOTLIGHTS!

AND LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!!
THERE IS A GASP-- THE CONFUSED SHOUTS OF THOUSANDS ASSAIL DAREDEVIL'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS.
FOR, WHEN THE LIGHTS BLINK ON, THE CROWD HAS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT INSTEAD OF WATCHING A MADISON SQUARE GARDEN THREE-RING SHOW...
...THEY HAVE COME TO BE THE STARTLED WITNESSES OF...
...THE CIRCUS OF DEATH!
BE HERE IN THIRTY DAYS! YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

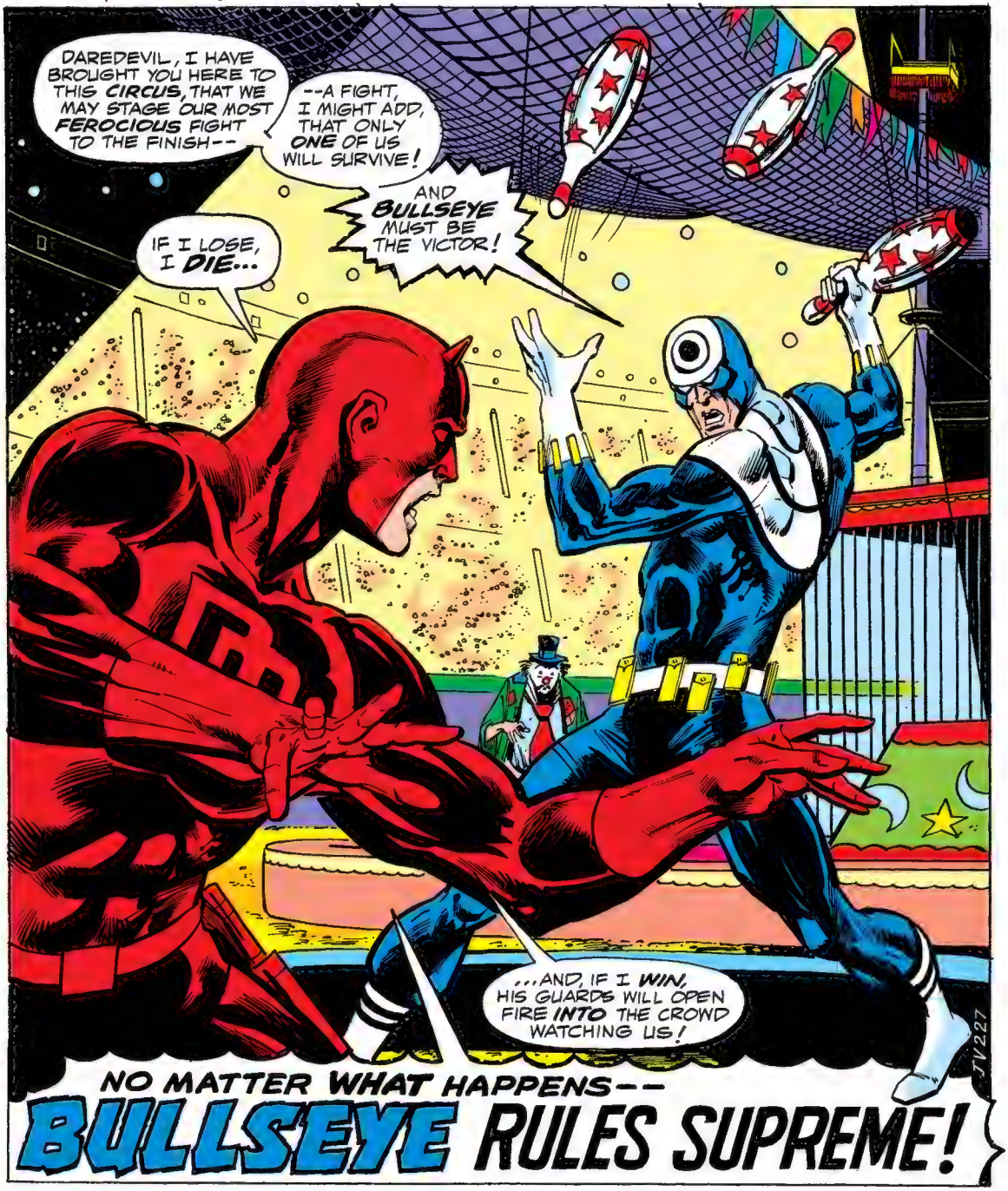
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
132
APR
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
THIS IS IT, HORNHEAD!
ONLY ONE OF US WILL LEAVE THIS CIRCUS ALIVE!
BUCKLER/ ADKINS
DAREDEVIL and BULLSEYE
BATTLE BENEATH THE BIG TOP!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

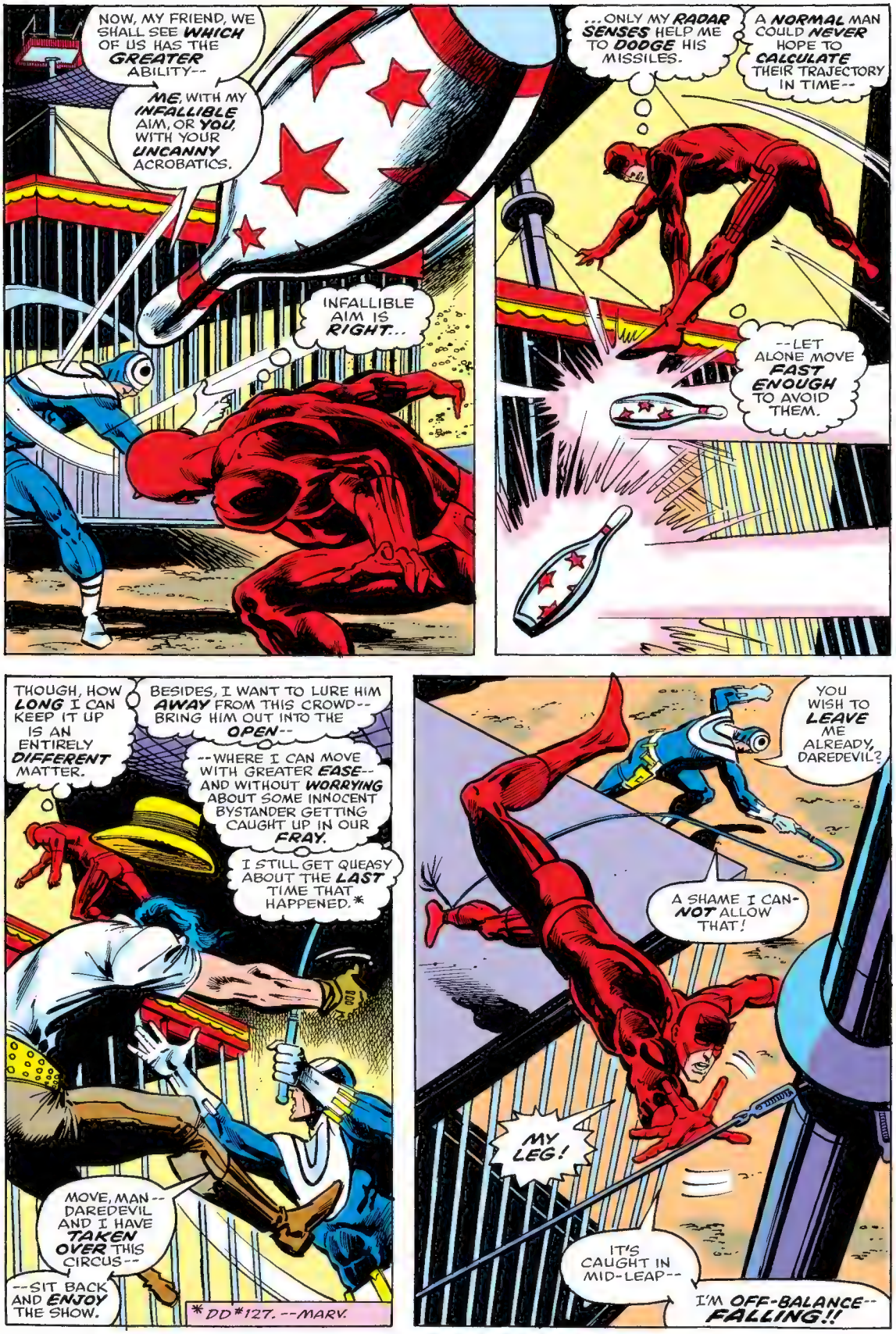
JV 227

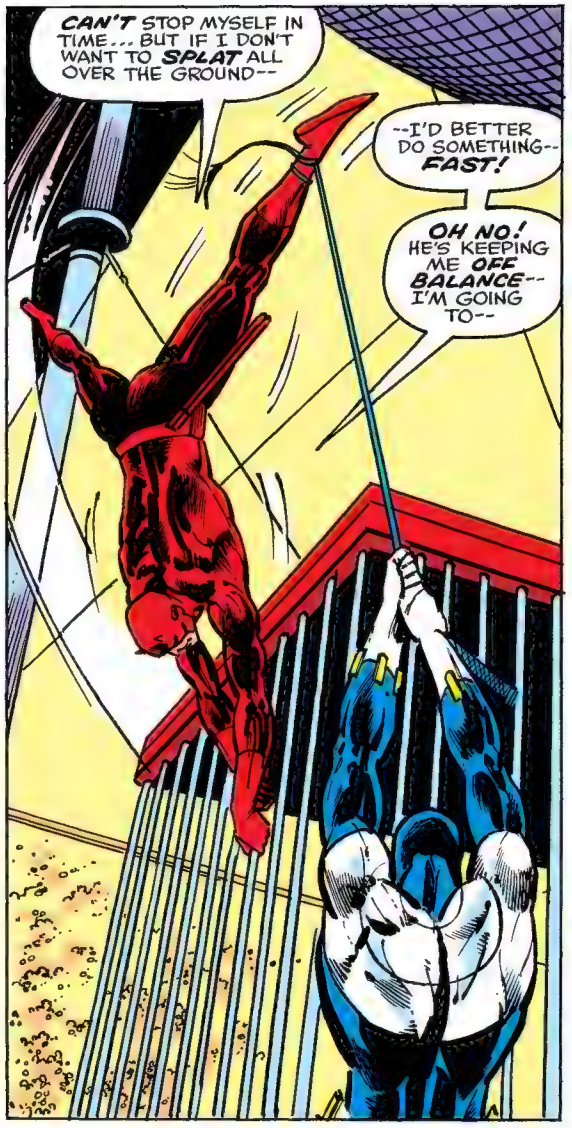
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON ARTISTS | JOE ROSEN LETTERER | MICHELE WOLFMAN COLORIST


DAREDEVIL, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO THIS CIRCUS, THAT WE MAY STAGE OUR MOST FEROCIOUS FIGHT TO THE FINISH--
--A FIGHT, I MIGHT ADD, THAT ONLY ONE OF US WILL SURVIVE!
AND BULLSEYE MUST BE THE VICTOR!
IF I LOSE, I DIE...
...AND, IF I WIN, HIS GUARDS WILL OPEN FIRE INTO THE CROWD WATCHING US!
JV227

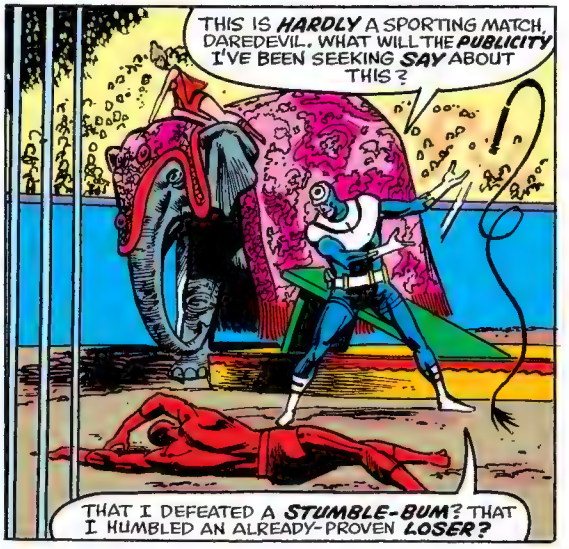
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS--

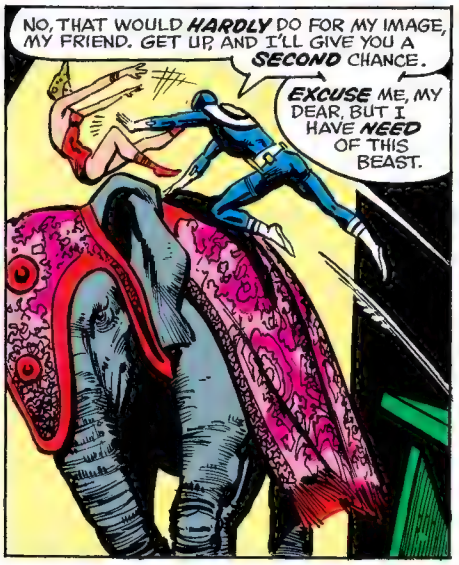
BULLSEYE RULES SUPREME!

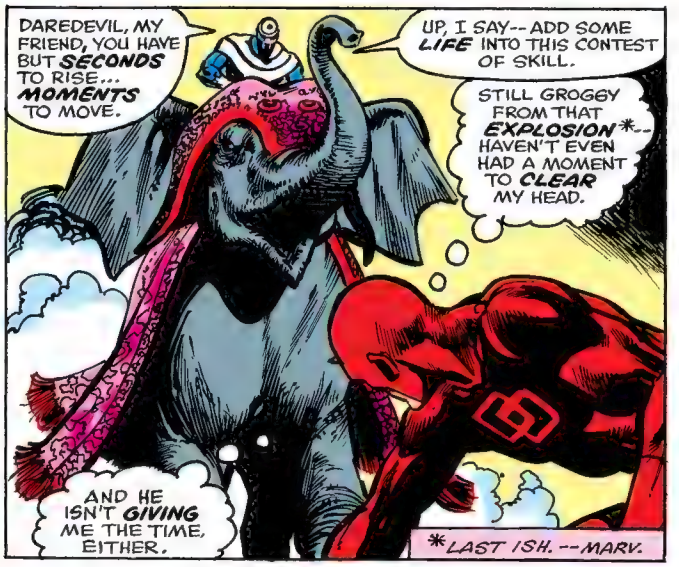

NOW, MY FRIEND, WE SHALL SEE WHICH OF US HAS THE GREATER ABILITY--
ME, WITH MY INFALLIBLE AIM, OR YOU, WITH YOUR UNCANNY ACROBATICS.
INFALLIBLE AIM IS RIGHT...
...ONLY MY RADAR SENSES HELP ME TO DODGE HIS MISSILES.
A NORMAL MAN COULD NEVER HOPE TO CALCULATE THEIR TRAJECTORY IN TIME--
--LET ALONE MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID THEM.
THOUGH, HOW LONG I CAN KEEP IT UP IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER.
BESIDES, I WANT TO LURE HIM AWAY FROM THIS CROWD-- BRING HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN--
--WHERE I CAN MOVE WITH GREATER EASE-- AND WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDER GETTING CAUGHT UP IN OUR FRAY.
I STILL GET QUEASY ABOUT THE LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED.*
MOVE, MAN-- DAREDEVIL AND I HAVE TAKEN OVER THIS CIRCUS--
--SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SHOW.
* DD #127. --MARV.
YOU WISH TO LEAVE ME ALREADY, DAREDEVIL?
A SHAME I CAN-NOT ALLOW THAT!
MY LEG!
IT'S CAUGHT IN MID-LEAP--
I'M OFF-BALANCE-- FALLING!!

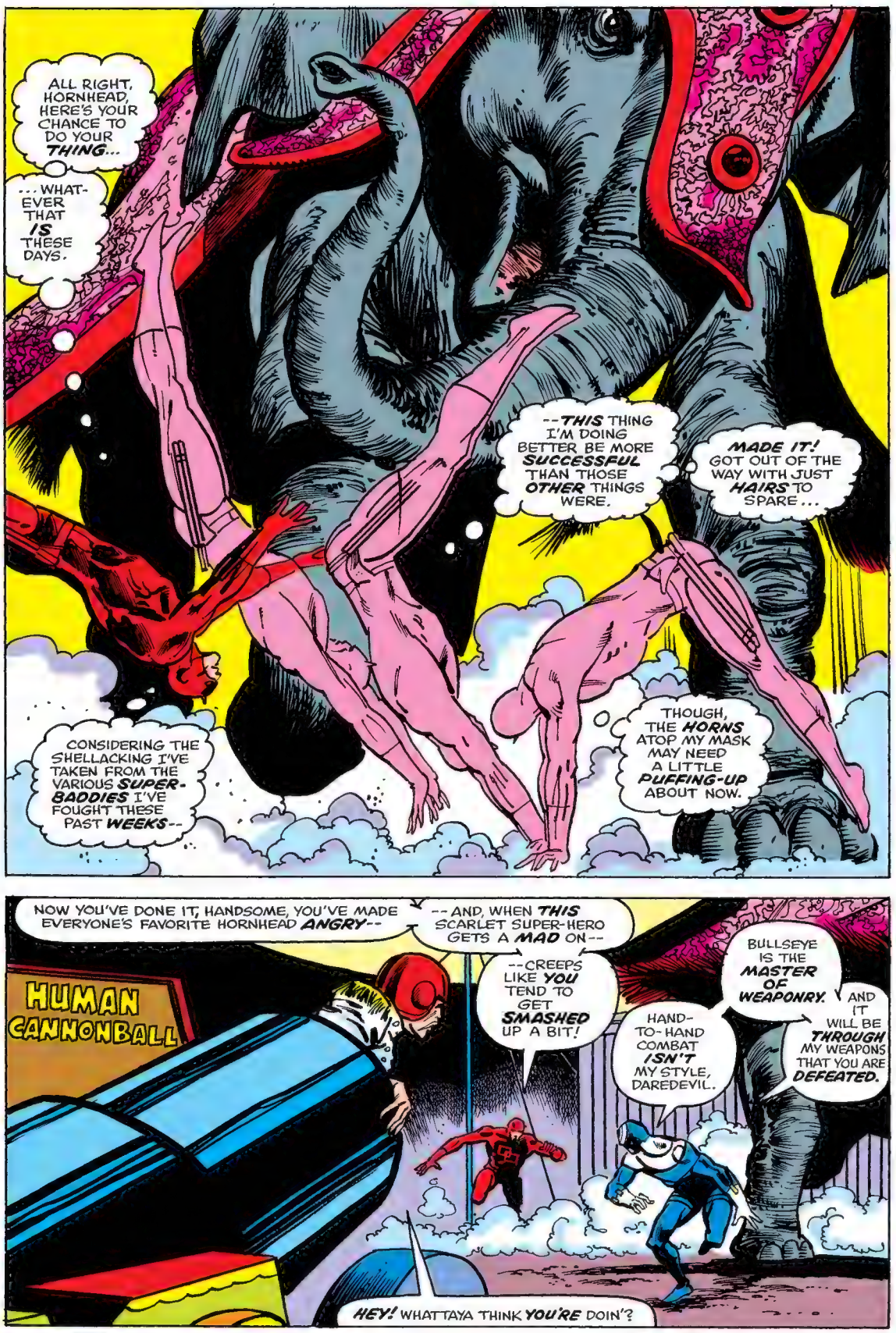

CAN'T STOP MYSELF IN TIME... BUT IF I DON'T WANT TO SPLAT ALL OVER THE GROUND--
--I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING-- FAST!
OH NO! HE'S KEEPING ME OFF BALANCE-- I'M GOING TO--

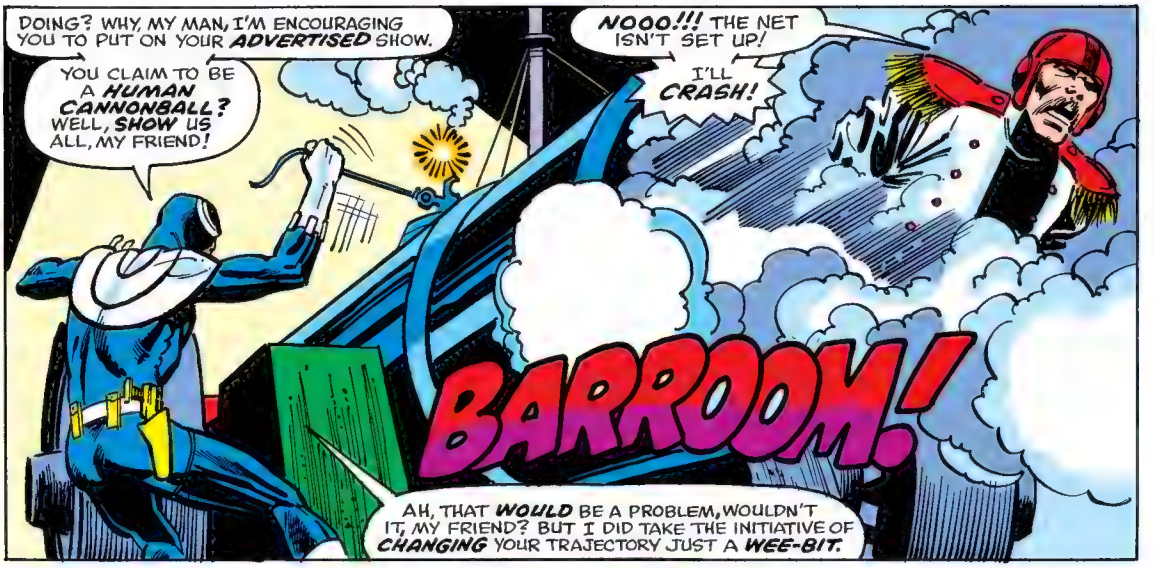
--LAND HARD!
AGGGHHHHH!
THE FALL, IT WRENCHED MY ARM!

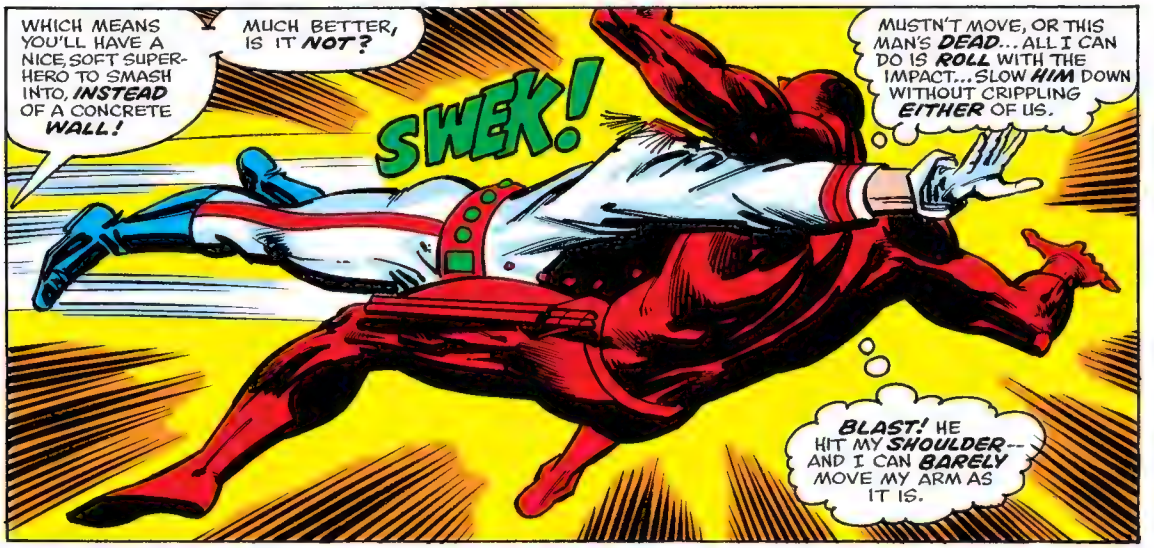

THIS IS HARDLY A SPORTING MATCH, DAREDEVIL. WHAT WILL THE PUBLICITY I'VE BEEN SEEKING SAY ABOUT THIS?
THAT I DEFEATED A STUMBLE-BUM? THAT I HUMBLED AN ALREADY-PROVEN LOSER?


NO, THAT WOULD HARDLY DO FOR MY IMAGE, MY FRIEND. GET UP, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SECOND CHANCE.
EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR, BUT I HAVE NEED OF THIS BEAST.

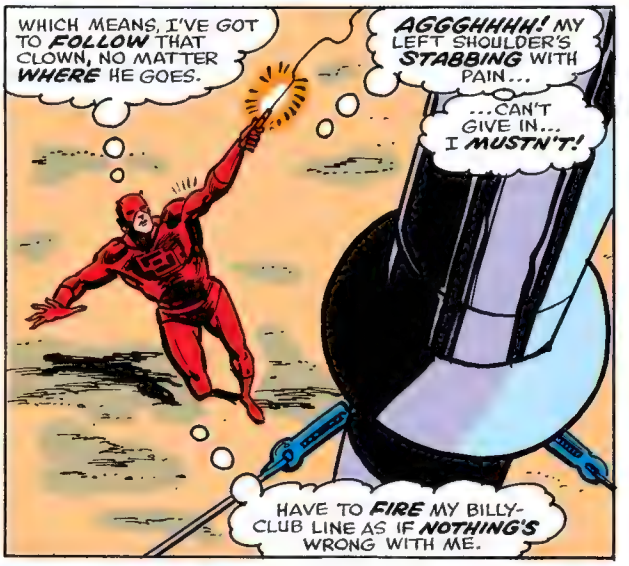

DAREDEVIL, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE BUT SECONDS TO RISE... MOMENTS TO MOVE.
UP, I SAY-- ADD SOME LIFE INTO THIS CONTEST OF SKILL.
STILL GROGGY FROM THAT EXPLOSION*-- HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A MOMENT TO CLEAR MY HEAD.
AND HE ISN'T GIVING ME THE TIME, EITHER.
*LAST ISH. --MARV.


ALL RIGHT, HORNHEAD, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO DO YOUR THING...
...WHATEVER THAT IS THESE DAYS.
CONSIDERING THE SHELLACKING I'VE TAKEN FROM THE VARIOUS SUPER-BADDIES I'VE FOUGHT THESE PAST WEEKS--
--THIS THING I'M DOING BETTER BE MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN THOSE OTHER THINGS WERE.
MADE IT! GOT OUT OF THE WAY WITH JUST HAIRS TO SPARE...
THOUGH, THE HORNS ATOP MY MASK MAY NEED A LITTLE PUFFING-UP ABOUT NOW.
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, HANDSOME, YOU'VE MADE EVERYONE'S FAVORITE HORNHEAD ANGRY--
--AND, WHEN THIS SCARLET SUPER-HERO GETS A MAD ON--
--CREEPS LIKE YOU TEND TO GET SMASHED UP A BIT!
HUMAN CANNONBALL
HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT ISN'T MY STYLE, DAREDEVIL.
BULLSEYE IS THE MASTER OF WEAPONRY.
AND IT WILL BE THROUGH MY WEAPONS THAT YOU ARE DEFEATED.
HEY! WHATTAYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?

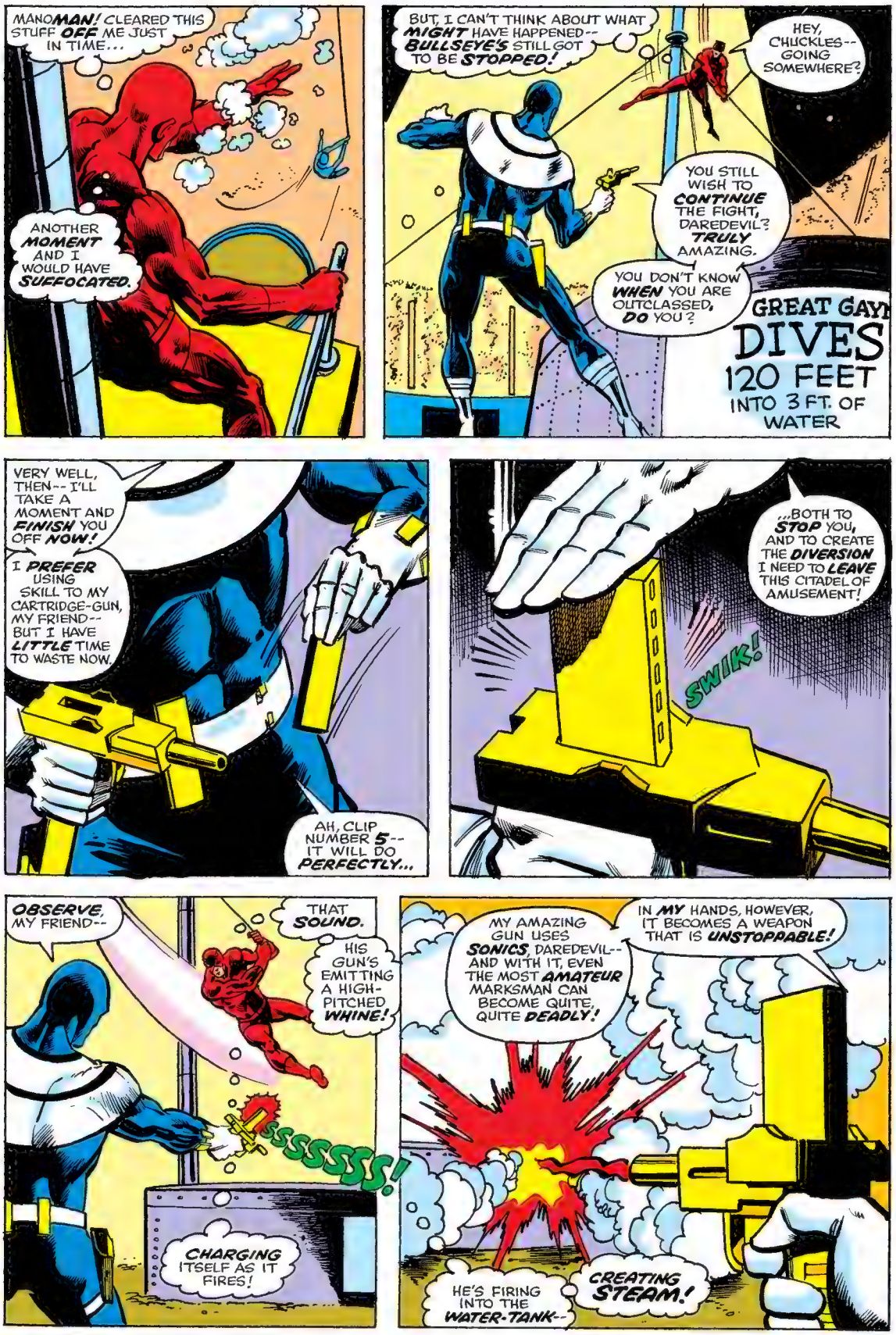

DOING? WHY, MY MAN, I'M ENCOURAGING YOU TO PUT ON YOUR ADVERTISED SHOW.
YOU CLAIM TO BE A HUMAN CANNONBALL? WELL, SHOW US ALL, MY FRIEND!
NOOO!!! THE NET ISN'T SET UP!
I'LL CRASH!
BARROOM!
AH, THAT WOULD BE A PROBLEM, WOULDN'T IT, MY FRIEND? BUT I DID TAKE THE INITIATIVE OF CHANGING YOUR TRAJECTORY JUST A WEE-BIT.

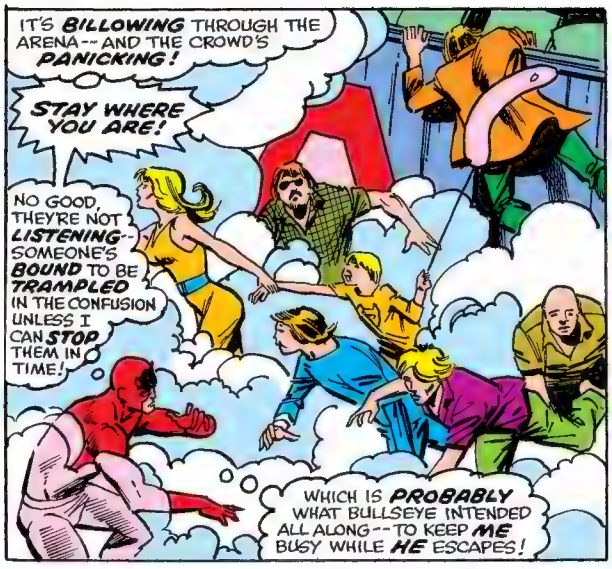

WHICH MEANS YOU'LL HAVE A NICE, SOFT SUPER-HERO TO SMASH INTO, INSTEAD OF A CONCRETE WALL!
MUCH BETTER, IS IT NOT?
SWEK!
MUSTN'T MOVE, OR THIS MAN'S DEAD... ALL I CAN DO IS ROLL WITH THE IMPACT... SLOW HIM DOWN WITHOUT CRIPPLING EITHER OF US.
BLAST! HE HIT MY SHOULDER-- AND I CAN BARELY MOVE MY ARM AS IT IS.

BUT, I CAN'T LET BULLSEYE KNOW THAT... I'VE GOT TO HOLD IN THE PAIN AS LONG AS I CAN.


WHICH MEANS, I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT CLOWN, NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES.
AGGGHHHH! MY LEFT SHOULDER'S STABBING WITH PAIN...
...CAN'T GIVE IN... I MUSTN'T!
HAVE TO FIRE MY BILLY-CLUB LINE AS IF NOTHING'S WRONG WITH ME.

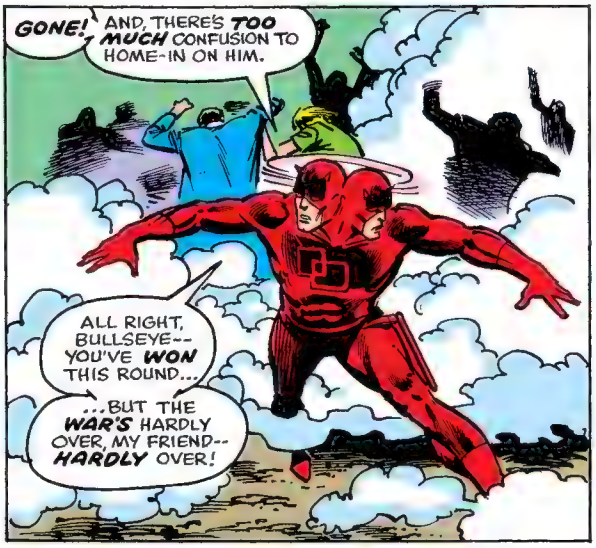
IF HE EVEN SUSPECTS SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME-- HE'LL TAKE EVERY ADVANTAGE HE CAN. SOOOO...
HEY, YOU'VE FOR-GOTTEN SOMETHING, CHUM--
--THE ACTION'S HAPPEN-ING ON GROUND LEVEL.
WHICH IS WHERE YOU'LL BE SOON ENOUGH, MY FRIEND.
FOR, I SENSE A SHIFTING OF EMOTIONS IN THE CROWD, AND I DOUBT THAT THEY'LL SIT STILL FOR THIS SHOW MUCH LONGER.
WHICH MEANS, IT IS TIME FOR BULLSEYE TO TAKE HIS LEAVE!
I'M SURE WE'LL MEET AGAIN, DARE-DEVIL. BUT, FOR NOW--
THROWING SOMETHING AT ME--A BAG!
BUT-- OF WHAT?
ROSIN!
SPIF!
CLINGING TO MY FACE!
CAN'T BREATHE--!
YOU MOVE MUCH TOO SLOWLY TO BE A TRUE OPPONENT OF BULLSEYE. BUT THEN, I EXPECTED LITTLE MORE THAN THIS SHABBY DISPLAY OF YOUR PROWESS.
YOU MAY BE AN EXTRA-SPECIAL POLICEMAN, DAREDEVIL...
...BUT, TO ONE WHO HAS FOUGHT IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA, AGAINST ARMIES FAR MORE DEADLY THAN YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO BE--
-- YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN AN ANT IS TO AN ELEPHANT!
A SHAME. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A TRUE BATTLE ROYAL!


MANOMAN! CLEARED THIS STUFF OFF ME JUST IN TIME...
ANOTHER MOMENT AND I WOULD HAVE SUFFOCATED.
BUT, I CAN'T THINK ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED-- BULLSEYE'S STILL GOT TO BE STOPPED!
HEY, CHUCKLES-- GOING SOMEWHERE?
YOU STILL WISH TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT, DAREDEVIL? TRULY AMAZING.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU ARE OUTCLASSED, DO YOU?
GREAT GAY
DIVES 120 FEET INTO 3 FT. OF WATER
VERY WELL, THEN-- I'LL TAKE A MOMENT AND FINISH YOU OFF NOW!
I PREFER USING SKILL TO MY CARTRIDGE-GUN, MY FRIEND-- BUT I HAVE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE NOW.
AH, CLIP NUMBER 5-- IT WILL DO PERFECTLY...
...BOTH TO STOP YOU, AND TO CREATE THE DIVERSION I NEED TO LEAVE THIS CITADEL OF AMUSEMENT!
SWIK!
OBSERVE, MY FRIEND--
THAT SOUND.
HIS GUN'S EMITTING A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE!
SSSSSSS!
CHARGING ITSELF AS IT FIRES!
MY AMAZING GUN USES SONICS, DAREDEVIL-- AND WITH IT, EVEN THE MOST AMATEUR MARKSMAN CAN BECOME QUITE, QUITE DEADLY!
IN MY HANDS, HOWEVER, IT BECOMES A WEAPON THAT IS UNSTOPPABLE!
HE'S FIRING INTO THE WATER-TANK--
CREATING STEAM!


IT'S BILLOWING THROUGH THE ARENA--AND THE CROWD'S PANICKING!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
NO GOOD, THEY'RE NOT LISTENING--SOMEONE'S BOUND TO BE TRAMPLED IN THE CONFUSION UNLESS I CAN STOP THEM IN TIME!
WHICH IS PROBABLY WHAT BULLSEYE INTENDED ALL ALONG--TO KEEP ME BUSY WHILE HE ESCAPES!

HA! HA! HA! ENJOYING THE BLIND PANIC, MY FRIEND?
YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST THE COMMON MAN TO LOSE HIS COOL WHEN THINGS GET ROUGH.

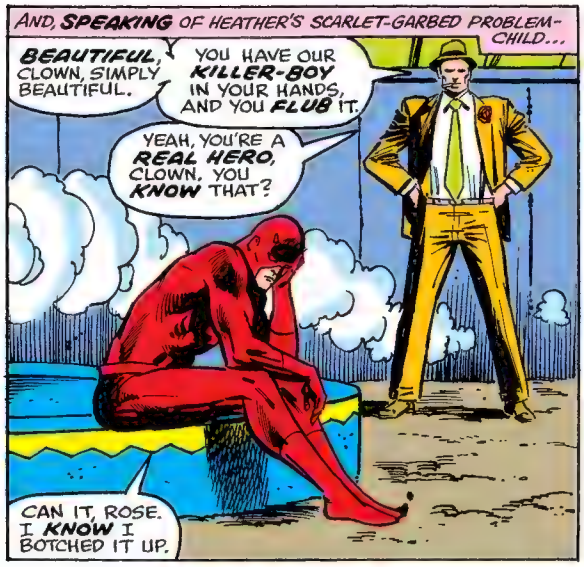
AS FOR YOURS TRULY, THE EVENING NEWS SHOULD BE FILLED WITH TODAY'S LITTLE HAPPENING...
...WHICH IS ALL I WISHED FOR WHEN IT BEGAN.
SO, TOMORROW, WHEN I AGAIN DEMAND MONEY FOR A LIFE--I EXPECT NO ONE WILL DARE REFUSE ME.
AND, WITH THAT STILL RINGING IN YOUR EARS--FAREWELL, DAREDEVIL--TILL WE MEET AGAIN!


GONE! AND, THERE'S TOO MUCH CONFUSION TO HOME-IN ON HIM.
ALL RIGHT, BULLSEYE--YOU'VE WON THIS ROUND...
...BUT THE WAR'S HARDLY OVER, MY FRIEND--HARDLY OVER!

HOWEVER, THE ACTION'S OVER FOR THE MOMENT, SO LET'S MOVE DOWNTOWN TO "THE STOREFRONT"--
FOGGY, I'M WORRIED--MATT'S BEEN GONE FOR HOURS! THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM AT ALL.
STORE
LEGALS
MATT'S A GROWN MAN, HEATHER. HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.
MATTHEW FRANKLIN
HE MAY BE BLIND, BUT, BELIEVE ME, HE'S FAR FROM HELPLESS.

I'VE SEEN MATT DO THINGS THAT WOULD ASTONISH YOU. DESPITE HIS HANDICAP, HE ONCE PRETENDED TO BE DAREDEVIL--
--TO RESCUE KAREN PAGE FROM SOME CRIMINAL GANG. *
AND I'VE NEVER, REPEAT--NEVER HEARD HIM MAKE EVEN ONE COMPLAINT ABOUT BEING BLIND.
YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF A ONE-IN-A-MILLION MAN, HEATHER...
BELIEVE ME, FOGGY... I CAN DIG THAT. BUT...
* DD*29--LONG-MEMORY MARV.

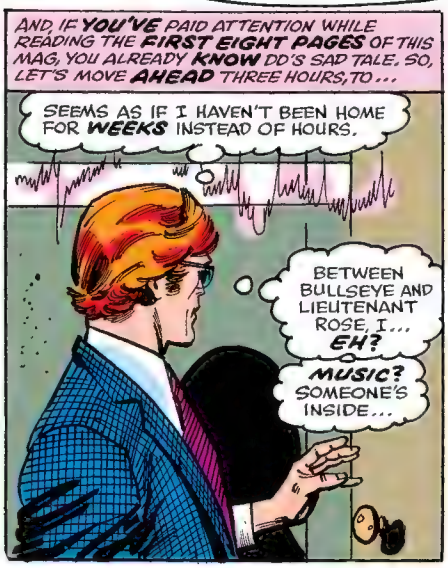
I'M SURE MATT'S JUST FINE. AND, KNOWING HIM, HE'S PROBABLY INVESTIGATING THAT SLUM-LORD MATTER...
...YOU KNOW, THE PROBLEM CONCERNING YOUR, EH, FATHER.*
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE DADDY'S OPERATING A ROW OF SLUM TENEMENTS.
*AS SHOWN LAST ISSUE.--MARV.
HE'S ALWAYS CARED ABOUT PEOPLE. WHY, HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO JOIN THE CIVIL RIGHTS MARCHES IN THE SIXTIES.
STILL, THE TENEMENT MATT INVESTIGATED IS OWNED BY GLENN INDUSTRIES--AND YOUR FATHER IS MAXWELL GLENN.
WELL, IF DADDY IS RESPONSIBLE, YOU BETTER BELIEVE HE'LL HEAR PLENTY FROM ME.
BUT, RIGHT ABOUT NOW, I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT DADDY. IT'S MATT.
YOU AND HE DO HAVE SOMETHING GOOD GOING, DON'T YOU?
YEAHHHHH!
MATT MAY BE A BIT STUFFY AT TIMES, BUT HE'S THE WARMEST MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN.
BESIDES, HE'S MY ONE LINK WITH A SANE WORLD. WITHOUT HIM I'D GO DIPPY AGAIN.
FOGGY, I DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIM. WHAT IF HE'S BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT...?
THEN I'LL PUT YOUR WORRIES TO REST, HEATHER. I STILL HAVE PLENTY OF FRIENDS ON THE POLICE FORCE.
I'LL HAVE THEM RUN A "MISSING PERSONS" CHECK OF HOSPITALS AND SUCH.
NOW, WILL YOU GO HOME AND PROMISE NOT TO PULL OUT YOUR PRETTY HAIR WORRYING, HEATHER?
THANKS, FOGGY, REALLY. I KNOW I'M A LITTLE SCATTER-BRAINED SOMETIMES, BUT I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS. BELIEVE ME.
NOW, IF ONLY SOMEONE WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP ME.
MY FIANCÉE, DEBORAH HARRIS, HAS VANISHED, AND I HAVEN'T HEARD WORD ONE FROM HER IN DAYS.
BUT, I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER HEATHER WITH MY PROBLEMS. SHE HAS ENOUGH OF HER OWN.

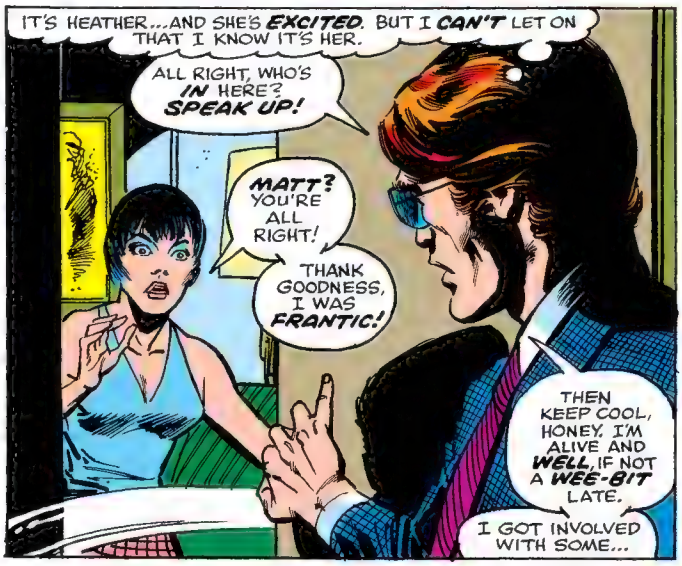

AND, SPEAKING OF HEATHER'S SCARLET-GARBED PROBLEM-CHILD...
BEAUTIFUL, CLOWN, SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL.
YOU HAVE OUR KILLER-BOY IN YOUR HANDS, AND YOU FLUB IT.
YEAH, YOU'RE A REAL HERO, CLOWN. YOU KNOW THAT?
CAN IT, ROSE. I KNOW I BOTCHED IT UP.

"CAN IT, ROSE?" "CAN IT?"
NO, HORNHEAD, I WON'T "CAN IT."
YOU COSTUMED HEROES THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN OUR HIGHLY-TRAINED PROFESSIONAL, POLICE FORCE...
...YOU TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, AND, WHEN YOU SCREW UP THE WORKS, YOU WANT US TO SIMPLY FORGET IT. NO WAY, HERO!

ROSE, WHEN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT CAN HANDLE MANIACS LIKE BULLSEYE, I'LL BE MORE THAN ECSTATIC TO TOSS AWAY THIS LOONY-TUNE UNION SUIT.
BUT, I HAVE SPECIAL, EH, ABILITIES--AND CRACK-POT CASES LIKE BULLSEYE ARE MORE UP MY ALLEY THAN YOURS.
THIS ISN'T A PUT-DOWN, LIEUTENANT, THE POLICE HERE DO AN INCREDIBLE JOB, BUT I'M BETTER ABLE TO HANDLE THESE SUPER-VILLAIN CASES THAN THE CITY IS.

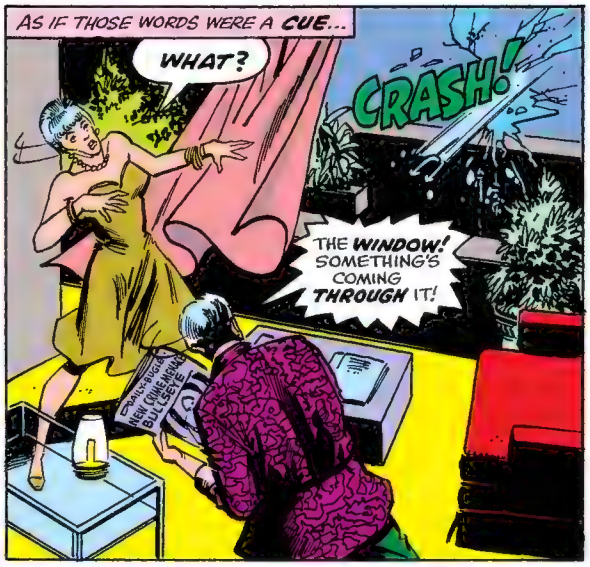
YEAH, WE KNOW, HORNHEAD. D.A. TOWER--AND NELSON BEFORE HIM--GAVE US THE FULL SOB-STORY.
AND, I STILL DON'T BUY IT.
SO, GLORY-HOUND, WE GO OVER YOUR STORY AGAIN... FROM THE BEGINNING.
AWWW--NUTS!


AND, IF YOU'VE PAID ATTENTION WHILE READING THE FIRST EIGHT PAGES OF THIS MAG, YOU ALREADY KNOW DD'S SAD TALE. SO, LET'S MOVE AHEAD THREE HOURS, TO...
SEEMS AS IF I HAVEN'T BEEN HOME FOR WEEKS INSTEAD OF HOURS.
BETWEEN BULLSEYE AND LIEUTENANT ROSE, I... EH?
MUSIC? SOMEONE'S INSIDE...


IT'S HEATHER...AND SHE'S EXCITED. BUT I CAN'T LET ON THAT I KNOW IT'S HER.
ALL RIGHT, WHO'S IN HERE? SPEAK UP!
MATT? YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
THANK GOODNESS, I WAS FRANTIC!
THEN KEEP COOL, HONEY. I'M ALIVE AND WELL, IF NOT A WEE-BIT LATE.
I GOT INVOLVED WITH SOME...

NOT NOW. YOU'LL TELL EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE TODAY, HANDSOME--OVER DINNER, YOUR TREAT, OF COURSE.
I'VE BEEN WORRYING SO MUCH ABOUT YOU I HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE DINNER BILL'S GOING TO BE A WHOPPER.
YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, LOVER. I'M FAMISHED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN ONE OF THE BIG APPLE'S BETTER 56th STREET RESTAURANTS...
MATT, YOU'VE EXPLAINED WHERE YOU WERE, BUT, SOMEHOW, I STILL HAVE A NAGGING SUSPICION THAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME EVERYTHING.
AND, YOU KNOW WHAT A BUSY-BODY I AM. C'MON, LEVEL WITH ME.
I'M NOT ONLY INCREDIBLY CUTE, BUT I'M A GREAT LISTENER.
HEATHER, I--
HOLD IT! HOLD IT! DON'T ANSWER ANYTHING, MATT. YOUR DIMPLED DARLING IS BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE A NAGGING WIFE.
I LOVE YOU, MATT, AND I KNOW EVERYONE'S GOT TO HAVE SOME PRIVATE THOUGHTS.
I WAS CROWDING YOU, HONEY, AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
I SWEAR ON A BOX OF "SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS."
BUT I GUESS THE BUSINESS WITH MY DAD'S GOT ME MORE DOWN THAN I THOUGHT.
YOUR FATHER? WHAT ABOUT HIM?
YOU KNOW--GLENN INDUSTRIES... THE SLUMLORD.
YOUR FATHER? GOOD GRAVY.
MATTHEW, YOU'RE AN A-ONE DUNCE!
I NEVER CONNECTED THE NAME WHEN I HEARD IT.
LITTLE LADY, NOW IT'S MY TURN TO BE THE NOSY LAWYER, AND MY EARS ARE EASILY AS CUTE AS YOURS. LET'S TALK.
NOW, LET'S MOVE A FEW SHORT STREETS AWAY TO...
HENRY AND FREDA FOSTER, YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS THE SECOND VICTIMS OF BULLSEYE.
SSSSSSSSS
FOR YOUR SAKES, I HOPE YOU ARE LUCKIER THAN MY FIRST.
SSSS

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ME, FREDA? I WANT YOUR JEWELS PUT IN OUR VAULT.
WITH MANIACS LIKE THIS BULLSEYE AROUND, NOTHING IS SAFE.
AND I SAY, IF I OWN JEWELRY, I WEAR IT. I'M NOT EASILY FRIGHTENED, HENRY.

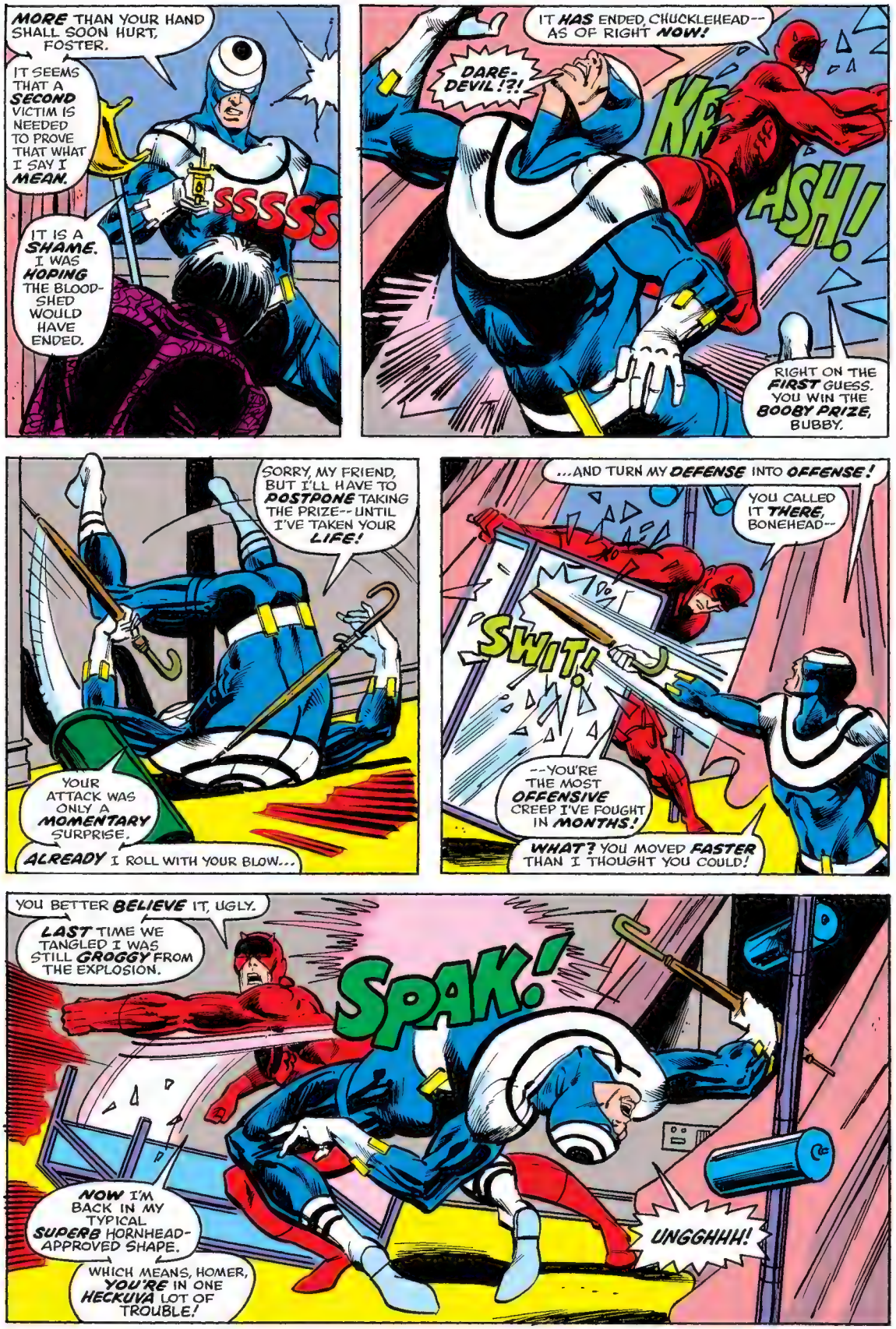

AS IF THOSE WORDS WERE A CUE...
WHAT?
CRASH!
THE WINDOW! SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH IT!

DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
IS HE CONNECTED WITH SPIDER-MAN?
HENRY?
HENRY--- SPEAK TO ME!
HENRY!!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HENRY?!?
DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
IS HE CONNECTED WITH SPIDER-MAN?
HE IS NOT HARMED, MRS. FOSTER.
AND, HE WON'T BE...

...IF HE FOLLOWS ALL MY ORDERS.
DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE
BULLSEYE
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
OH, MY LORD, IT'S--
YOU RECOGNIZE ME, FOSTER? HOW FLATTERING. I SEE MY LITTLE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN HAS WORKED WELL.
AS FOR YOU, MRS. FOSTER, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.
THE NAME IS BULLSEYE.
YES, THE SAME ONE AS ON THAT TABLOID'S COVER.
AND, AS FOR WHY I HAVE COME TO YOUR VERY PLEASANT APARTMENT; I DESIRE MONEY.
$100,000 WILL DO. IN UNMARKED HUNDREDS.
WHY, THE NERVE OF--
ENOUGH, DEAR. THIS MAN'S A MURDERER!
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY...
...BUT I NEED TIME TO RAISE THE CASH... AT LEAST A DAY!
BULLSEYE IS NOT AN UNREASONABLE MAN, MR. FOSTER. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR TIME.
I SHALL CONTACT YOU TOMORROW.
AH, ONE LAST ITEM. DO NOT CALL THE POLICE, MR. FOSTER. I'LL KNOW IF YOU TRY.
AND THEN I SHALL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU AND FOREGO OUR BARGAIN.
FAREWELL FOR NOW, MR. AND MRS. FOSTER. AND ENJOY THE REST OF THIS EVENING.

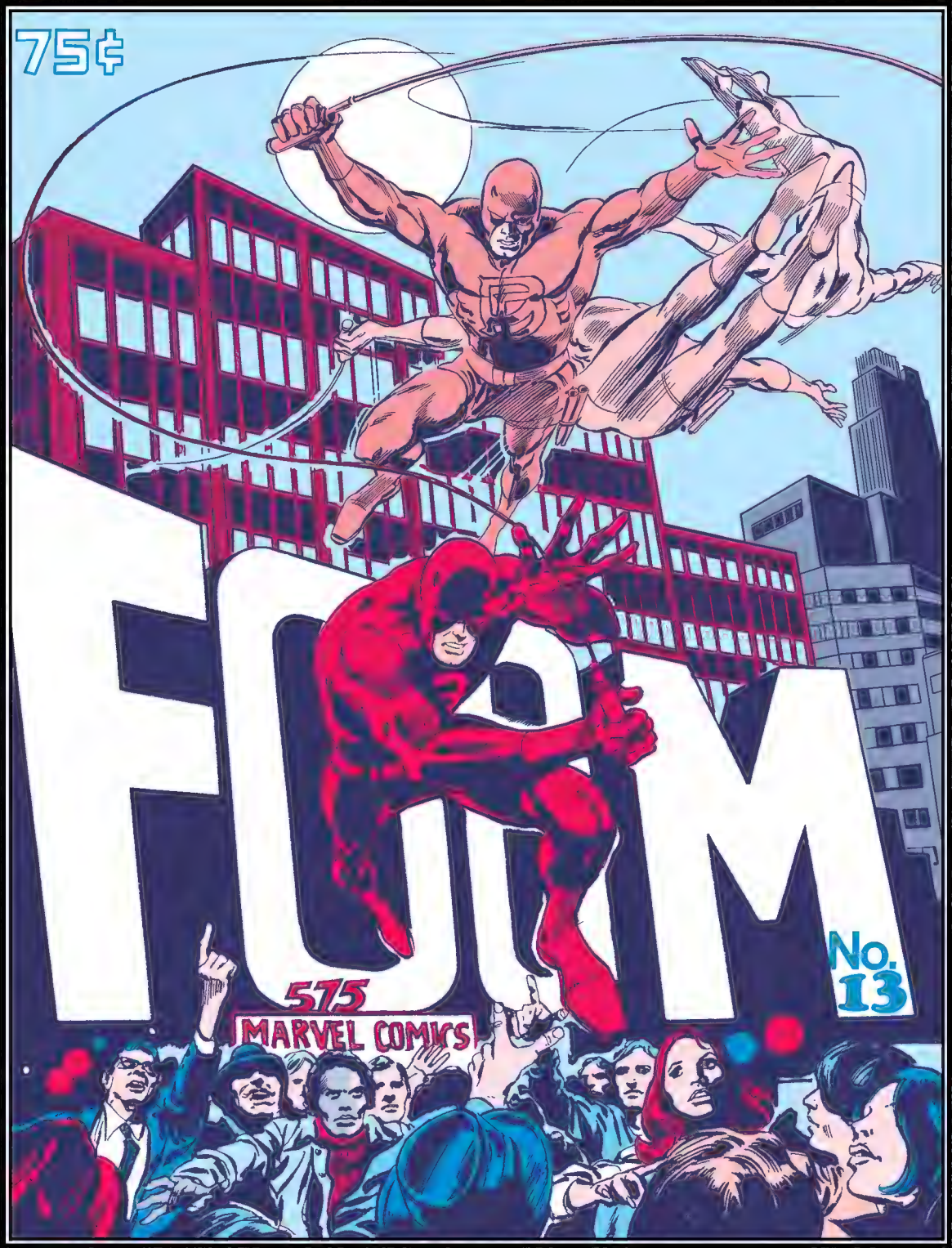
HE'S INSANE. ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO DO WHAT HE DEMANDED?
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE, DEAR?
HE'S ALREADY KILLED ONE MAN...
...AND HE'LL DEFINITELY KILL ME IF I DON'T PAY.
BUT, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES ON THAT CROOK'S DOUBLE-CROSSING ME. I WILL CALL THE POLICE...
...JUST TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING AFTER I'VE PAID HIM.
HOW PREDICTABLE THESE FOOLS ARE. AH WELL, HE'S LEFT ME NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER.
IN THE MEANTIME...
SO, WHEN DADDY SET UP GLENN INDUSTRIES, IT WAS WITH THE IDEA OF--?
THAT WHINING NOISE... IT'S BULLSEYE'S GUN. HE MUST BE NEARBY.
MATT? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
HEATHER, PLEASE DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO.
MATT? MATT?!?
HE DOESN'T HEAR A WORD I'M SAYING.
FORTUNATELY, MY RADAR SENSES PICKED UP THE SOUND. IT'S TOO HIGH-PITCHED FOR ANY NORMAL PERSON.
MATT!!
AS I SAID TO ROSE, I'M BETTER EQUIPPED TO HANDLE THESE CASES.
AND...
POLICE... POLICE? THIS IS--
YOU ARE NO ONE, HENRY FOSTER!
I WARNED YOU, MY FRIEND, AND NOW YOU MUST PAY FOR DISREGARDING MY WARNING.
AGGHHH! MY HAND! MY HAND!!


MORE THAN YOUR HAND SHALL SOON HURT, FOSTER.
IT SEEMS THAT A SECOND VICTIM IS NEEDED TO PROVE THAT WHAT I SAY I MEAN.
SSSSS
IT IS A SHAME. I WAS HOPING THE BLOOD-SHED WOULD HAVE ENDED.
IT HAS ENDED, CHUCKLEHEAD-- AS OF RIGHT NOW!
DARE-DEVIL!?!
KR
ASH!
RIGHT ON THE FIRST GUESS. YOU WIN THE BOOBY PRIZE, BUBBY.
SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT I'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE TAKING THE PRIZE--UNTIL I'VE TAKEN YOUR LIFE!
YOUR ATTACK WAS ONLY A MOMENTARY SURPRISE.
ALREADY I ROLL WITH YOUR BLOW...
...AND TURN MY DEFENSE INTO OFFENSE!
YOU CALLED IT THERE, BONEHEAD--
SWIT!
--YOU'RE THE MOST OFFENSIVE CREEP I'VE FOUGHT IN MONTHS!
WHAT? YOU MOVED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT YOU COULD!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, UGLY.
LAST TIME WE TANGLED I WAS STILL GROGGY FROM THE EXPLOSION.
SPAK!
NOW I'M BACK IN MY TYPICAL SUPERB HORNHEAD-APPROVED SHAPE.
WHICH MEANS, HOMER, YOU'RE IN ONE HECKUVA LOT OF TROUBLE!
UNGGHHH!

HOPE I DON'T WIN THIS BATTLE JUST TO LOSE ANOTHER-- WITH HEATHER.
MAN, I PRAY SHE'S AS UNDERSTANDING AS I THINK SHE IS. OTHERWISE-- WHAT!?!
OH NO! I COULDN'T CATCH THAT BLOW IN TIME--
HE'S HIT MY SHOULDER-- AND IT FEELS AS IF IT'S DISLOCATED!
SPUNG
YOU ARE QUITE GOOD WITH WORDS, MY FRIEND, BUT I NOTICED YOU FAVORING YOUR SHOULDER IN OUR LAST BATTLE.
PERHAPS IT WAS INJURED? AND, PERHAPS I CAN DO THE SAME AGAIN!
MAYBE SO, CHUCKLES, BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE CHANCE!
AGGHHH! HE'S WISE TO ME, BUT I CAN'T LET ON! I MUSTN'T!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
SPUD!
YOU ARE A RATHER VERSATILE FIGHTER, MY FRIEND...
BUT BULLSEYE IS ALL THAT AND MORE!
OBSERVE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN. IN MY HANDS IT BECOMES A DEADLY MISSILE--
...ONE PRIMED TO KILL!
SKASH!
PROVIDING YOU HIT YOUR TARGET, SWEETHEART...
WHICH-- IF I DON'T KEEP ON MY TOES-- WON'T BE HARD!
BETWEEN MY BUM SHOULDER AND HIS INFALLIBLE AIM, THIS ISN'T GONNA BE AN EASY VICTORY.
"VICTORY" HECK! I'LL BE HAPPY JUST REMAINING IN ONE PIECE!

HIS HEART-BEAT'S RELAXING-- HE THINKS HE'S GOT ME-- HE'S BECOMING TOO CONFIDENT.
I'VE GOT TO MOVE-- NOW!
THWAK!
...AND, FRIEND, ANY WEAPON IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE GUY WHO USES 'EM.
WHICH, IN YOUR CASE, MEANS YOU'RE SUNK!
NO MORE OFF-THE-CUFF BANTERING, BULLSEYE, AND I DON'T NEED ANY FANCY FOOTWORK TO TAKE CARE OF CREEPS LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE A MURDERER, AND YOU DESERVE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
SKUNCH!
NOO!!!!
"NO!" WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "NO!"?
I SAID YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY DOWN AND OUT, BABY...
SKUNG!
...AND I MEANT IT!
KAK!
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, THE SHOW'S OVER.
PLEASE CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND ASK FOR LIEUTENANT BERT ROSE.
TELL 'IM THERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT WAITING HERE FOR HIM--
-- FROM DAREDEVIL, WITH LOVE AND KISSES!
NEXT
THE UNCANNY URI GELLER
AND THE UNSTOPPABLE MENACE OF MIND-WAVE
AND HIS FEARSOME THINK TANK
ON SALE IN JUST 30 DAYS!
'NUFF SAID!

F.O.O.M. #13 (March 1976) explores the history and creators behind Marvel's Man Without Fear



DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

(but first, a word from our sponsors...)

Welcome, dear friends and gentlepersons, to the Friday-the-Thirteenth issue of *F.O.O.M.*

Why the Friday-the-Thirteenth issue, you ask, having noticed, as well you might—being of sound mind and body and, of course, having an up-to-date calendar nearby—that there ain't a Friday-the-Thirteenth to be seen for months on end around the time this gentle bundle of literary joy lands—*plop!*—in your collective mailboxes? Reasonable question, deserving a reasonable answer. Which is that this slightly madcap editorial is being somewhat hastily scrivened amid the bitter winds and drifting snows of February, with an angry, anguished Production Manager (one *Lenny Grow* by name) breathing down ye editor's neck and—you guessed it!—Friday-the-Thirteenth staring him in the face. Along with dreams of what it must be like to put out a magazine that gets itself to the printers at anywhere near its due date.

But I digress. Back to the main event...

The Thirteenth Issue of *F.O.O.M.*—spotlighting, as seems only fitting for this most ominous of numbers, with a book going to the printer so near that most ominous of dates, *DAREDEVIL*, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Like I said, *Daredevil* means something special to me. In many ways, he's my favorite Marvel hero (not counting the *X-Men* or *Iron Fist*, of course). He's a man who could be you or me, a man crippled by fate who's managed to totally surmount his injury. A blind man coping and conquering the world he's forced to live in. Sure, his radar-senses give him an edge over the rest of us, but the athletic prowess, the strength, the acrobatic skill...all of that is possible for a normal person—if you don't believe me, just watch this year's summer Olympics. Daredevil is an Olympic gymnast carried to the N*th*—the highest—degree. Not as spectacular as a *Thor*, perhaps, nor as spooky/flamboyant as a *Spider-Man*, but infinitely more human.

Daredevil, *F.O.O.M. #13*—or most of it, anyway—is yours.

To begin with, after a spectacular cover by DD artists supreme, *Gene Colan* and *Tom Palmer*: "In the Eyes of a Beholder" by *Ms. Naomi Basner*, a critical overview of *Daredevil's* life and times, from those long-ago—and very far away—days of issue #1 up thru the present of *Marv Wolfman*.

Following "Beholder" the discerning reader will find "The Girls in Daredevil's Life" by the same, extraordinarily prolific Ms. Basner (who was originally scheduled to scriven only one of the two main articles, but who pitched in and came to ye editor's rescue when the other writer couldn't complete the assignment and the Dreaded Deadline Doom reared its hoary head—again, and in public this time, Naomi, thanks a bunch). The subject here should be obvious, a brief, incisive look at the three women in DD's—and Matt Murdock's—life: *Karen Page, Natasha Alianovna Romanoff* aka the *Black Widow*, and *Heather Glenn*. How he affected their lives, how they affected his, why the relationships worked, why they fell apart.

There's a page of art from the students of *John Buscema's Comic Art School*, showcasing talents who may one day be appearing in these pages as pro's. And a checklist of all *Daredevil's* books, from DD#1 thru DD#134, listing number, date, title, writer, artist, inker, and number of pages—just to let you know what your collection's missing. And, finally, a pair of interviews: with the Smilin' One, *Stan Lee*, himself—to find out where Daredevil's been; and with *Marvelous Marv Wolfman*—to find out where the heck the book is going.

And, just to prove that variety is indeed the spice of *F.O.O.M.*, we've got an article on Marvel's British Book Department, telling you everything you ever wanted to know about the Marvel books published in Perfidious Albion—better known as Great Britain—written by a newcomer to the Marvel scene, *Martin Sands*.

We end our somewhat rambling prologue by noting that, as usual, we've left the Department of Infoomation 'til last. An oversight, I assure you—*Scott Edelman* is 'way too big to risk getting him angry at you, much less at me. But, anyway, it's there, and it's chock full of interesting little tid-bits, not to mention all the information you'll ever need on the upcoming quarter-year's titles, culled (if you'll excuse the...pun?) (*Ouch*, Scott, I didn't mean it; honest!) from the writer's mouths themselves (the writers being unavailable for comment at press time.)

Enough silliness already; this is supposed to be a serious magazine!

Who said?

What we—rather, I—aim to do in *F.O.O.M.* in the issues to come is give you a magazine that's fun to read, but one that doesn't insult your intelligence, either. You're reading this mag—or so we've been told—because you like and enjoy Marvel, because you're *interested* in us and in what we publish, because you want to learn more about us, about the books you buy each month. Well, that's what we aim to give you; and then some.

In addition to the cover features—which, in upcoming issues, will spotlight *Conan and assorted barbarians* (namely, *Red Sonja* and *Kull*); *Thor;* Kung Fu heroes (*Shang-Chi, Iron Fist, the Sons of the Tiger, the White Tiger*); and, with any luck at all, the Bullpen itself—we're planning continuing features such as: the villains list (an A-to-Z run-thru of the most villainous evil-doers in Marvel's not-so-nice-guy pantheon, a letter an issue); a new features profile, filling you in on new titles and new characters, with behind-the-scenes info on their creation. There'll be the Fan Art Gallery, of course, but there will be a Back Page Gallery as well, showcasing the back-of-the-page scribblings (warm-up sketches done on the backs of the regular art pages) of such Marvel luminaries as *John Buscema* and *Dave Cockrum*. We also plan a continuation of the Bullpen Bio page, filling you in on people who are just as essential to Marvel as our writers and artists, but who remain unsung and unappreciated outside the industry.

To be blunt, we plan to make *F.O.O.M.* the most exciting and interesting thing to come down the pike in a long time. We have a lot of ideas, a lot of things we'll try just for the heck of it, a lot of things we'll be wanting your opinion on. So write us; the more letters, the better; we'll be glad to hear from you.

But whatever you do, dear friends and gentlepersons, don't miss *F.O.O.M.*; because if you do, you'll be missing something special. And no way would we want that to happen to a Friend of Ol' Marvel.

See ya in the funny papers, gang; don't be late!

chris claremont

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Through The Eyes Of A Beholder

"People make *heroes . . . . We're born from a gut-level* need *to help—and a need* for *help . . . ."*
—Daredevil (issue #100)

"If you ask me, *they're probably all a bunch of practicing neurotics!"*
—Foggy Nelson (DAREDEVIL #19)

by Naomi Basner & Chris Claremont

What makes a superhero? Special abilities. Hard work. Fate. But there has to be another ingredient. Attitude. State of mind. Something inside that wants to go out and save the world—that needs to be the only one who can stop the menace. Take it away, and maybe all that'll be left is "just another clown in longjohns."

Which brings us to the year 1950, and a prizefighter named Battling Murdock, urging his eight-year-old son, Matthew to study, so that he would amount to something when grown. Striving to please his father, Matt earned straight A's in school, but avoided athletics. This made him the target of taunts from the neighborhood kids, who dubbed him "Daredevil", and caused him to begin working out in secret, keeping in excellent physical shape while continuing to do well academically. Meanwhile, Battling Murdock—past his prime and having trouble getting fights—signed with a crooked manager known as the Fixer, in order to earn enough money to send Matt to college.

1957: enter Fate. Matt Murdock, returning home from the library, spotted a blind man about to be hit by a speeding truck. A less conscientious person might have done nothing, but Matt raced to push the man out of the way, a cylinder of radioactive material the truck was carrying striking him in the face. He was blinded, but soon discovered that the radioactivity had heightened his other senses. His hearing was sharp enough to detect a person's heartbeat, serving as a means of identification as well as a built-in lie detector. He could read by running his fingers over a printed page. His "radar sense" warned him of obstacles and allowed him to perceive the outlines of solid objects. With these new abilities added to his acrobatic skills, Matt had all the makings of a super-hero, but instead, he chose to keep his hypersenses to himself.

Until . . . 1964: Battling Murdock was ordered to throw a fight. Matt and his college roomate, Foggy Nelson, were in the audience, and Murdock kayoed his opponent out of the desire to make his son proud of him. The Fixer had him shot for the unscheduled victory, just weeks before Matt's graduation from law school and the establishment of the firm of Nelson and Murdock. Matt felt unable to concentrate on his work until his father's death was avenged, but hesitated to break his promise never to resort to force.

His solution was to create another identity to do the crime-fighting, so he could use his powers without going back on his word. This dissociation of self didn't really change the fact that Matt was getting into brawls, but it made him feel better about doing so. He chose the name "Daredevil" in a flash of irony, and designed himself a costume, complete with a "billy-club" weapon formed from his cane. Then he cleaned up the Fixer and company, in record time.

Daredevil's career was now officially begun. No vows made, a minimum of hesitation. The murder of Battling Murdock was only the catalyst which set into motion events that had their origins in Matt's adolescence. Once he had completed his first case, DD went on to battle car thieves and supervillains alike, without a moment's doubt as to whether or not to continue. It seemed only logical that he should, and the role became increasingly important to him, frequently interfering with his law practice. He could now be the active, heroic figure that blind, studious Matt Murdock was never allowed to be—and he enjoyed every minute of it!

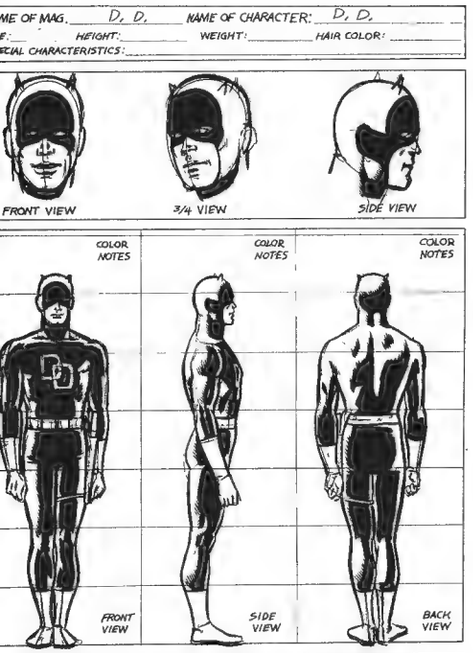
Although sensitive to pity for his supposed handicap, Matt from the beginning reconciled himself to the prospect of being blind *and* Daredevil, rather than regaining his eyesight and losing his other powers. He did have the opportunity to see again on several separate occasions, but circumstances and free will prevented a permanent cure. On the first occasion, the only doctor capable of restoring his sight was killed while stopping an artificially-produced radioactive cobalt cloud from engulfing the earth, saving Matt the trouble of finding an excuse for not going through with the operation. Months later, he was able to see for a short time, while trapped inside the body of Doctor Doom. Of course, he was glad to trick Doom into giving back his body, even at the cost of his "borrowed" sight.

Actually, despite the conflicts it caused with Foggy Nelson and Karen Page, Matt liked being Daredevil more than anything else. He often felt stifled in his civilian identity, needing the action and excitement of swinging through the rooftops, and the glory of striking a more dynamic blow for Justice than he could as a mere lawyer. And so it went, until the necessity of protecting his secret identity began one of the most significant periods of Daredevil's career.

Having teamed with Daredevil several times, as well as battling him under extenuating circumstances, Spider-Man had come to the correct conclusion that DD was Matt Murdock, and sent him a letter to that effect. However, while DD was in Europe on a mission, the letter was opened by Karen and Foggy, who confronted Matt with their new-found knowledge when he returned. Matt countered by making up a twin brother named Mike, a sighted swinger who just happened to be Daredevil. When Foggy demanded to meet this twin, DD dressed up and appeared in the offices of Nelson and Murdock as brother "Mike." He was instantly accepted as the real thing, on the grounds that his eccentric personality was too alien to Matt's to be an act. (Neither Karen or Foggy ever thought of asking Mike to take off his sunglasses, which would've blown the whole thing wide open. Some people are just naturally trusting . . .)

Karen's and Foggy's implicit belief that Daredevil was Mike rather that Matt didn't really make DD's secret identity any more secret, but he apparently thought that "Mike" would be easier to get rid of in an emergency. Besides, being Mike Murdock allowed Hornhead to have the most fun he'd ever had as a civilian. Mike was able to hang around and make jokes until DD was needed, mooching off Foggy and (presumably) Matt. In effect, Matt *was* supporting his "twin", since he was the one who got the law work done, and Mike only showed up when the Man Without Fear felt like taking a rest.

Confusing, no? But that's the danger of juggling three different identities: you can never be sure who's who! Matt/Mike/Daredevil wasn't (weren't?) absolutely certain, either. It



artist Wally Wood's original character sketch for Daredevil, circa 1964.

began to seem as though there were at least two, and possibly three, separate personalites sharing the same body.

After a while, the extra identity of Mike Murdock became more trouble than it was worth, and DD started looking for a chance to end the masquerade. This came while he was rescuing Foggy from the Exterminator's T (for time)-Ray. He shorted out the machine's controls, causing it to explode, and left a shred of his uniform to make it look as though Mike had been killed in the explosion. He momentarily entertained the thought of letting Daredevil stay "dead," but went back into action at the drop of a supervillain, concluding that he could never give up being a hero—no matter what the cost.

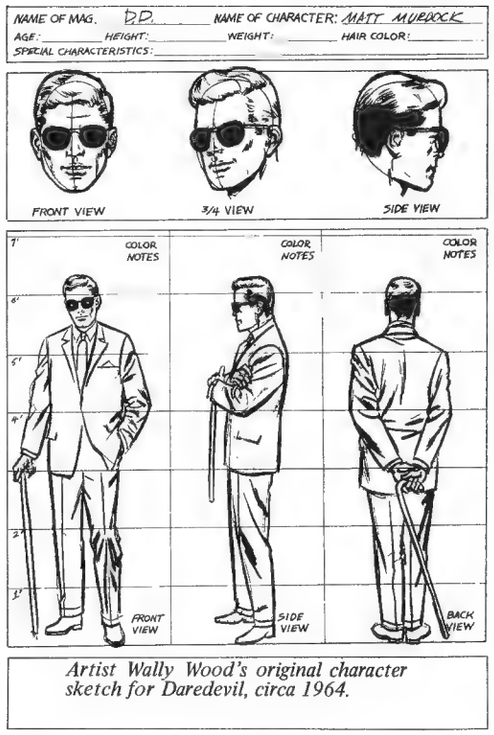
And the cost turned out to be quite high. Daredevil's comings and goings caused Matt's behavior to be erratic at best—and extremely annoying upon occasion—which did little to improve his social life. He bemoaned this situation between battles, but his conscience wouldn't allow him to hand up his long-johns.

Not for lack of trying, though. He was in the process of doing just that, when a killer robot sent by an assassin named Starr Saxon forced him to postpone his retirement indefinitely, first so he could fight for his life, and then because Saxon had stumbled onto his secret identity. This sequence of events combined with a violent reaction to an injection to bring about a temporary delirium, during which Matt was positive that Daredevil was conspiring with Saxon against him.

Matt's head soon cleared from his illness, and he retrieved his uniform to go after Starr Saxon, aided by the Black Panther—who had also inadvertently learned his secret. Matt had to let Saxon go, however, when Saxon threatened to expose his secret identity. After a great deal of thought about how this predicament could be gotten out of, DD concluded that it was blind, helpless Matt Murdock who was responsible for all his troubles. He planned to make it seem as though Matt had been killed in a plane crash—thus, in a way, substantiating his alter ego's earlier fears. The plan worked, Matt's "death" foiling Saxon's blackmail scheme and freeing Daredevil to bring him to justice.

However, these weren't the only changes ol' Hornhead was going thru around this time. He had a new writer, Rascally Roy Thomas—who took over the Starr Saxon plotline after Stan Lee had begun it in issue #50. After four years and fifty issues, Stan was bowing out to concentrate on Marvel's mainline books—*Spider-Man, Thor,* the *Fantastic Four,* the new *Silver Surfer* giant-size bi-monthly—leaving the scripting of the not-so-mainline books to the second generation of Marvel Madmen, people like Roy, Gary & Mike Friedrich; and later on, Gerry Conway, Steve Englehart, Steve Gerber, Marv Wolfman and Len Wein. But more on them later.

So here was Daredevil, his alter ego—both of them, finally—dead, free to start a new life anywhere and anyway he wanted, free to do—again, finally—what he'd always wanted to do deep in his heart of hearts: be a super-hero. Without any secret identity hassles to plague him. Of course, he'd forgotten the effect Matt Murdock's death might have on the woman both Matt and DD loved, Karen Page; she took it hard, to put it mildly. And by time he *did* realize what he had done to her, possibly to both of them, there was nothing he could do about it without blowing his precious, newly-won anonimity all over again. It seemed that the more he tried to iron out the problems in his life, the worse everything got.



Artist Wally Wood's original character sketch for Daredevil, circa 1964.

Roy was on the book for a little under two years, issues #51 thru 71, but in those years, he set Daredevil up against one of his most macabre foes; and had our hero make a decision that was to change his life—and the life of Karen Page, the woman he had loved all these lonesome years—forever. Both of these events were bound up in the same story line.

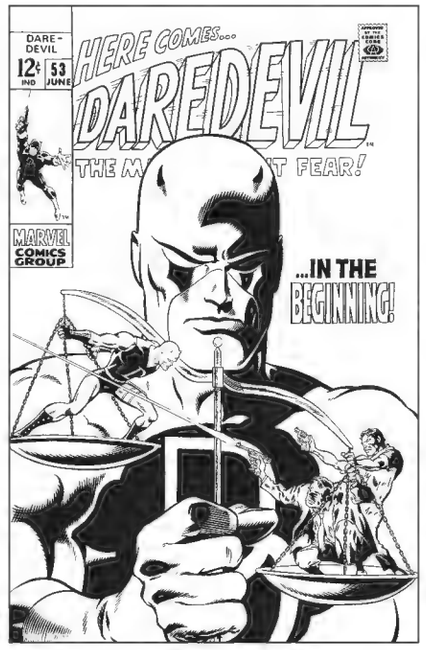
The villain was *Death's-Head,* a spectral sort of chap all bound up in white linen bandages, clad in the proverbial cape and topping off the whole megilla with an ancient Aztec burial mask—not the sort of chap you'd especially want to meet on a deserted Vermont road in the hours after sunset. In fact, he was a demon creature out of Karen Page's oldest childhood nightmares, a horrific figure that always tried to ride her down, chasing her thru the landscape of her dreams on his skeletal horse, laughing like a madman and calling for her death.

Upon returning home, to recover somewhat from Matt Murdock's death, Karen discovered that the dream had acquired an all-too-horrible reality.

Daredevil had followed her north, and, almost immediately, he got himself involved in the mystery. Which was resolved—after appropriate death-traps and harrowing, hair-raising escapes from same—when the villain was revealed as Dr. Paxton Page, Karen's father, the nuclear physicist who had developed the Cobalt Bomb and who'd been branded a traitor when he'd refused to divulge the secrets of this most terrible of weapons. His work had driven him mad and, in the end, it killed him.

That was the minor revelation of the story-line. The beaut occurred at Paxton Page's funeral, when DD told Karen to take off his mask, thereby revealing his secret identity to the woman he loved. Karen promptly fainted (but more on this—in far more detail—in the accompanying article, *The Women in Daredevil's Life).* The two of them returned to New York, where DD planned to announce his retirement, together with their engagement. Daredevil would be no more.

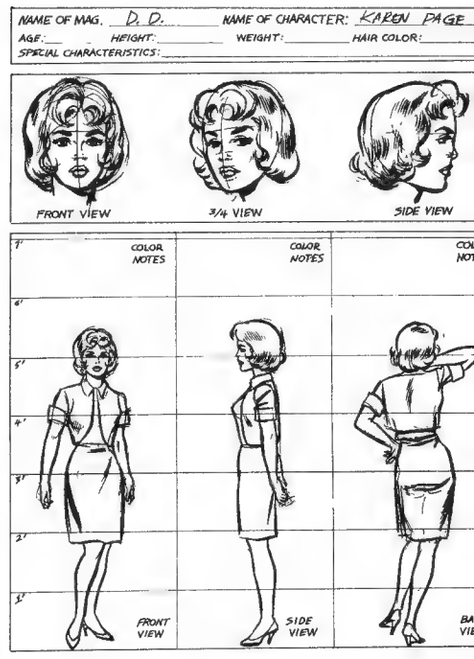
Only it didn't work out that way. The initial decision was scrubbed by the intervention of a costumed stunt-cyclist named, appropriately enough, the *Stunt-Master.* And from there on, things went from worse to catastrophic. Karen wanted no part of Daredevil's life—she wanted *Matt*—and Matt couldn't give up the super-heroic life he led. Eventually, Karen decided that she'd had enough and she left New York for the Coast, to begin a new career as an actress.



Skip a few years now (as much for lack of space as any other reason), years during which DD fought such luminaries as *Brother Brimstone* (versions A & B), *Stilt-man,* a mob called *Phoenix,* some black revolutionaries, the *Tribune* (a bow to the anti-war sentiment and conspiracy trials of the very early '70's, with the villain an ultra-right wing super-patriot out to zap all those who didn't believe in his version of patriotism.) All thru this somewhat exciting period in DD's life, Karen's career on the big screen was moving steadily onward and upward; she still thought of our hero a lot, despite the discrete, but sincere, attentions of her agent. And Daredevil still thought of her. Hope springs eternal, especially in comic books.

Issue #72; January, 1971: enter another new villain—*Tagak, the Leopard Lord* (a sort of inter-dimensional cop)—but more importantly, enter a new writer: *Merry Gerry Conway,* who took care of DD's life for the next twenty-five issues or so. Under Gerry's watchful eye, Hornhead got involved with *Scorpio* (a cross-over with *Iron Man,* resolving some plot threads from *Nick Fury, Agent of SHIELD*), dealt with a Manhattan Island suddenly gone blind and helpless (the people, not the island—*sheesh!);* he went down to Latin America to help out one of those democratic Latin regimes that seem to exist only in comic books—a side note here: about this time *Daredevil* (the book), still being pencilled by DD artist supreme, Gene Colan, acquired the talents of a man who is probably the finest Colan-inker going, not to mention one of the finest inkers in the business today; namely, Tom Palmer. End of side note. There was a one issue bout between DD and Spider-Man, with some kibbitzing —and some accompanying fisticuffs as well—from Namor, the Sub-Mariner, more of a set-up story than anything else, the plot being wrapped up in that month's issue of *Sub-Mariner;* however, the story did serve to get Karen Page (now a *very* promising Hollywood hopeful) back to the Big Apple.

And then there was *Mr. Kline.* An epic plot line if there ever was one (surpassed in complexity—not to mention longevity—only by the Dormammu/Evil Eye melange in *Defenders/Avengers* and the Kang/Celestial Madonna plotline in the *Avengers).* Only seven issues of Daredevil when you sit down and



count 'em, but in those seven issues, DD fought the *Man-Bull* twice, the *Owl* twice, the *Scorpion,* the *Black Widow, Mr. Hyde,* and, finally, Mr. Kline—or the *Assassin,* as he was known by then—himself. Foggy Nelson's career as Manhattan's fighting DA was damn near shot down the tubes, Foggy the man nearly broken by what Kline had forced him—thru blackmail—to do. And Daredevil met the Black Widow.

Had his life saved by her, in fact. He returned the compliment—as Matt Murdock—when she was put on trial (by Foggy, on Kline's orders) for the supposed murder of the Scorpion's body disappeared, and the (again at Kline's command) when the Scorpion's body disappeared and the Widow was set free (not to worry, though, the case wouldn't have stood up in court; the man the Widow was supposed to have murdered was, you see, an android, and killing androids is not yet a criminal offense).

Daredevil and the Widow. Her own book had failed around this time, but she was too good a character—it was felt—to consign her to limbo. And where better to put her than *Daredevil.* It seemed like the perfect match. They tackled the Gladiator together—sort of—in a 747 at 30,000 feet. But then Matt Murdock ran into Karen back in

New York and that romance seemed to be getting on the ball again; until the Ox butted in and Karen found herself forced to choose between her career and this man she'd thought she loved. It turned out to be no contest. She chose her career; and Matt and Karen said good-bye.

Enter the Widow.

Enter San Francisco. Matt and Natasha (the Widow's true name, *Natasha Alianovna Romanoff,* moved west, took up residence—on separate floors—in a hillside mansion; and started crime-fighting in this city by the bay. First opponent, *Electro.* First hassle: SFPD Commissioner Robert "Ironguts" O'Hara (remember the name). First friend: SFPD Tac Force Lieutenant Paul Carson.

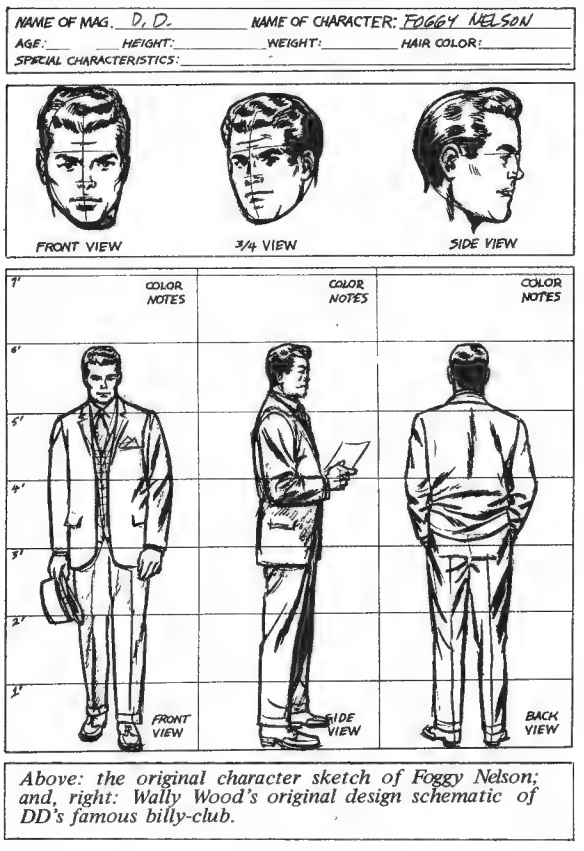
Over the next few issues, we met a man out of 'Tasha's past, one Danny French; learned something of her earlier life—as a child in Russia and, later, as a Soviet spy; there was Jason Sloan, Matt's new law partner; the return of Mr. Fear—who turned out to be Larry Cranston, one of Sloan's partners. There was the mystery of Project 4, and there was Damon Dran, who wanted that secret very badly, and who used it to become the Indestructible Man. Of course he *was* destructible—but it took Danny French's life to do it.

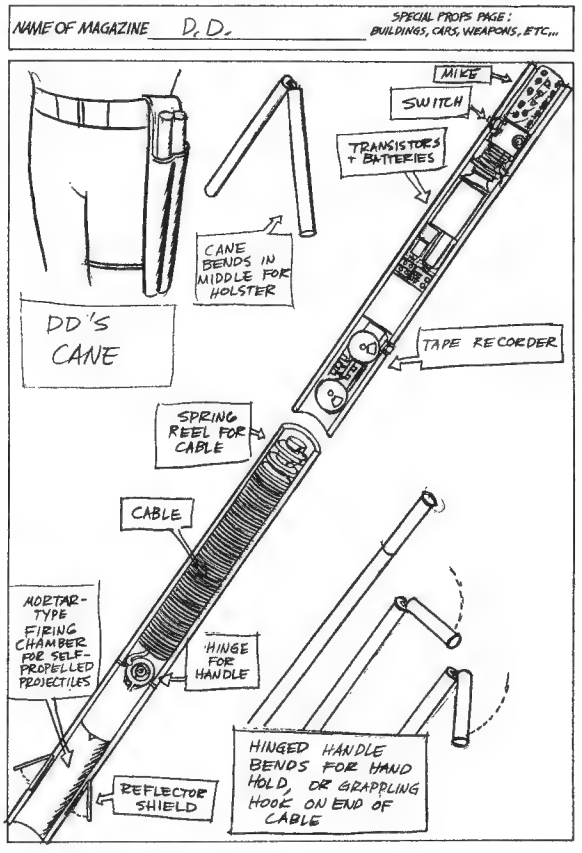
Which brings us to the fourth of Hornhead's scriveners, *Steve Gerber,* who picked up the book with the *Dark Messiah* plotline and moved it right along thru *Angar the Screamer* (with a one issue interlude plotted by Mr. Conway and written by yours truly—ye foomic editor), *Ramrod, Kraven the Hunter, Madame MacEvil* (now renamed *Moondragon,* priestess of Titan; one of the good people now), and, finally, *Terrax*—the horrific alter-ego of Kerwin Broderick, one of San Francisco's most respected lawyers.

Hornhead had also regained his sight for part of an issue, but that had proved to be too much of a disadvantage in combat—he learned that *seeing* what he was doing did indeed make one heckuva lot of difference. He couldn't see and remain Daredevil, so he gave up his sight. There was a brief romantic triangle revolving around DD, the Widow and Moondragon, but the Titan priestess left for the Avengers and things kind of settled back to normal.

With the climax of the Terrex plot, though, DD acquired the artist who—with some exceptions—has pencilled the book from then 'till now, twenty-five-plus issues over two years: *Bob Brown.* And almost immediately, things started jumping. There was Nekra, High Priestess of Death and her brother (in spirit) the *Mandrill.* Shanna the She-Devil wheeled in—from her own now-defunct book and stuck around thru the climax of Mandrill's mad plan to take over the United States by force of arms (though why the military didn't try to stop him when he walked into the White House is a mystery that has never been resolved). By the way, Shanna—born Shanna o'Hara (we told you to remember that name)—turned out to be Old Ironguts' niece.

Exit the Widow. From the title of the book a while back, only a few issues after she'd made it onto the logo. From the book itself in issue #113. Oh, sure, she reappeared from time to time (but so did Karen Page, remember?) and the two of them tried to recapture what they'd once had, but it didn't work. The relationship was dead. Eventually, both of them saw that and each went




NAME OF MAGAZINE D. D.
SPECIAL PROPS PAGE: BUILDINGS, CARS, WEAPONS, ETC.,..
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SWITCH
TRANSISTORS + BATTERIES
CANE BENDS IN MIDDLE FOR HOLSTER
DD'S CANE
TAPE RECORDER
SPRING REEL FOR CABLE
CABLE
MORTAR-TYPE FIRING CHAMBER FOR SELF-PROPELLED PROJECTILES
HINGE FOR HANDLE
HINGED HANDLE BENDS FOR HAND HOLD, OR GRAPPLING HOOK ON END OF CABLE
REFLECTOR SHIELD

Above: the original character sketch of Foggy Nelson; and, right: Wally Wood's original design schematic of DD's famous billy-club.

Presenting, a never before page seen pencilled by Gene Colan for a never completed Daredevil. Check out the border notes. FOOM-ers-- anyone care to figure out what's going on?

their separate ways in a parting that hurt—in this writer/editor's opinion—both more than the parting of Matt and Karen.

Tony Isabella became Hornhead's fifth writer; though he only had the book for five issues, long enough to craft a monumental—dare we say it?—epic: Daredevil and the Widow, and SHIELD, versus the horrendous hordes of HYDRA. Foggy Nelson found himself offered the civilian directorship of SHIELD, and then found himself kidnapped because of it (he later turned the job down). And there was a climactic battle that left Shea Stadium somewhat enthusiastically destroyed. But the forces of evil had been defeated; the forces of good, victorious.

Marv Wolfman took over with the next issue (124), with a half-book assist from *Len Wein*. And, for the last time, the Widow drove out of Matt's life.

A lot of nice villains followed in some fair stories: *Copperhead*, the re-

turn of the new—and improved—*Torpedo*, the return of *Death-Stalker*, *Man-Bull;* a voodoo story; and a blackmailer-cum-murderer called *Bullseye*. In upcoming issues, the return of the *Jester*.

There's a new lady in Matt's life, too, a bouncy young thing named *Heather Glenn;* and a new job for ex-DA (defeated in a recent election) Foggy Nelson, running a Storefront Legal Services outfit with Matt. (Yup, it's Murdock & Nelson, the old firm back in action once again.) There was even a guest appearance by Israeli psychic, *Uri Geller*, when he and Hornhead faced down a villain called *Mind-Wave* (and his awesome Think Tank). And Geller really does bend keys in his bare hands; Marv saw him.

It's funny, though, despite all the hassles, it looks like DD—and Matt Murdock—are both finally beginning to get their respective lives in gear. Of course, something will muck things up—something always does—but as we've said before, hope springs eternal. Maybe DD has a chance for some good things to happen to him; we can only wish him luck.

And that's about the way it stands. a few half-hearted attempts to give up Daredevil. Bouts of self-chastisement for acting like a glory-seeking, hyperthyroid, over-aged kid. But always climbing into his scarlet union suit when he was needed. Accepting the responsibility his powers forced on him. Accepting the necessity of *both* his identities. He's a super-hero, take it as you will.

He's the Man without Fear.

THE WOMEN IN DAREDEVIL'S LIFE
(...AND WHY THEY HANG AROUND AS LONG AS THEY DO)

by Naomi Basner

Few would deny Attorney Matthew Murdock is possessed of many virtues, among them good looks, intellect, and charm. As for Daredevil, the Man Without Fear is widely admired as a superhero. Wouldn't it follow then, that the man who is both Matt Murdock *and* Daredevil should succeed in all his personal relationships— particularly romance?

Unfortunately no—but he's working on it, as he has been for years. The problem is, that there is a bit more to Daredevil than the aforementioned virtues, which has prevented him thus far from finding a permanent happy ending to his life.

Karen Page: secretary in the law offices of Nelson and Murdock, and for a long time the only woman in Matt's life. They were attracted to each other from the time they met, although neither openly admitted it. Karen spent the first few months of their acquaintance hoping Matt would get his eyesight back, and/or ask her to marry him. Matt, wrapped up in being Daredevil and overly conscious of his blindness, appeared aloof while inwardly wishing he could tell Karen how he felt about her. His oversensitivity prevented him from doing so, however— at first for fear of having her pity him, and then because his law partner, Foggy Nelson, confided his intention of marrying her himself.

Foggy's proposals were fruitless, of course, but they still had an indirect influence upon both Matt and Daredevil. Realizing that it was Matt who Karen loved, Foggy responded with a guilty jealousy which led to a temporary breakup of Nelson and Murdock, and then went so far as to impersonate Daredevil in order to impress her. Matt, meanwhile, added Foggy's competition to his list of reasons for concealing his own feelings.

Karen Page helped bring about a crucial event in Daredevil's career, by opening a letter that blind Matt presumably couldn't read. In it, Spider-Man stated that he had discovered Matt was Daredevil. Karen had been close to discovering the secret herself, subconsciously noticing DD's similarity to Matt when he rescued her from the Owl, and later growing suspicious of Matt's "coincidental" disappearance just before DD showed up. Spider-Man's letter served to confirm her suspicions.

Confronted by Karen and Foggy, Matt thought quickly and invented a twin brother, one Mike Murdock, who was in reality Daredevil. Clad in clothes conservative Matt would be mortified to be caught in, and sporting the personality of a carefree clown— in short, the complete opposite of his "brother"—"Mike" quickly convinced them of his authenticity. The triple-threat hero soon found that he enjoyed this charade, as well as the fringe benefits thereof. As Mike Murdock, he was able to relax more, not having to pretend to be helpless and shy; he spent more time with Karen than he had as Matt, enabling him to keep Foggy from being alone with her. The boost to his self-confidence even had him ready to propose to her at last, but an untimely interruption by Daredevil-seeking kidnappers convinced him that their marriage would put her life in constant danger, and so he denied his feelings once more.

Foggy Nelson's removal as a romantic rival was eventually effected in the person of Deborah Harris, who responded more favorably to his attentions than had Ms. Page. This encouraged Matt to grab the first opportunity to kill off his other two identities, hoping he could then return to a civilian life. It goes without saying that a job for Daredevil turned up almost immediately, and Mike's red-longjohned "replacement" leapt into action.

Saddled again with the burden of being a hero, Matt was anything but conciliatory when Karen announced she was quitting her job in order to forget him. She tried social work for a while, but soon returned to find herself unknowningly in competition with Daredevil again. A psychopathic hired assassin named Starr Saxon had discovered that DD was really Matt Murdock, and was using this knowledge for blackmail purposes. After subsequent soul-searching, Fearless decided that killing Matt was the best way to thwart Saxon, unthinking of the impact his death would be sure to have on Karen. Nevertheless, the scheme was put

into motion, Starr Saxon was defeated, and the conquering hero got set to invent a new secret i.d. and claim the damsel fair.

It didn't quite work out that way. Karen had gone home to Vermont; Daredevil followed, naturally getting involved in a mystery or sorts, which resulted in the death of poor Karen's father. Matt thoughtfully chose to reveal his identity immediately thereafter, declaring his love once she'd recovered from fainting. Karen consented to marry him if he'd give up being Daredevil, but— you guessed it— the attack of the StuntMaster, during DD's farewell speech, convinced him that he just couldn't retire.

That was basically the end, even though both Matt and Karen clung— longer than was healthy for either of them— to the hope that something could be worked out. Karen continually expressed her displeasure at having to share her man with the entire city's criminal element, before departing the "Big Apple" for L.A. to become an actress when this tactic failed. Matt followed, cajoled, chastized, and finally delivered an ultimatum; her career... or him. (Note that more-than subtle hint of Matthew's chauvinism, friends. It's destined to get him into trouble later!) they went their separate ways, circumstances turning a temporary separation into a permanent one, despite one last attempt to regain what they had long ago lost. Karen Page walked quietly out of Daredevil's life, and is at present acquainted— but *not* involved— with the Ghost Rider in Hollywood.

As the sage has said, life goes on, and the *Black Widow* was the next to literally leap into Daredevil's. She rescued him from a trap set by the Owl, then teamed with him to battle the Scorpion— whose death caused her to be prosecuted by D.A. Nelson for murder. Matt Murdock defended her, getting the case dismissed. and winning first her friendship, then her love. He told her he was Daredevil. and they (along with her chauffeur, Ivan) took up residence in the Widow's rented mansion in San Francisco.

Thus was formed a partnership which, on the surface, should have been ideal. No occupational conflicts; no excess worrying over the dangers of superdoing; powers that neatly complimented each other. Ideal. Only... remember that hint of chauvinism? You got it. DD exhibited enough protectiveness to irritate a woman who was and is *more* than capable of taking care of herself— and Madame Natasha voiced her irritation in no uncertain terms. These assertions of individuality took Matt somewhat aback, but since things tended to return to "normal" after each outburst, he did little to raise his own consciousness. Try as he might to accept the Widow's independence, Daredevil couldn't help feeling threatened by it. Maybe it was the fact that he tried, though, that made her forfeit membership in the Avengers and return to him, after a short period of soul-searching.

This, coupled with the strong relationship between them, kept Daredevil and the Black Widow together, despite ideological differences— not only as concerned feminism, but morality as well. DD was appalled to find the Widow had no qualms about taking decisive action in a kill-or-be-killed situation; she was scornful of his civil libertarian views on dealing with criminals. Heated arguments stemmed

from these differences, helped along by the arrival on the scene of *Moon Dragon*. The priestess of Titan had sparked, well, *ambiguous* emotions in the Man Without Fear, and even though nothing came of it, her brief presence made its mark upon Natasha's temper.

There followed what was essentially the climax of the Daredevil/Black Widow team. Matt hurried to the New York bedside of a critically-injured Foggy Nelson; Natasha refused to accompany him. Both were involved in the mystery of Black Spectre— but separately, for the most part. Then: more separation, attempts to make things work, tension, doubt, pain. And finally: the end.

Daredevil's partner— especially Daredevil's *female* partner— could never be more than a sidekick, despite— or perhaps because of— their feeling for each other. No censure; that's the way he is. The Black Widow could never quietly submit to sidekick status— under any circumstances. That's the way *she* is. So Natasha Romanoff said goodbye to Matthew Murdock, to seek her own identity as the *de facto* leader of the Champions.

The difficulty in Matt's relationships with women seems to lie in the conflict between the needs of each of his two identities. Murdock the lawyer, and Daredevil the superhero. Karen Page would have been satisfied with being just his wife, but couldn't deal with his being Daredevil; the Black Widow could share his life as a superhero, but wouldn't give in to a traditional feminine role. He has yet to find someone who can accept both Matt Murdock *and* Daredevil, though he may be closer to doing so now than he's ever been.

The possible solution to Daredevil's romantic problems entered his life with a spare key to his apartment. *Heather Glenn* walked into said apartment thinking to find her ex-boyfriend, and was delighted to find Matt instead. She kept the key, and he decided not to have the lock changed. This led to another surprise visit, during which Matthew found himself on the receiving end of an uncompleted pass. He must have enjoyed the attempt, since Heather proceeded to hang around, she and Matt developing a nice, casual-but-cozy relationship. Just where this relationship is going is anyone's guess, but it looks like there's a fairly good chance of success this time.

Heather is kooky enough to act as a balancing factor for strait-laced Matt, and *vice versa*. Having been literally at the point of death from a rare disease, then the recipient of a one-chance-in-a-million cure, she acquired an easy-going outlook on life, as well as a pretty complete understanding of herself. Thus she is a whole, independent person, but not in a manner which would be threatening to Matt; and her idealism easily matches his. But, could she deal with his alter ego? Maybe. His runnings-off to change into costume have been met with more confusion than annoyance on Heather's part; a discovery of his Daredevil identity would probably be accepted as "something that has to be be done." Only time will tell, though— and time has always been a commodity that the women in Daredevil's life have always had a great deal of, for better or for worse.

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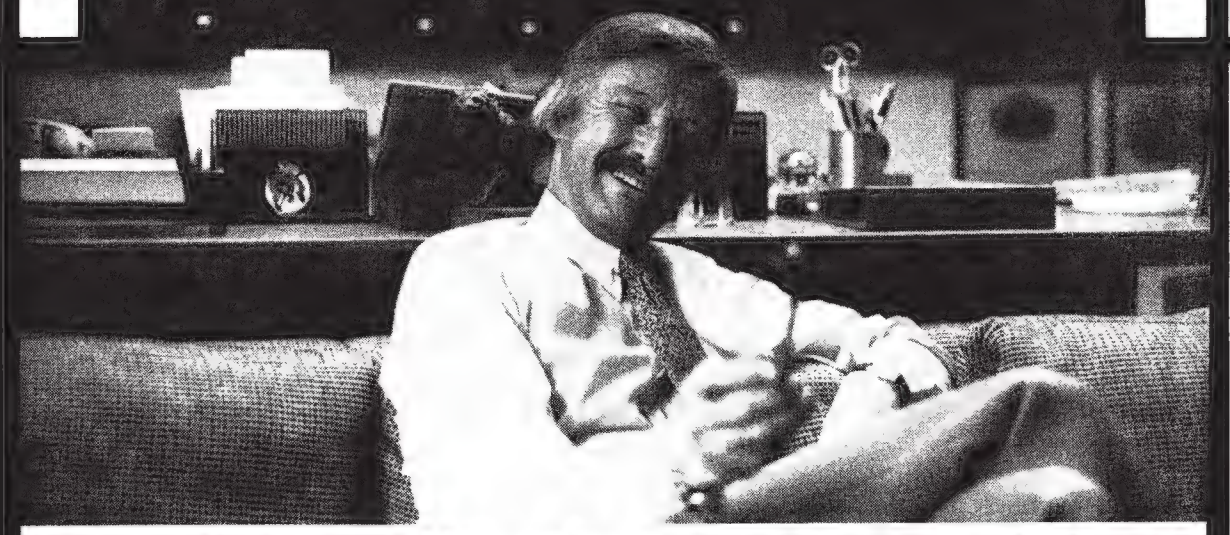


A Talk with the Men Behind the Man without Fear...

some of them, anyway...

by Chris Claremont

F.O.O.M: To start off with, how was DAREDEVIL created?

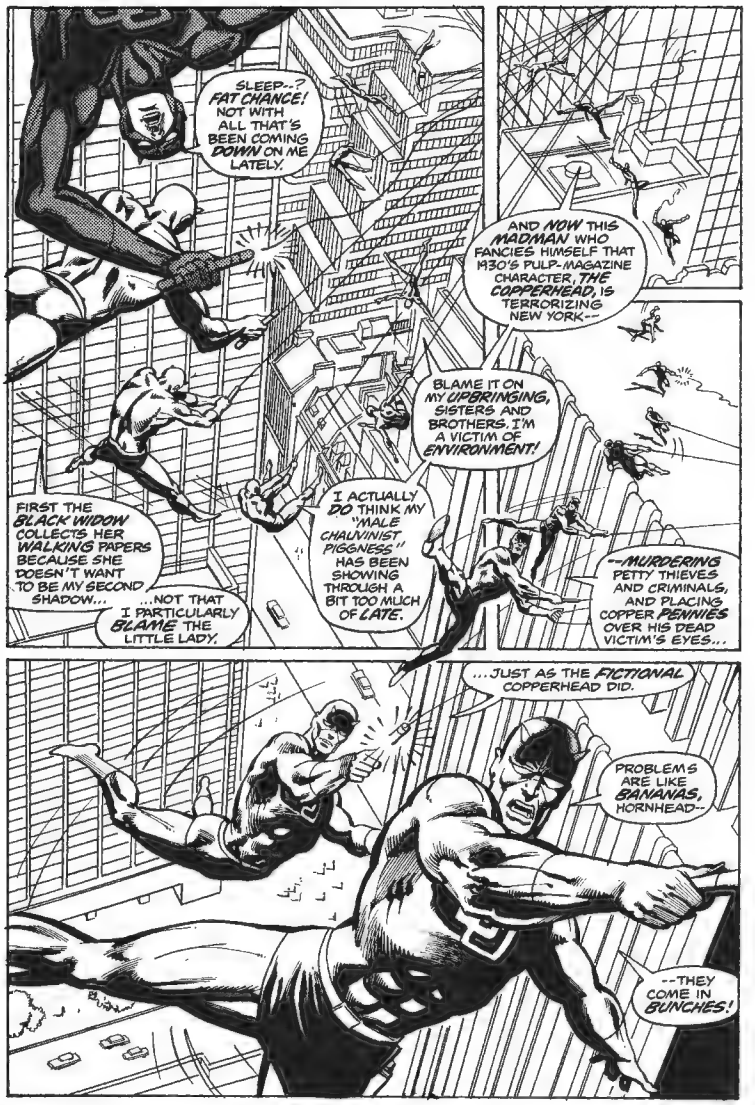
STAN: We had done a number of super-heroes before DAREDEVIL and, as you know, they were all flawed. And I was trying to think... well, readers seem to like characters that are flawed; what is the ultimate flaw you can give somebody? And... well, anybody who can make a super-hero out of a blind fellow is going somewhere. And then I remembered that there had been some movies about a blind detective—*Edward Arnold* played the role; he was a heavy-set guy and he had a white dog and a cane. And it was fascinating, this guy who was blind and yet a detective at the same time. Of course, in those days, there wasn't the action—or the violence—that such movies have today; it was more cerebral. But still I figured: okay, it's been done before to a degree. Also, I was looking for a script for *Bill Everett*, who had been with us for years but who didn't have a steady feature at that time; he was just doing some inking. I thought he'd be great for something like this.

Okay, we had already decided on the fact that our hero had to be blind, so I thought to myself: what would be a good alter-ego, a good, normal life for *daredevil?* It seemed to me that a blind man could make a good lawyer—somehow, his eyesight wouldn't be that important if he were bright and spoke well and so forth. And we didn't have any heroes who *were* lawyers, so that seemed like a good combo.

As far as the name *Daredevil*, I'm sorry to say that it wasn't an original idea; there had been a character called *Daredevil* published a million years ago by *Lev Gleason Publications.* Basically, that *Daredevil* was just acrobatic. He had a funny costume, one half one color, one half another, done vertically.

I liked the name I thought that it would be a great name for a fellow who's blind; nobody would ever suspect that he was blind and so forth. It was a good name and it was now in public domain—it had been so many years since it had been published and that company was no longer in business.

Now, I have a bad memory and it may have worked a little differently than I said, because while I mention the original *Daredevil*, what may have happened was that I may have gotten the name first. Anyway, I think I always liked the name *Daredevil* and when I found out that it was available, I wanted to use it. But since I don't like to copy (and I don't like to feel that Marvel copies anything—even though *Daredevil* was a name that was up for grabs) I guess I felt a little bit reticent


SLEEP--? FAT CHANCE! NOT WITH ALL THAT'S BEEN COMING DOWN ON ME LATELY.
AND NOW THIS MADMAN WHO FANCIES HIMSELF THAT M30'S PULP-MAGAZINE CHARACTER, THE COPPERHEAD, IS TERRORIZING NEW YORK--
BLAME IT ON MY UPBRINGING, SISTERS AND BROTHERS. I'M A VICTIM OF ENVIRONMENT!
FIRST THE BLACK WIDOW COLLECTS HER WALKING PAPERS BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE MY SECOND SHADOW...
...NOT THAT I PARTICULARLY BLAME THE LITTLE LADY.
I ACTUALLY DO THINK MY "MALE CHAUVINIST PIGGNESS" HAS BEEN SHOWING THROUGH A BIT TOO MUCH OF LATE.
--MURDERING PETTY THIEVES AND CRIMINALS, AND PLACING COPPER PENNIES OVER HIS DEAD VICTIM'S EYES...
...JUST AS THE FICTIONAL COPPERHEAD DID.
PROBLEMS ARE LIKE BANANAS, HORNHEAD--
--THEY COME IN BUNCHES!

because it had been used before. So that may be another reason why I decided to make *DD* blind. I wanted to make him as totally different from the original *Daredevil* character as possible. We made *DD's* costume different, made his origin different. In other words, the name was the same but beyond that we wanted him to be 180 degrees away; and I think that had a lot to do with why he was blind and why we made him a lawyer and why we made him very serious. The original *Daredevil*, as I remember, had a lot of humor in it. He went around with three characters like the *Three Stooges*. They were very short—I don't know if they were kids, or if they were short adults, but they were called the *Little Wise Guys*; sometimes they were all together in one book and it was called, DAREDEVIL AND THE LITTLE WISE GUYS. Sometimes Daredevil was by himself.

Well, I loved the origin of *our Daredevil* strip. *DD* had a father who was a fighter (*Battling Murdock*), not much of a fighter; but the father very heroically sacrificed himself at the end for his integrity and his son. I liked the way the kid developed his powers—the usual radioactive thing—he lost his eyesight at the same time. And I liked the way Bill Everett treated the strip, because—especially in that first issue—we took great pains to show how *DD's* radar sense worked. As I remember it, there were panels that Bill drew with little dotted lines showing how *DD* could envision things and so forth. It was something I always wished we were able to do more of as the strip went on; I sometimes worry that we don't play up the fact that he's blind enough. Sometimes, in reading the story, you can forget he's blind; he's just running around and talking, acting like a sighted person. And, to me, one of the most interesting things about *DD* was when he used to have these thought balloons: 'I could tell by the sound of his footsteps that he must weigh three hundred pounds.'

F.O.O.M: Thinking about what you said concerning Matt's being blind—and remembering the early issues—there were a lot of conflicts built around Matt's having an opportunity to regain his eyesight and rejecting them, saying: 'I'd rather be blind and *Daredevil*, than sighted and a normal man.' Matt always seemed to have a need to prove himself as *Daredevil:* 'I have to be better, I have to be the best.'

STAN: That's funny, Chris, because I never thought of it that way. But I guess when you write a story, you always sort of *are* the person you're writing about at that particular moment, whether it's a hero or a villain. The only way you can write it accurately is if you think: 'what would I say and how would I feel if this were me at that moment?' And I guess I must have felt—and maybe I still *do* feel—if I were in Matt's shoes—so maybe *I* have a need to prove things—if I were in a situation where the blindness really was no handicap—I mean, the guy certainly functions as well or better than you or I (as well or better than, as well or better as...oh well) and he does have a super-power in the sense that all his other senses are so much more finely tuned than ours, I don't think that I would want to just be able to see if I felt there was a chance of losing this thing that gave me that edge, you see? Especially since *DD* seems to be able to do everything *but* see. He sees without seeing and he seems to know what everything is.

I guess it's always up to arguement—maybe that's stupid, maybe a person in real life would much rather have his eyesight, I don't know. But I think, given that situation, that *I* would not say quickly: 'Give me back my sight!'

F.O.O.M: What attracts *you* to the character?

MARV: He is—as far as I can tell—Marvel's only crime-fighter. All the other characters have other shticks that they do: *Spider-Man* isn't so

much a crime-fighter; he fights super villains. Half-the-time I'm not even quite sure why, or what the super villain has done. For instance, there's this very good three-part story running now with *Dr. Octopus* and *Hammerhead*, but so far as I can tell, no one's committed any crime. It's just that because they're super-villains, that's a good enough reason to stage the issues. *Thor* fights the Asgardian characters and everything else. The *FF* fight space monsters or creatures or earth-shaking menaces. Most of our super-heroes tend *not* to actually fight crime. They fight other things connected with it.

So, *Daredevil* being, in a sense, Marvel's only crime-fighter, you can do slightly different-type story-lines; in fact you almost have to, because you can't be as outrageous as, say, the *FF*, or as 100% action-oriented as *Spidey*, even with all the character development and such. So that's, I think, one prime interest.

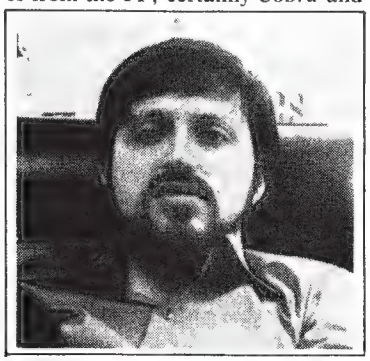
Secondly, *Matt Murdock* is one of the few, I think, intelligent adults in the Marvel universe who actually has to work for a living. When you think about it, *Peter Parker* is only a part-time worker because he's basically a student...*Tony Stark* is a multi-millionaire. Most of our characters don't have to work to support themselves. Matt, on the other hand, would be in serious trouble if he weren't being paid for the legal work he does. So, Matt is of interest. *Foggy Nelson* as a secondary supporting character is fine. And, of course, the ability to come up with a secondary cast for the book—which it hasn't had for many years—is of interest to me, because I like supporting casts in my stories.

F.O.O.M: Moving on to something a little different, the book has never really been that strong a seller, never a top book. Do you have any explanation for that? And do you think it ever will be?

MARV: I think that when it was first considered—I have never spoken to Stan on this, so I don't know how accurately I'm going to be saying this—I get the impression that Stan and Bill Everett were trying to come up with another *Spider-Man* success; and, unfortunately—for one reason or another—it didn't work.

I think part of the reason is that there is not a good supporting cast; there never was. Foggy and Matt, for example: their relationship changed every few issues; you'd have Matt disliking Foggy for awhile, you'd have each one jealous of the other; Foggy in one issue would be saying something to the effect of—'He has the world at his fingertips if only he'd take it.'—and in the next issue be talking about how callous Matt was. One issue Matt *would* be callous, the next issue he wouldn't. So my impression would be more like there wasn't a consistency of character; it was more like writing whatever was convenient to the story.

I think where it failed, in many cases, was pretty dull villains. The best villain among the whole crew was the *Gladiator* and he was not one of your top villains; he'd be a second-rate villain in any other book, yet he was *Daredevil's* best. Stan kept having to bring in villains from other books—either from SPIDER-MAN or from the FF; certainly *Cobra* and



Hyde popped up half-a-dozen times under Stan. And when you tried a different type of villain, as I think Steve Gerber did—with space and cosmic stuff—it just didn't work.

You see, *Daredevil* was a very peculiar type of character in that nothing he did seemed to fit into any one *genre*. I'm experimenting now with different types of villains; I do bring back some old ones, such as the *Man-Bull*—and now, the Jester, of course—but then again, I'm also bringing in new characters like the Torpedo or *Bulls-Eye*—who didn't quite work out in the first story-line, but I'm going to bring him back when I can fix him up a little bit—all the while trying to find the type of villain that seems to work best with *Daredevil*. Right now, I'm not even sure what that is; it's going to take several more issues before I find out for sure.

The only thing I *do* know—and that makes me feel very good—is that, despite the fact that I haven't been pleased with every issue of DAREDEVIL, the sales have indicated very definitely that it's going up. One issue—the second issue with the Torpedo—was the best-selling book of that month as far as percentages go. So, whether or not *I* like what I'm doing, the readers feel that the book is picking up. And I think the concentration on straight villains is part of the reason.

F.O.O.M: Carrying on a bit from that, where do you envision the strip going over the next few months or years? Is there any particular direction you want to take it in?

MARV: Yes. I'm working in a sense with *Jason Chapnick*, a lawyer in Florida who happened to have been blind the first twenty years of his life and then, thru an operation, regained his sight. And he has a very strong interest in *Daredevil*. He's been supplying me with some information, legal stuff for Matt to play with, a better explanation for the Storefront—which legally can't exist. Things like that.

I hope to be able to give some stronger things on Matt's personal life. I think, again—getting back to the previous question—that one reason the book never did as well as some others is that the individual supporting characters were never played up, and that includes Matt. So I'm going to see what I can do with Matt, get him into some interesting situations—the thing with Heather's father is slowly starting to grow, so we'll be getting into Heather's life a little bit more. The same thing with Foggy. Adding Lt. Rose; the reporter, Conover, who I'll be bringing back on a regular basis fairly soon.

Basically, I'm going to try to give the book a large supporting cast, as SPIDER-MAN has, as I think any popular book has. That's one thing. The other thing with *Daredevil* is getting back a little more to the fact that he is a daredevil! That means constantly putting him in a position that no normal person would want to go thru, be it walking on a tightrope across New York City, or anything else you can think of. *Captain America* would be useless in this situation but *Daredevil* could pull it off because he's *Daredevil*.

F.O.O.M: Thank you both very much.

DAREDEVIL CHECKLIST

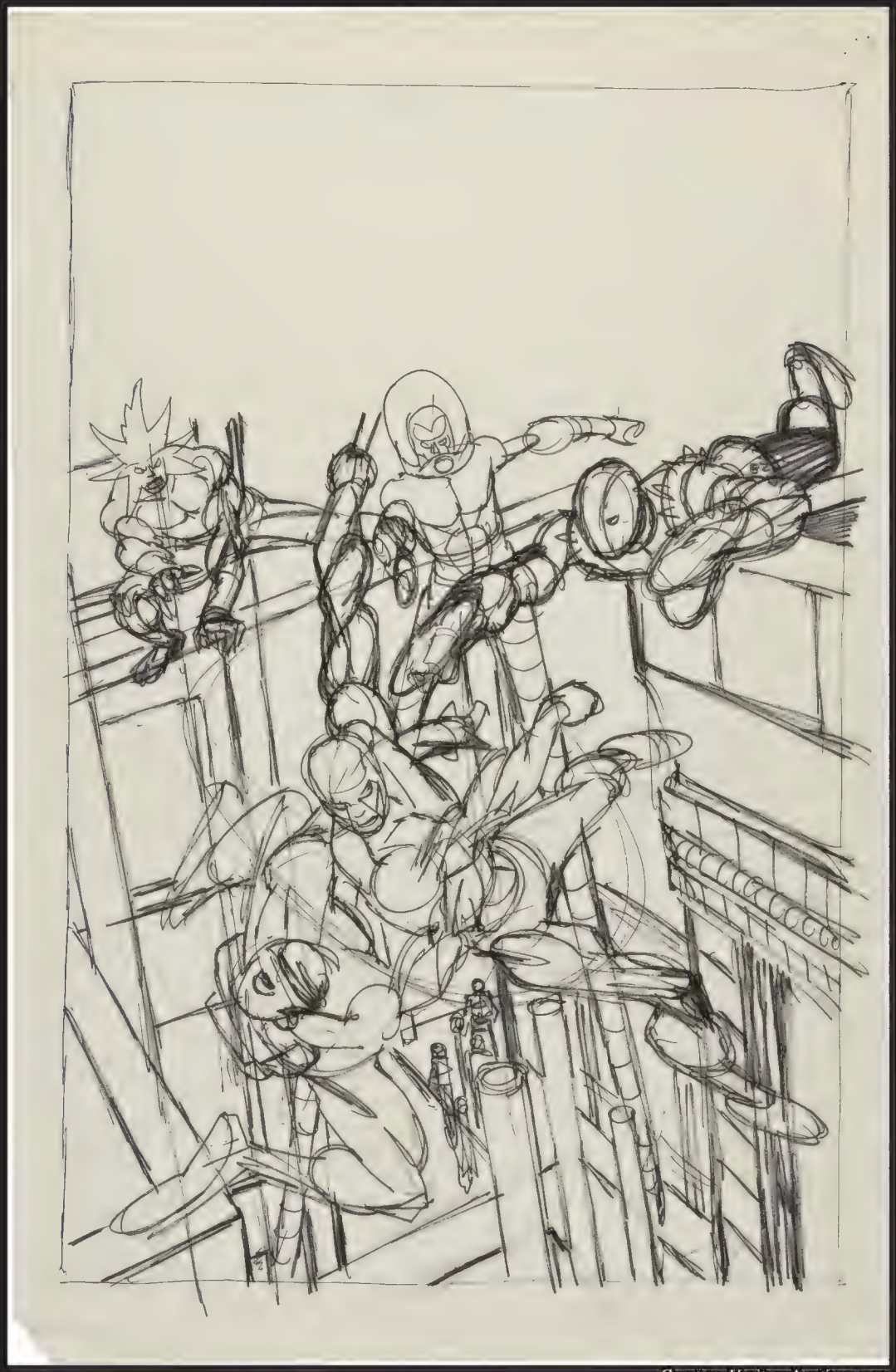
Compiled by Scott Edelman

NUMBER	DATE	TITLE	WRITER	PENCILLER	INKER	PP
1	4/64	*The Origin Of Daredevil*	Stan Lee	Bill Everett	Bill Everett	23
2	6/64	*The Evil Menace Of Electro*	Stan Lee	Joe Orlando	Vince Colletta	22
3	8/64	*The Owl, Omnibus Overlord Of Crime*	Stan Lee	Joe Orlando	Vince Colletta	22
4	10/64	*Killgrave, The Unbelievable Purple Man*	Stan Lee	Joe Orlando	Vince Colletta	22
5	12/64	*The Mysterious Masked Matador*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
6	2/65	*Trapped By The Fellowship Of Fear*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
7	4/65	*In Mortal Combat With Sub-Mariner*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
8	6/65	*The Stilt-man Cometh*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
9	8/65	*That He May See*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Bob Powell	20
10	10/65	*While The City Sleeps*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood/ Bob Powell	Bob Powell	20
11	12/65	*A Time To Unmask*	Stan Lee	Bob Powell	Wally Wood	20
12	1/66	*Sightless In A Savage Land*	Stan Lee	Jack Kirby/ John Romita	John Romita	20
13	2/66	*The Secret Of Ka-zar's Origin*	Stan Lee	Jack Kirby/ John Romita	John Romita	20
14	3/66	*If This Be Justice*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
15	4/66	*And Men Shall Call Him Ox*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
16	5/66	*Enter Spider-man*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
17	6/66	*None Are So Blind*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
18	7/66	*There Shall Come A Gladiator*	Stan Lee/ Denny O'Neil	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
19	8/66	*Alone Against The Underworld*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
20	9/66	*The Verdict Is: Death*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
21	10/66	*The Trap Is Sprung*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia/ Dick Ayers	20
22	11/66	*The Tri-man Lives*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia/ Dick Ayers	20
23	12/66	*DD Goes Wild*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
24	1/67	*The Mystery Of The Midnight Stalker*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
25	2/67	*Enter: The Leap-Frog*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
26	3/67	*Stilt-man Strikes Again*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Gene Colan	20
27	4/67	*Mike Murdock Must Die*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
28	5/67	*Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Planet*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Dick Ayers	20
29	6/67	*Unmasked*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
30	7/67	*If There Should Be A Thunder God*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
31	8/67	*Blind Man's Bluff*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
32	9/67	*To Fight The Impossible Fight*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
33	10/67	*Behold The Beetle*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
34	11/67	*To Squash A Beetle*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
35	12/67	*Daredevil Dies First*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
36	1/68	*The Name Of The Game Is Mayhem*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
37	2/68	*Don't Look Now, But It's Doctor Doom*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
38	3/68	*The Living Prison*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
39	4/68	*The Exterminator And The Unholy Three*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Tuska	20
40	5/68	*The Fallen Hero*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
41	6/68	*The Death Of Mike Murdock*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
42	7/68	*Nobody Laughs At The Jester*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Dan Adkins	20
43	8/68	*In Combat With Captain America*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	20
44	9/68	*I, Murderer*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	20
45	10/68	*The Dismal Dregs Of Defeat*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	20
46	11/68	*The Final Jest*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
47	12/68	*Brother, Take My Hand*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
48	1/69	*Farewell To Foggy*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
49	2/69	*Daredevil Drops Out*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
50	3/69	*If In Battle I Fall*	Stan Lee	Barry Smith	Johnny Craig	20
51	4/69	*Run, Murdock, Run*	Roy Thomas	Barry Smith	George Klein	20
52	5/69	*The Night Of The Panther*	Roy Thomas	Barry Smith	Johnny Craig	20
53	6/69	*As It Was In The Beginning*	Stan Lee/ Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
54	7/69	*Call Him Fear*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
55	8/69	*Cry Coward*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
56	9/69	*And Death Came Riding*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
57	10/69	*In the Midst Of Life*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
58	11/69	*Spin-out On Fifth Avenue*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
59	12/69	*The Torpedo Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
60	1/70	*Showdown At Sea*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
61	2/70	*Trapped By The Trio Of Doom*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
62	3/70	*Quoth The Nighthawk, "Nevermore"*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
63	4/70	*The Girl Or The Gladiator*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
64	5/70	*Suddenly. . .The Stunt-Master*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
65	6/70	*The Killing Of Brother Brimstone*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
66	7/70	*And One Cried Murder*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
67	8/70	*Stilt-man Stalks The Soundstage*	Gary Friedrich/ Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
68	9/70	*Phoenix And The Fighter*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
69	10/70	*A Life On The Line*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
70	11/70	*The Tribune*	Gary Friedrich	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
71	12/70	*If An Eye Offend Thee*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
72	1/71	*Lo, The Lord Of The Leopards*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
73	2/71	*Behold The Brotherhood*	Allyn Brodsky/ Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
74	3/71	*In The Country Of The Blind*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
75	4/71	*Now Rides The Ghost Of El Condor*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
76	5/71	*The Deathmarch Of El Condor*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
77	6/71	*And So Enters The Amazing Spider-Man*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
78	7/71	*The Horns Of The Bull*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
79	8/71	*"Murder" Cries The Man-Bull*	Gary Friedrich/ Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
80	9/71	*In The Eyes Of The Owl*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
81	11/71	*And Death Is A Woman Called Widow*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Jack Abel	19
82	12/71	*Now Send The Scorpion*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Jack Abel	21
83	1/72	*The Widow Accused*	Gerry Conway	Barry Smith/ Allan Weiss	Bill Everett	21
84	2/72	*Night Of The Assassin*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	21
85	3/72	*Night Flight*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	21
86	4/72	*Once Upon A Time–The Ox*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
87	5/72	*From Stage Left, Enter: Electro*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
88	6/72	*Call Him Killgrave*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
89	7/72	*Crisis*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
90	8/72	*The Sinister Secret Of The Protector*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
91	9/72	*Fear Is The Key*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
92	10/72	*On The Eve Of The Talon*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
93	11/72	*A Power Corrupt*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
94	12/72	*He Can Crush The World*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
95	1/73	*Bullfight On The Bay*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
96	2/73	*The Widow Will Make You Pay*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Ernie Chua	21
97	3/73	*He Who Saves*	Steve Gerber/ Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Ernie Chua	20
98	4/73	*Let There Be Death*	Steve Gerber/ Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Ernie Chua	20
99	5/73	*The Mark Of Hawkeye*	Steve Gerber	Sam Kweskin	Syd Shores	20
100	6/73	*Mind Storm*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
101	7/73	*Vengeance In The Sky With Diamonds*	Steve Gerber	Rich Buckler	Frank Giacoia	20
102	8/73	*Stilt-man Stalks The City*	Chris Claremont/ Gerry Conway	Syd Shores	Frank Giacoia	20
103	9/73	*Then Came Ramrod*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck	Sal Trapani	19
104	10/73	*Prey Of The Hunter*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck	Sal Trapani	19
105	11/73	*Menace From The Moons Of Saturn*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck/ Jim Starlin	Don Perlin	19
106	12/73	*Life Be Not Proud*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck	Sal Trapani	19
107	1/74	*Blind Man's Bluff*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Sal Buscema	19
108	3/74	*Cry Beetle*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Paul Gulacy	19
109	5/74	*Dying For Dollar$*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Don Heck	19
110	6/74	*Birthright*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	Frank Chiaramonte	18
111	7/74	*Sword Of The Samurai*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Jim Mooney	18
112	8/74	*Death Of A Nation*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	18
113	9/74	*When Strikes The Gladiator*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
114	10/74	*A Quiet Night In The Swamp*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	17
115	11/74	*Death Stalks The City*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	17
116	12/74	*Two Flew Over The Owl's Nest*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	17
117	1/75	*Mindtap*	Chris Claremont/ Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	17
118	2/75	*Circus Spelled Sideways Is Death*	Gerry Conway	Don Heck	Vince Colletta	19
119	3/75	*They're Tearing Down Fogwell's Gym*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Don Heck	17
120	4/75	*And a HYDRA New Year*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
121	5/75	*Foggy Nelson, Agent of SHIELD*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
122	6/75	*Hydra-and-Seek*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
123	7/75	*Holocaust In The Halls Of Hydra*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
124	8/75	*In The Coils Of The Copperhead*	Len Wein/ Marv Wolfman	Gene Colan	Klaus Janson	18
125	9/75	*Vengeance Is The Copperhead*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
126	10/75	*Flight Of The Torpedo*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
127	11/75	*You Killed That Man, Torpedo - And Now You're Going To Pay*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
128	12/75	*Death Stalks The Stairway To The Stars*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
129	1/76	*Man-Bull In A China-Town*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
130	2/76	*Look Out DD– Here Comes The Death-Man*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
131	3/76	*Watch Out For Bullseye–He Never Misses*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	17
132	4/76	*Bullseye Rules Supreme*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaüs Janson	17
133	5/76	*Introducing Mind-Wave And His Fearsome Think Tank*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Jim Mooney	17
134	6/76	*There's Trouble In New York. . .That's Trouble With A Capital "T" Which Rhymes With "D" And That Stands For Daredevil*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Jim Mooney	17

ANNUAL

1	9/67	*Electro And The Emissaries Of Evil*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	39

Giant-Size Daredevil #1 cover sketch
by Gil Kane



Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Giant-Size Daredevil #1 (1975)
reprinting *Daredevil Annual* #1

"The Hydra File," a history of Hydra and S.H.I.E.L.D. from *Daredevil* #120
by Tony Isabella

THE HYDRA FILE

A special report compiled by Tony Isabella

HYDRA

Once called—justifiably so, I think—the deadliest threat to democracy and world peace Earth has ever known. That threat lies not only in Hydra's considerable power, but in its uncanny ability to come back from crushing defeat—again and again—and, each time, come back stronger than ever. It's inherent in their oath:

"Hail Hydra! Immortal Hydra! We shall never be destroyed! Cut off a limb, and two more shall take its place! We serve none but the master as the world shall soon serve us!"

In researching Hydra's origins and organization, prior to my chronicling Daredevil's encounter with them, it occurred to me that no one had ever attempted a history of this many-limbed menace. I can guess why. If our relatively benign government can toss a reporter behind bars for defending the freedom of the press, to what greater lengths would Hydra dedicated to world domination go, in order to protect their secrets from public consumption?

Still, we of the mass media have a responsibility to keep our readership informed. I accept this responsibility, and offer herein a capsule version of Hydra's history. It will be concluded in DAREDEVIL #131. If I'm not concluded first.

****

Contrary to popular belief, Baron Strucker did not create Hydra. When the good Baron was forced to flee Germany to escape the wrath of Adolf Hitler (SGT. FURY #29), he sneaked aboard a freighter bound for Japan. His intention was to lay the foundation for a victorious return to his homeland.

The Japanese underworld was the powerful tool Strucker planned to use towards that end. With Japan concentrating its efforts outward—this was World War II, after all—the criminal element in that land was able to grow in numbers and strength. His choice of the Japanese underworld was far more apt than Strucker realized at first. For the crime lords there were themselves forming a secret society—the goal of which was to someday conquer the world.

Though he was not leader of Hydra at this time, Baron Strucker mastermined its initial rise to power. He plundered the military stores of all the world's major powers to build Hydra's fearsome arsenal. He recruited a staff of the world's most brilliant and most evil scientists— —the perfect men to assist him in ruling all mankind. (These scientists eventually metamorphised into that branch of Hydra called A.I.M. Advanced Idea Mechanics and, later, split from Hydra.)

So carefully did Strucker plan and carry out his raids on the world's armaments that no government suspected Hydra's existence— —until the affair of the Phantom Submarine (CAPTAIN SAVAGE AND HIS LEATHERNECK RAIDERS #2-4). Prior to that, the sole report of Baron Strucker's handiwork was a Japanese Army document telling of a "weird cult" operating in Burma, robbing the supply trains of both the Allied and Axis forces.

Once Hydra's arsenal was at maximum strength, there remained but one step for the second-in-command Baron Strucker. With the death of the Japanese leader of Hydra, Strucker became the Supreme Hydra. In the months that followed, construction started on Hydra Island the invincible fortress from which the Baron planned to rule the world. One year later, the island was ready for occupation and Hydra entered a new phase of operations.

Baron Strucker had recruited his forces from every corner of the globe. Now he began to set up "branch offices" throughout the world. Within a short time, Hydra was ready to strike in a dozen nations, including the United States and Germany. Still, while Hydra extended its tentacles across the Earth, its homebase had to be protected. That was its downfall.

The so-called Phantom Submarine was a Hydra ship assigned to protect Hydra Island. Any ship that came too close to the oceanic fortress was destroyed. Not, however, before many of them reported the sub's presence to their commanders. Crack commando squads, both American (led by Captain Simon Savage) and Japanese, were dispatched to the island. They succeeded in destroying the base, but only by joining forces against their common foe.

Baron Strucker escaped the destruction of Hydra Island, only to watch helplessly as World War II took a heavy toll on the various Hydra bases he had scattered around the world. Soon, all but the German and fledgling American Hydra branches were destroyed in the combat that decimated three continents. The Baron made an uneasy peace with Hitler and returned to the Nazi fold, leaving the two surviving Hydra outposts to fend for themselves.

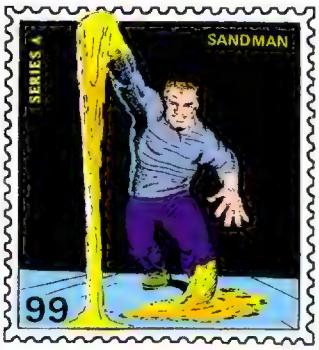
The Red Skull secretly seized control of the German organization, doubtless planning to use them at some future date, possibly against Hitler himself. This branch of Hydra remained dormant until the early 1970s. By that time, it had made its way to Nevad where it was destroyed in a battle with Captain America, the Falcon, and SHIELD (as shown in CAPTAIN AMERICA #144-148). It should be noted, however, that the German Hydra agents never rejoined the main Hydra organization. They remained a separate group and never regrouped after this defeat.

The American branch of Hydra remained underground for twenty years after the fall of Hydra Island. Under the leadership of a brilliant, deceptively nondescript man named Arnold Brown, it meticulously built its power, improved its weapons, and recruited an army of the deadliest criminals in the world. The new Hydra stood ready to challenge a world again.

And then came...SHIELD

****

Next: Hydra— —from 1965 to today.



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"The Hydra File" continues in *Daredevil* #121
by Tony Isabella

LET'S LEVEL WITH DAREDEVIL

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THE HYDRA FILE

—Concluding the special report compiled by Tony Isabella—

SHIELD was created to battle Hydra. By early 1965, Hydra and this new organization were engaged in a full-scale, if undercover, shooting war. The first leader of SHIELD (whose identity must remain unknown for reasons of national security) fell in a completely unexpected Hydra raid on SHIELD's Washington headquarters. His successor was picked with his dying breath; a hard-bitten colonel, C.I.A., with a background in both commando tactics and espionage. In a matter of weeks, the first SHIELD Heli-Carrier was built as a precaution against future tragedies and Nicholas Fury was sworn in as Director of SHIELD.

Fury's successful defeat of the Hydra empire built by Arthur Brown was chronicled in STRANGE TALES #135-141. Hydra was quite a long way from being eradicated, however. While its forces regrouped, Hydra kept SHIELD busy with several of its sub-divisions and a few independent agents. These included: the Fixer (STRANGE TALES #144-145), A.I.M., or Advanced Idea Mechanics, the previously-mentioned scientists' branch of the original Hydra (STRANGE TALES #146-149 and TALES OF SUSPENSE #78-84); and the Secret Empire (TALES TO ASTONISH #81-85). All this—merely to cover the rebirth of Hydra proper.

When Hydra's existence became known to the world at large, it also became known to Baron Strucker, the man who—to a certain degree—laid the foundation for the organization. He'd been staying in South America to escape punishment for the many crimes he'd perpetrated during World War II. The Baron left his hideaway to contact the remnants of the Brown organization. Hydra almost unanimously voted to restore Strucker to his former position as Supreme Hydra. With typical Nazi flair, Baron Strucker soon unleashed on the world two of the most destructive weapons ever imagined; the Overkill Horn (capable of setting off any nuclear weapon) and the even more fearsome Death-Spore. The Baron made the mistake of rebuilding Hydra Island, however, and, by gathering the majority of Hydra in that one location, made it that much easier for Nick Fury to destroy the bulk of the organization in one fell swoop. All this is reported in STRANGE TALES #150-158.

Hydra was fragmented by this devastating defeat. Both A.I.M. and the Secret Empire severed their connections with the organization. The former is still active, under the leadership of Modok. The latter, working its way into the political arena, was recently exposed by Captain America (CAPTAIN AMERICA #175). Several years earlier, Cap had also fought and destroyed a Hydra splinter group under the leadership of the self-styled Madame Hydra (CAPTAIN AMERICA #110-113). who, in turn, recently re-emerged as the mad leader of the Serpent Squad and perished in a shoot-out with the authorities (CAPTAIN AMERICA #182).

Hydra proper, operating under the command of a variety of uninspired Supreme Hydras, attempted several missions during the extremely late 1960s and the early 1970s. These include: Dr. Kraus' plan to psychologically destroy Nick Fury (see NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD #12-14); an actual assassination attempt on the life of the SHIELD director (NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD #15); a ludicrous plan to brainwash the Hulk into serving Hydra (HULK #132); and the creation of a horde of deadly plague-rats (HULK #152).

Coincidentally enough, the appearance of the Red Skull-dominated Hydra organization (CAPTAIN AMERICA #144-148), which, as I had stated earlier, has no connection with the actual Hydra, spurred a notion in the minds of the Hydra hierarchy. Though they were duped by the Red Skull, the Kingpin and (his son) the Schemer ran the fradulent Hydra with both deadly efficiency and surprising imagination. The Hydra hierarchy determined that they would find another such criminal mastermind to be their new Supreme Hydra. Hydra had turned full circle. Created by the Japanese underworld during the war-torn 1940s, it was now scouring the American underworld in order to find dynamic new leadership. They were successful.

The identity of the new Supreme Hydra remains unknown. In a short time, he has begun to rebuild Hydra's ranks (GIANT-SIZE CREATURES #1), reorganize its divisions, and recruit powerful division chiefs. The current roster of these chiefs is as follows:

Administration—The Fox (past unknown)
Air Action—Blackwing (see DAREDEVIL #118)
Assassins—Man-Killer (see MARVEL TEAM-UP #8)
Commandos—El Jaguar (see DAREDEVIL #120)
Engineering—Jackhammer (past unknown)
Heavy Weapons—The Dreadnought
Naval Action—Commander Kraken
(see SUB-MARINER #27, CAT #3)
Reconnaissance—Mentallo
(see STRANGE TALES #141-143)
Science—The Fixer (see STRANGE TALES #141-143)
Supply—chief's identity as yet unknown

* * *

This completes my file on Hydra. I have endeavored to give a total picture of Hydra's history and the very real threat it poses to mankind. The researching has been tough. Hydra records are almost universally treated to destruct unless otherwise sprayed with a special, secret chemical solution every twenty-four hours. Very few captured Hydra agents will talk of the organization. The handful who did talk have all vanished or died under mysterious circumstances. SHIELD is the only force that stands between Hydra and an unsuspecting world. In the words of Jasper Sitwell then:

"Don't yield, back SHIELD!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
ACT OF AUGUST 12, 1970: SECTION 3685,
TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE

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2. Date of Filing: September 13, 1974.
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Daredevil #120, page 5 original art
by Bob Brown & Vince Colletta

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7
YOU KNOW I MOST DANGEROUS SPY IN THE WORLD, MATT? MEN USED TO TREMBLE AT MY NAME. I DIDN'T LIKE MYSELF MUCH THEN.
THEN I MET HAWKEYE, HELPED THE AVENGERS, JOINED SHIELD, AND DID A FEW OTHER NOBLE THINGS. I LIKED MYSELF BETTER.
THEN I MET YOU.
DIDN'T YOU SEE IT HAPPENING? THE LIBERATED LADY YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH BECAME YOUR--SIDE-KICK. I USED TO BE SO DARN STRONG, MATT--AND I FEEL IT SLIPPING AWAY FROM ME.
WOW. I NEVER REALIZED HOW SERIOUS THIS WAS! IF THE WIDOW BELIEVES SHE'S LOSING HER IDENTITY BECAUSE OF OUR RELATIONSHIP--!
I'VE GOT TO BUY MYSELF SOME TIME TO THINK!
MATT!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO SHOW THE LADY--
--MATT MURDOCK'S NEW BROWN-STONE.
BESIDES, WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR A VERY SPECIAL PARTY.
EVEN IF IT TAKES A SOMEWHAT UNORTHODOX ENTRANCE TO CHANGE THE TOPIC OF THIS DIALOGUE TO ARCHITECTURE.
THOUGH IF I'D KNOWN WHAT WAS BOTHERING NATASHA, I WOULDN'T HAVE AGREED TO TRICK HER INTO ATTENDING SAID CELEBRATION.
CAN THE SELF-PITY, MURDOCK. YOU KNOW THIS PARTY IS A BRIDGE THAT YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO CROSS SOONER OR LATER ANYWAY.
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CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #124, page 3 original art
by Gene Colan & Klaus Janson

BOOK
DAREDEVIL ISSUE # 124
PAGE 3
IT FELT GOOD--BEING THE BLACK WIDOW AGAIN, AND NOT JUST DAREDEVIL'S PARTNER.
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD.
NO SECOND CLASS CITIZENSHIP, NO CONFIDENCES KEPT WITHOUT ME.
I CAN'T GIVE THAT UP AGAIN, MATT...I JUST CAN'T!
BUT, NATASHA... I LOVE YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU... BUT THAT REALLY HASN'T HELPED AT ALL.
I HAVE TO GO, MATT! I HAVE TO DISCOVER WHO I AM AGAIN BEFORE NATASHA ROMANOFF GETS LOST IN THE SHUFFLE FOREVER.
I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO WORK OUT ...BY MYSELF.
'TASH, PLEASE--DON'T MAKE ME BEG YOU--!
IF YOU HAVE TO BEG ME, DARLING--THERE WOULD BE NO REASON FOR ME TO STAY.
NOW, PLEASE--LET ME GO! IN THE END, IT'S BEST FOR BOTH OF US--AND YOU KNOW IT.
YOU'RE A GROWN WOMAN, NATASHA. I CAN'T KEEP YOU HERE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY.
PART OF ME DOES WANT TO STAY, MATT--BUT I JUST CAN'T PLAY SECOND FIDDLE IN A ONE-MAN BAND ANYMORE.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING--WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO?
I'LL KNOW WHEN I GET THERE, I SUPPOSE.
HEY! YOU CALL A CAB, LADY?
COMING, IVAN.
GOOD-BYE, MADAM NATASHA ROMANOFF.
NOT GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE -- AU REVOIR.
WHEN I'VE FOUND WHATEVER I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL BE BACK.
I PROMISE... I'LL BE BACK.
COME ON, IVAN--LET'S GET GOING.
THE POLLUTION AROUND HERE IS MAKING MY EYES TEAR.
SURE, LITTLE PRINCESS --ANYTHING YOU SAY.
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO KEEP US HERE.
3
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

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Daredevil #132, page 13 original art
by Bob Brown & Klaus Janson

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13
...IF HE FOLLOWS ALL MY ORDERS.
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
OH, MY LORD. IT'S--
YOU RECOGNIZE ME, FOSTER? HOW FLATTERING. I SEE MY LITTLE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN HAS WORKED WELL.
AS FOR YOU, MRS. FOSTER, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.
THE NAME IS BULLSEYE.
YES, THE SAME ONE AS ON THAT TABLOID'S COVER.
AND, AS FOR WHY I HAVE COME TO YOUR VERY PLEASANT APARTMENT; I DESIRE MONEY.
$100,000 WILL DO. IN UNMARKED HUNDREDS.
WHY, THE NERVE OF--
ENOUGH, DEAR. THIS MAN'S A MURDERER!
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY...
...BUT I NEED TIME TO RAISE THE CASH... AT LEAST A DAY!
BULLSEYE IS NOT AN UNREASONABLE MAN, MR. FOSTER. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR TIME.
I SHALL CONTACT YOU TOMORROW.
AH, ONE LAST ITEM. DO NOT CALL THE POLICE, MR. FOSTER. I'LL KNOW IF YOU TRY.
AND THEN I SHALL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU AND FOREGO OUR BARGAIN.
FAREWELL FOR NOW, MR. AND MRS. FOSTER. AND ENJOY THE REST OF THIS EVENING.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #132, page 15 original art
by Bob Brown & Klaus Janson

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27
MORE THAN YOUR HAND SHALL SOON HURT, FOSTER.
IT SEEMS THAT A SECOND VICTIM IS NEEDED TO PROVE THAT WHAT I SAY I MEAN.
SSSSS
IT IS A SHAME. I WAS HOPING THE BLOOD-SHED WOULD HAVE ENDED.
IT HAS ENDED, CHUCKLEHEAD-- AS OF RIGHT NOW!
DARE-DEVIL!?!
KR
ASH!
RIGHT ON THE FIRST GUESS. YOU WIN THE BOOBY PRIZE, BUBBY.
SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT I'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE TAKING THE PRIZE-- UNTIL I'VE TAKEN YOUR LIFE!
YOUR ATTACK WAS ONLY A MOMENTARY SURPRISE.
ALREADY I ROLL WITH YOUR BLOW...
...AND TURN MY DEFENSE INTO OFFENSE!
YOU CALLED IT THERE, BONEHEAD--
SWIT!
--YOU'RE THE MOST OFFENSIVE CREEP I'VE FOUGHT IN MONTHS!
WHAT? YOU MOVED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT YOU COULD!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, UGLY.
LAST TIME WE TANGLED I WAS STILL GROGGY FROM THE EXPLOSION.
SPAK!
NOW I'M BACK IN MY TYPICAL SUPERB HORNHEAD-APPROVED SHAPE.
WHICH MEANS, HOMER, YOU'RE IN ONE HECKUVA LOT OF TROUBLE!
UNGGHHH!
27
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #132, page 16 original art
by Bob Brown & Klaus Janson

132
B = 50
HOPE I DON'T WIN THIS BATTLE JUST TO LOSE ANOTHER-- WITH HEATHER.
MAN, I PRAY SHE'S AS UNDERSTANDING AS I THINK SHE IS. OTHERWISE-- WHAT!?!
OH NO! I COULDN'T CATCH THAT BLOW IN TIME--
HE'S HIT MY SHOULDER-- AND IT FEELS AS IF IT'S DISLOCATED!
SPUNG
YOU ARE QUITE GOOD WITH WORDS, MY FRIEND, BUT I NOTICED YOU FAVORING YOUR SHOULDER IN OUR LAST BATTLE.
PERHAPS IT WAS INJURED? AND, PERHAPS I CAN DO THE SAME AGAIN!
MAYBE SO, CHUCKLES, BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE CHANCE!
AGGHHH! HE'S WISE TO ME, BUT I CAN'T LET ON! I MUSTN'T!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
SPUD!
YOU ARE A RATHER VERSATILE FIGHTER, MY FRIEND...
BUT BULLSEYE IS ALL THAT AND MORE!
OBSERVE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN. IN MY HANDS IT BECOMES A DEADLY MISSILE--
...ONE PRIMED TO KILL!
SKASH!
PROVIDING YOU HIT YOUR TARGET, SWEETHEART...
WHICH-- IF I DON'T KEEP ON MY TOES-- WON'T BE HARD!
BETWEEN MY BUM SHOULDER AND HIS INFALLIBLE AIM, THIS ISN'T GONNA BE AN EASY VICTORY.
"VICTORY," HECK! I'LL BE HAPPY JUST REMAINING IN ONE PIECE!

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #132, page 17 original art
by Bob Brown & Klaus Janson

Book 132 pg. 31
HIS HEART-BEAT'S RELAXING-- HE THINKS HE'S GOT ME-- HE'S BECOMING TOO CONFIDENT.
I'VE GOT TO MOVE-- NOW!
THWAK!
...AND, FRIEND, ANY WEAPON IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE GUY WHO USES 'EM.
WHICH, IN YOUR CASE, MEANS YOU'RE SUNK!
NO MORE OFF-THE-CUFF BANTERING, BULLSEYE, AND I DON'T NEED ANY FANCY FOOTWORK TO TAKE CARE OF CREEPS LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE A MURDERER, AND YOU DESERVE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
SKUNCH!
NOO!!!!
HIGHLIGHT ON BULLSEYE
"NO!" WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "NO!"?
I SAID YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY DOWN AND OUT, BABY...
SKUNG!
...AND I MEANT IT!
KAK!
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, THE SHOW'S OVER.
PLEASE CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND ASK FOR LIEUTENANT BERT ROSE.
TELL 'IM THERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT WAITING HERE FOR HIM--
-- FROM DAREDEVIL, WITH LOVE AND KISSES!
NEXT / THE UNCANNY URI GELLER / AND THE UNSTOPPABLE MENACE OF MIND-WAVE AND HIS FEARSOME THINK TANK / ON SALE IN JUST 30 DAYS! 'NUFF SAID!
31

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

BIOGRAPHIES

MARV WOLFMAN

Marv Wolfman's stints writing for movies, television, animation and novels mark him as a varied and highly regarded talent, but it is his comic book writing where he first gained prestige as one of the industry's most acclaimed talents.

His first forays into the comic industry were short tenures as editor and writer for both Warren Publishing and DC Comics, but it was after a move to Marvel in 1972 that his career began to blossom. One of his earliest hits was *Tomb of Dracula*, Marvel's adaptation of the classic Bram Stoker vampire. It was in the pages of *Tomb of Dracula* that Wolfman and Gene Colan unveiled the character Blade, the vampire hunter. This earthly hero was one of the earliest black heroes in comics and was introduced to further affirm the realism he sought to inject into the Dracula comic.

After editing Marvel's black-and-white magazines, he quickly stepped up the ladder to follow Len Wein as editor in chief. Wolfman had noted that the readership, who like himself had become loyal fans in their adolescence, felt it was important to have the stories Marvel produced "grow up" along with them. His editorial duties, however, stole time from his writing, so in 1976 he stepped down and took on writing full-time.

As writer of *Daredevil*, his two-year run preceded the Frank Miller era and included the introduction of Bullseye, now the most innovative and fearsome of Daredevil's rogues' gallery. Other work from his prolific Marvel tenure in the late '70s included lengthy runs on Marvel's two flagship titles: *The Amazing Spider-Man* (including the debut of the Black Cat) and *Fantastic Four* as well runs on *Nova*, *Doctor Strange* and *Thor*.

Moving to DC, he teamed with artist George Pérez and ushered in *New Teen Titans*. Most of the Titans came to life under his auspices, including Cyborg, Nightwing, Starfire, and Raven, as well as their nemesis Deathstroke. Next, Wolfman and Pérez delivered the epochal *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, condensing DC's complex 50 year history into a single, shared universe.

Taking a lengthy sabbatical from writing comics, Wolfman moved to writing for animation shows including *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers*, later becoming comics editor for *Disney Adventures Magazine*. He continues to write for DC Comics and more recently, has penned the nonfiction *Homeland, the Illustrated History of the State of Israel*. In 2011 Marv was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

TONY ISABELLA

Like many writers who emerged in the early '70s, Tony Isabella's first "official" writing for Marvel was as a fan in its letter pages. His comprehensive knowledge of the Marvel Universe and its characters, combined with his gift for writing, made him a natural for a job as an editorial assistant in 1972. Eventually working his way up to a job as a staff writer, Isabella carved out a niche in Marvel's horror titles with "It! The Living Colossus" in the pages of *Astonishing Tales*, the Living Mummy in *Supernatural Thrillers* and scribing a variety of stories across the black-and-white magazines line, including *Dracula Lives!*, *Tales of the Zombie*, *Vampire Tales* and *Monsters Unleashed*.

Isabella's most familiar contributions to Marvel readers were in a long run of *Ghost Rider* stories and the introduction of Tigra to Marvel's stable of female heroines. His twelve-issue spin with the demonic alter ego of Johnny Blaze included a controversial tale featuring Ghost Rider's redemption with Jesus Christ, a milestone moment of the era. And after Tigra's first appearance, Isabella led her to a team-up with Thing in *Marvel Two-In-One*, and ongoing adventures in *Marvel Chillers*.

His other credits included Iron Fist in *Marvel Premiere*, *Hero for Hire/Power Man* and a fill-in story that ran over two issues of *Avengers*, featuring the Assassin's unrelenting pursuit of Earth's Mightiest Heroes. Isabella also wrote the first seven issues of *The Champions*, the '70s super-hero team featuring Hercules, Black Widow, Ghost Rider, Angel and Iceman.

At DC Isabella introduced Black Lightning and revamped Hawkman and Hawkgirl in the early '80s. Since then, Isabella has been writing for indie publishers, running his own comic store and writing an online column for *Comic Buyer's Guide* called Tony's Tips.

BOB BROWN

An artist with a career reaching back to comics' Golden Age, Bob Brown has the respect of many longtime comic fans and fellow artists, with due consideration for being a sturdy, reliable craftsman who always delivered the goods. In the 1950s Brown freelanced across the industry

on Western, spy, war, horror and romance titles. His most notable Atlas/Marvel work of the period was the 1955 debut of the original Rawhide Kid. At DC, he helped introduce Space Ranger in *Showcase* #15 (July 1958) and drew every one of the character's stories until its end in *Mystery In Space* in 1965. He also picked up the torch on DC's *Challengers of the Unknown* after Jack Kirby exited the series and turned in a run just as remarkable for its craft and consistency. In the 1970s his extended runs on *The Avengers* and *Daredevil* included the blockbuster Avengers/Defenders War and the first appearance of Daredevil's nemesis Bullseye. Besides these titles, you will find Bob Brown's name on dozens of stories in nearly every genre known to comics, a true everyman in the medium. While employed as an artist for both Marvel and DC, Brown died in 1977.

GENE COLAN

Gene "The Dean" Colan spent his life as a comics artist perfecting a unique style that relied on realistic figure drawing and moody shadows. At a time when the norm lent itself to more abstract cartooning, Colan helped broaden the aesthetic range of what comics could look like.

Born in Brooklyn in 1926, Colan always had an interest in drawing, and he took up studies at the Art Students League of New York. Colan served his country during World War II in the Philippines, and though this delayed his art career, it eventually paid off with a solid acumen at drawing realistic scenes of warfare for DC Comics (*Our Army at War*, *All-American Men at War*) and the Atlas/Marvel titles (*Battle*, *Marines in Battle*, *Navy Combat*). Over the next 15 years, Colan would continue to work on war, romance, horror and sci-fi comics, as well as licensed titles like *Hopalong Cassidy*.

But when the super-hero genre broke wide open again in the '60s, Colan was ready to take it on with gusto. Under the pseudonym Adam Austin, he first drew Marvel Comics super heroes, including Namor, the Sub-Mariner in *Tales to Astonish* and Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense*. Colan then moved on to a celebrated run on *Doctor Strange* with Roy Thomas, and a stint on *Captain America*, but the Marvel character he is most often associated with is Daredevil. Colan's *Daredevil* pages were steeped in fluid, athletic grace for nearly every issue across an 80-issue run leading to #100. He also drew a handful of issues right before Frank Miller would come on board, Miller's *Daredevil* naturally owing a great debt to the already established visual precepts of the Colan era.

During the rest of the '70s, Colan displayed the diversity of his talents drawing the satirical *Howard the Duck* and the horror series *Tomb of Dracula*. The latter was drenched in the mysterious and shadowy style that Colan had evolved over the years, which reached its zenith in the service of Marvel's version of Count Dracula. He drew the entire 70-issue run.

Colan worked steadily into the '80s, once again drawing *Doctor Strange* for Marvel and also doing work for DC, including *Night Force*, *Silver Blade* and an extended run drawing Batman. In 2005, Colan was ushered into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame, earning well-deserved acclaim for his life's work. In 2009, Colan returned to the pages of *Captain America* to draw a World War II-based epic that would win the 2010 Eisner Award for Best Single Issue. It would prove to be his last major work in comics, as he passed away in 2011 at the age of 84.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY PRESENTS THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOKS, PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED FROM THE HIGHEST-QUALITY SOURCES AND WITH THE MOST DILIGENT ARCHIVAL METHODS.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These trailblazing talents birthed a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

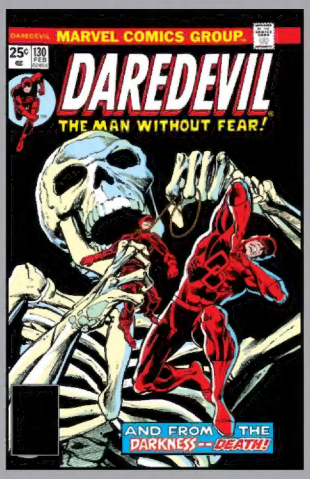
THE MARVEL AGE

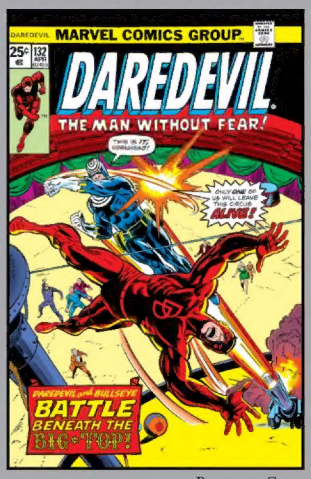
In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-19
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-2
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-17
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-2
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-9
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-12
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-5
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-8
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-19
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-11
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-10
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOL. 1
LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-2
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-2
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE VOLS. 1-2
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-16
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK VOL. 1
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN VOL. 1
SPIDER-WOMAN VOL. 1
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-7
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-10

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
THIS IS THE MAN-MENACE CALLED EL JAGUAR!
SEASON'S EVERYTHING, HONEY-HEAD! AND A HYDRA NEW YEAR!





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